

# AMELIA.

B Y

Henry Fielding, Esq;

RALPH ADEN, Esq;

---

*Felices ter & amplius  
Quos irrupta tenet Copula.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν ἤδη' αἰὲρ ἀνέχεται  
Ἑσθλῆς ἀμεινον, ὅδ' ἔχοντι μακρῇ.

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VOL. I.

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D U B L I N:

Printed for J. SMITH, at the *Philosophers*  
*Heads* on the *Blind-Quay*. M,DCC,LII.

*Jane Wood*



AMELIA.

E Y

Henry Fielding, Esq;

Printed by G. Gifford  
at the Press of the  
Globe, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

London: 1749.  
Printed by G. Gifford.



DUBLIN:

Printed for J. Smith, at the Philosophers  
Hall on the Strand, by M. DCCCLII.

THE B. & M. is the product of  
iron of such an amount. That I be-  
lieve, will be not quarrelled, and will  
the public voice, I think, be more di-  
rected to whom they shall give their  
**RALPH ALLEN, Esq.**  
be thus interested, Datur OPTIMO,  
there are few Factors who would think  
it warranted any other Direction.

S I R,

**T**HE following Book is Sincerely  
designed to promote the Cause  
of Virtue and to expiate some  
of the most glaring Evils, as well pub-  
lic as private, which at present afflict  
this Country; tho' there is some and  
remember, as single Stroke do Sore  
aimed at any one Person throughout  
the whole.

## D E D I C A T I O N.

---

The best Man is the properest Patron of such an Attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public Voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they shall give that Appellation. Should a Letter indeed be thus inscribed, DETUR OPTIMO, there are few Persons who would think it wanted any other Direction.

A 1 2

I will not trouble you with a Preface concerning the Work. I have endeavoured to obviate any Criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured Reader in his Heart should be here affected, & will be inclined to pardon many Faults for the Pleasure he will receive from our reader's Sensation, and for Readers of a different Stamp, the more Faults they can discover, the more,



# DEDICATION

mote, I am convinced, they will be  
 pleased to see, that I have not  
 always had I desire, with which I  
 Nor will I assume the fulsome Style  
 of a common Dedicator. I have not  
 their usual Design in this Epistle; nor  
 will I borrow their Language. Long,  
 very long may it be, before a most dread-  
 ful Circumstance shall make it possible  
 for any Pen to draw a just and true  
 Character of yourself, without incurring  
 a Suspicion of Flattery in the Bosoms of  
 the Malignant. This Task, therefore,  
 I shall defer till that Day (if I should be  
 so unfortunate as ever to see it), when  
 every good Man shall pay a Tear for  
 the Satisfaction of his Curiosity; a Day  
 when, I believe, there is but  
 one good Man in the World who can  
 think of with Unconcern.

# DEDICATION

Accept then, Sir, this small Token  
of that Love, that Gratitude, and that  
Respect, with which I shall always  
esteem it my greatest Honour to  
be, of a common Dedicator. I have not

their usual Design in this Epistle: nor  
will I borrow their Language. Long,

Very long, and very most dread-  
ful Circumstances shall make it possible  
for any man to be just and true

Character of yourself without incurring  
Humble Servant,

a Suspicion of Flattery in the Belows of  
the Malignant. This Task, therefore,

I shall defer till that Day (if I shall be  
Dec. 12.  
1757.

to unfortunate as ever to see it when  
every good Man shall pay a Tear for

the Satisfaction of his Curiosity; a Day  
which, however, there is but

one good Man in the World who can  
think of with Concern.

Henry Fielding

Ac- A 3

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IN WHICH ARE SET OUT THE  
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# A M E L I A.

## B O O K I.

### C H A P. I.

*Containing the Exordium, &c.*

**T**H E various Accidents which beset a very worthy Couple, after their uniting in the State of Matrimony, will be the Subject of the following History. The Distresses which they waded through, were some of them so exquisite, and the Incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost Malice, but the utmost Invention which Superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune: Tho' whether any such Being interfered in the case, or, indeed, whether there be any such Being in the Universe, is a Matter which I by no Means presume to determine in the Affirmative. To speak a bold Truth, I am, after much mature Deliberation, inclined to suspect, that the Public Voice hath, in all Ages done much Injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many Facts in which she had not the least Concern. I question much, whether we may not by natural Means account for the Success of Knaves, the Calamities of Fools, with all the Miseries in which Men of Sense sometimes involve themselves by quitting the Directions of Prudence, and following the blind Guidance of a predominant Passion; in short, for all the ordinary Phenomena which are imputed to Fortune; whom, perhaps, Men accuse with no less Absurdity in Life, than a

bad Player complains of ill Luck at the Game of Chefs.

But if Men are sometimes guilty of laying improper Blame on this imaginary Being, they are altogether as apt to make her Amends, by ascribing to her Honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill Consequences of a foolish Conduct, and by struggling manfully with Distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest Efforts of Wisdom and Virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a Man fortunate, is guilty of no less Impropropriety in Speech, than he would be, who should call the Statuary or the Poet fortunate, who carved a *Venus* or who writ an *Iliad*.

Life may as properly be called an Art as any other; and the great Incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere Accidents, than the several Members of a fine Statue, or a noble Poem. The Critics in all these are not content with seeing any Thing to be great, without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several Gradations which conduce to bring every Model to Perfection, we learn truly to know that Science in which the Model is formed: As Histories of this Kind, therefore, may properly be called Models of Human Life; so by observing minutely the several Incidents which tend to the Catastrophe or Completion of the whole, and the minute Causes whence those Incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all Arts, which I call the Art of Life.

## C H A P.



*The History sets out. Observations on the Excellency of the English Constitution, and curious Examinations before a Justice of Peace.*

ON the first of April, in the Year---, the Watchman of a certain Parish (I know not particularly which) within the Liberty of Westminster, brought several Persons whom they had apprehended the preceding Night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq; one of the Justices of the Peace for that Liberty.

But here, Reader, before we proceed to the Trials of these Offenders, we shall, after our usual Manner, premise some Things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated Writer of three Letters, that no human Institution is capable of consummate Perfection. An Observation which perhaps that Writer at least gathered from discovering some Defects in the Polity even of this well regulated Nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such Defect in a Constitution which my Lord Coke long ago told us, *the Wisdom of all the wise Men in the World, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled*, which some of our wisest Men who were met together long before, said was too good to be altered in any Particular; and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great Number of the said *wise Men*; if, I say, this Constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless Model can be found among the Institutions of Men.

It will probably be objected, that the small Imperfections which I am about to produce, do not lie in the Laws themselves, but in the ill Execution of them; but, with Submission, this appears to me to be no less an Absurdity, than to say of any Machine that it is excellently made, tho' incapable of performing its Functions. Good Laws should execute themselves in a well regulated State; at least, if the same Legislature which provides the Laws, doth not provide for the Execution of them, they act as *Graham* would do, if he should form all the Parts of a Clock in the most exquisite Manner, yet put them so together that the Clock could not go. In this Case, surely we might say that there was a small Defect in the Constitution of the Clock.

To say the Truth, *Graham* would soon see the Fault, and would easily remedy it. The Fault indeed could be no other than that the Parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, Reader, I have another Illustration, which will set my Intention in still a clearer Light before you. Figure to yourself then a Family, the Master of which should dispose of the several economical Offices in the following Manner; viz. should put his Butler in the Coach-box, his Steward behind his Coach, his Coachman in the Buttery, and his Footman in the Stewardship; and in the same ridiculous Manner should misemploy the Talents of every other Servant, it is easy to see what a Figure such a Family must make in the World.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower Offices in our civil Government to be disposed in this very Manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the Watchmen in our Metropolis; who being appointed to guard our Streets by Night from Thieves and Robbers,

Robbers, an Office which at least requires Strength of Body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit People, who are from their Want of bodily Strength rendered incapable of getting a Livelibood by Work. These Men, armed only with a Pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the Persons and Houses of his Majesty's Subjects from the Attacks of Gangs of young bold, stout, desperate and well-armed Villains.

*Quæ non viribus istis*

*Manera conveniunt*

If the poor old Fellows should run away from such Enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless he should wonder that they are able even to make their Escape.

The higher we proceed among our public Officers and Magistrates, the less Defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable. Mr. *Thrasher*, however, the Justice before whom the Prisoners abovementioned were now brought, had some few Imperfections in his magistratical Capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think, that this Office of a Justice of Peace requires some Knowledge of the Law; for this simple Reason; because in every Case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to Law. Again, as these Laws are contained in a great Variety of Books; the Statutes which relate to the Office of a Justice of Peace, making of themselves at least two large Volumes in Folio; and that Part of his Jurisdiction which is founded on the common Law being dispersed in above a hundred Volumes, I cannot conceive how this Knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is Mr. *Thrasher* never read one Syllable of the Matter.



This perhaps was a Defect; but this was not all: for where mere Ignorance is to decide a Point, it will always be an even Chance whether it decides right or wrong; but sorry am I to say, Right was often in a much worse Situation than this, and Wrong hath often had Five hundred to one on his Side before that Magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the Law of *England*, was yet well versed in the Laws of Nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental Principle so strongly laid down in the Institutes of the learned *Roche-foucault*; by which the Duty of Self-love is so strongly enforced, and every Man is taught to consider himself as a Loadstone, and to attract all things to that Centre. To speak the Truth plainly, the Justice was never indifferent in a Cause, but when he could get nothing on either Side.

Such was the Justice to whose tremendous Bar, *Mr. Corbed* the Constable on the Day above-mentioned, brought several Delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the Watch for diverse Outrages.

The first who came upon his Trial was as bloody a Spectre as ever the Imagination of a Murderer or a Tragic Poet conceived. This poor Wretch was charged with a Battery by a much stouter Man than himself: indeed the accused Person bore about him some Evidence that he had been in an Affray, his Cloaths being very bloody; but certain open Sluices on his own Head sufficiently shewed whence all the Scarlet stream had issued; whereas the Accuser had not the least Mark or Appearance of any Wound. The Justice asked the Defendant, What he meant by breaking the King's Peace.—To which he answered, ... Upon my Shoul I do love the King very well, and I have not been after breaking any Thing of his that I do know; but upon my Shoul this Man hath brake my Head, and my Head

' Head did brake his Stick ; that is all, Gra.' He then offered to produce several Witnesses against this improbable Accusation ; but the Justice presently interrupted him, saying, ' Sirrah, your Tongue betrays your Guilt. You are an *Irishman*, and ' that is always sufficient Evidence with me.'

The second Criminal was a poor Woman, who was taken up by the Watch as a Street-walker. It was alledged against her that she was found walking the Streets after Twelve o'Clock, and the Watchman declared he believed her to be a common Strumpet. She pleaded in her Defence (as was really the Truth) that she was a Servant, and was sent by her Mistress, who was a little Shopkeeper, and upon the Point of Delivery, to fetch a Midwife ; which she offered to prove by several of the Neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The Justice asked her why she had not done it before. To which she answered, she had no Money, and could get no Messenger. The Justice then called her several scurrilous Names ; and declaring she was guilty within the Statute of Street-walking, ordered her to *Bridewell* for a Month.

A genteel young Man and Woman were then let forward, and a very grave looking Person swore he caught them in a Situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the Magistrate ; who, having received a wink from his Clerk, declared with much Warmth that the Fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused Parties, and was going, without any Evidence, to commit the Accuser for Perjury ; but this the Clerk dissuaded him from, saying, he doubted whether a Justice of Peace had any such Power. The Justice at first differed in Opinion ; and said, ' he had seen a Man stand in the Pillory about Perjury ; nay, he had known a Man in Goal for it too ; and how came he

B 4

there,

‘there, if he was not committed thither? Why that is true, Sir,’ answered the Clerk. ‘And yet I have been told by a very great Lawyer, that a Man can’t be committed for Perjury before he is indicted; and the Reason is, I believe, because it is not against the Peace before the Indictment makes it so.’ ‘Why that may be,’ cries the Justice; ‘and indeed Perjury is but scandalous Words, and I know a Man can’t have no Warrant for those, unless you put for *rioting* \* them into the Warrant.’

The Witness was now about to be discharged, when the Lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the Peace against him; for that he had called her a Whore several times. ‘Oho! you will swear the Peace, Madam, will you?’ cries the Justice, ‘Give her the Peace, presently; and pray, Mr. *Constable*, secure the Prisoner, now we have him, while a Warrant is made to take him up.’ All which was immediately performed, and the poor Witness for want of Sureties was sent to Prison.

\* *Opus est Interprete.* By the Laws of *England* abusive Words are not punishable by the Magistrate; some Commissioners of the Peace therefore, when one Scold hath applied to them for a Warrant against another, from a too eager Desire of doing Justice, have construed a little harmless Scolding into a Riot, which is in Law an outrageous Breach of the Peace, committed by several Persons, by three at the least, nor can a less Number be convicted of it. Under this Word rioting, or riotting (for I have seen it spelt both ways) many thousands of old Women have been arrested and put to Expence, sometimes in Prison, for a little intemperate Use of their Tongues. This Practice began to decrease in the Year 1740.

A young



A young Fellow, whose Name was *Booth*, was now charged with beating the Watchman, in the Execution of his Office, and breaking his Lantern. This was depofed by two Witnesses; and the shattered Remains of a broken Lantern, which had been long preserved for the sake of its Testimony, were produced to corroborate the Evidence. The Justice, perceiving the Criminal to be but shabbily dress'd, was going to commit him without asking any further Questions. At length, however, at the earnest Request of the Accused, the worthy Magistrate submitted to hear his Defence. The young Man then rallied, as was in Reality the Case, that as he was walking home to his Lodging, he saw two Men in the Street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stop'd and endeavour'd to assist the Person who was so unequally attack'd; that the Watch came up during the Affray, and took them all four into Custody; that they were immediately carried to the Round-house, where the two original Assaultants, who appear'd to be Men of Fortune, found means to make up the Matter, and were discharged by the Constable; a Favour which he himself, having no Money in his Pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the Watchmen, and solemnly declared, that he was offer'd his Liberty at the Price of Half a Crown.

Tho' the bare Word of an Offender can never be taken against the Oath of his Accuser; yet the Matter of this Defence was so pertinent, and deliver'd with such an Air of Truth and Sincerity, that had the Magistrate been endued with much Sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another Quality very necessary to all who are to administer Justice, he would have employ'd some Labour in cross-examining the Watchmen;

at least he would have given the Defendant the Time he desired to send for the other Persons who were present at the Affray; neither of which he did. In short, the Magistrate had too great an Honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid Apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime Notions of that Virtue, by uniting them with the mean Ideas of Poverty and Distress.

There remained now only one Prisoner, and that was the poor Man himself in whose Defence the last mentioned Galprie was engaged. His Trial took but a very short time. A Cause of Battery and broken Lanthorn was instituted against him, and proved in the same Manner; nor would the Justice hear one Word in Defence: but tho' his Patience was exhausted, his Breath was not; for against this last Wretch he poured forth a great many Volleys of Menaces and Abuse.

The Delinquents were then all dispatched to Prison, under a Guard of Watchmen; and the Justice and the Constable adjourned to a neighbouring Alehouse, to take their Morning Repast.

### CHAP. III.

#### *Containing the Inside of a Prison.*

**M**R. Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the Prison, than a Number of Persons gathered round him, all demanding *Garnish*; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready Answer, as indeed he did not understand the Word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a Person of apparent Dignity came up and insisted that no one should affront the Gentleman. This Person then, who was no less than the Master or Keeper of the Prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him, that it was the Custom

Custom of the Place for every Prisoner, upon his first Arrival there, to give something to the former Prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called Garnish; and concluded with advising his new Customer to draw his Purse upon the present Occasion. Mr. Booth answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable Custom, was it in his Power; but that in reality he had not a Shilling in his Pocket, and what was worse, he had not a Shilling in the World. . . . 'Oh! if that be the Case', cries the Keeper, 'it is another Matter, and I have nothing to say.' Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the Mercy of his Companions, who without loss of Time applied themselves to *uncoosing*, as they term'd it, and with such Dexterity, that his Coat was not only stript off, but out of Sight in a Minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this Usage. As soon therefore as he was at Liberty, and declared free of the Place, he summoned his Philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable Share, to his Assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present Circumstances.

Could his own Thoughts indeed have suffered him a Moment to forget where he was, the Dispositions of the other Prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier Place. For much the greater part of his Fellow-Sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their Condition, were laughing, singing and diverting themselves with various kinds of Sports and Gambols.

The first Person who accosted him was called *Blair-Eyed Moll*; a Woman of no very comely Appearance. Her Eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her Nick-name was such, as that Nick-name bespoke; besides which it had two



remarkable Qualities; for first, as if Nature had been careful to provide for her own Defect, it constantly looked towards her blind Side; and secondly, the Ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey Spot in the Corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for *Venus*, envious perhaps at her former Charms, had carried off the gristly Part; and some earthly Damsel, perhaps from the same Envy, had levell'd the Bone with the rest of her Face. Indeed it was far beneath the Bones of her Cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen cheny Teeth fortified that large and long Canal, which Nature had cut from Ear to Ear, at the Bottom of which was a Chin, preposterously short, Nature having turned up the Bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due Length.

Her Body was well adapted to her Face; she measured full as much round the middle as from Head to Foot; for besides the extreme Breadth of her Back, her vast Breasts had long since forsaken their native Home, and had settled themselves a little below the Girdle.

I with certain Actresses on the Stage, when they are to perform Characters of no amiable Cast, would study to dress themselves with the Propriety, with which *Blar-Eyed-Moll* was now arrayed. For the Sake of our squeamish Reader, we shall not descend to Particulars. Let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged, or more dirty, was ever emptied out of the Roundhouse at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more Pains to describe this Person for two remarkable Reasons; the one is, that this unlovely Creature was taken in the Fact with a very pretty young Fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral Lesson, is, that how ever wretched her Fortune may appear to the Reader,

der, she was one of the merriest Persons in the whole Prison.

*Blear-Eyed-Moll* then came up to Mr. *Booth* with a Smile, or rather Grin on her Countenance, and asked him for a Dram of Gin; and when *Booth* assured her that he had not a Penny of Money, she replied, '--- D-----n your Eyes; I thought by your Look you had been a clever Fellow, and upon the snaffling Lay \* at least; but D-----n your Body and Eyes, I find you are some sneaking Budge † Rascal.' She then launched forth a Volley of dreadful Oaths, interlarded with some Language, not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor *Booth*, when a tall Prisoner, who had been very earnestly eyeing *Booth* for some Time, came up, and taking her by the Shoulder, flung her off at some Distance, cursing her for a B---h, and bidding her let the Gentleman alone.

This Person was not himself of the most inviting Aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red Beard of above a Fortnight's Growth. He was attired in a brownish black Coat, which would have shewed more Holes, than it did, had not the Linnen which appeared through it, been entirely of the same Colour with the Cloth.

This Gentleman, whose Name was *Robinson*, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. *Booth*, and told him he was sorry to see one of his Appearance in that Place. 'For as to your being without your Coat, Sir,' says he, 'I can easily account for that; and indeed Dress is the least Part which distinguishes a Gentleman.' At which Words he cast a significant Look on his own Coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following Manner:

\* A Cant Term for Robbery on the Highway.

† Another Cant Term for Pilfering.

‘ I perceive, Sir, you are but just arrived in this  
‘ dismal Place, which is, indeed, rendered more  
‘ detestable by the Wretches who inhabit it, than by  
‘ any other Circumstance; but even these a wise  
‘ Man will soon bring himself to bear with indiffe-  
‘ rence: For what is, is; and what must be, must  
‘ be. The Knowledge of this, which, simple as  
‘ it appears, is in truth the Highth of all Philoso-  
‘ phy, renders a wise Man superior to every evil  
‘ which can befall him. I hope, Sir, no very  
‘ dreadful Accident is the Cause of your coming  
‘ hither, but whatever it was, you may be assured  
‘ it could not be otherwise: For all Things happen  
‘ by an inevitable Fatality; and a Man can no  
‘ more resist the Impulse of Fate, than a Wheel-  
‘ barrow can the Force of its Driver.’

Besides the Obligation which Mr. *Robinson* had  
conferred on Mr. *Booth*, in delivering him from  
the Insults of *Blear-ey’d-Moll*, there was something  
in the Manner of *Robinson*, which, notwithstanding  
the Meannells of his Dress, seemed to distinguish  
him from the Crowd of Wretches who swarmed in  
those Regions; and above all, the Sentiments which  
he had just declared, very nearly coincided with  
those of Mr. *Booth*: This Gentleman was what  
they call a Freethinker, that is to say, a Deist, or,  
perhaps, an Atheist; for tho’ he did not absolutely  
deny the Existence of a God; yet he entirely de-  
nied his Providence. A Doctrine which, if it is  
not downright Atheism, hath a direct Tendency to-  
wards it; and, as Dr. *Clarke* observes, may soon  
be driven into it. And as to Mr. *Booth*, tho’ he was  
in his Heart an extreme Well-wisher to Religion  
(for he was an honest Man) yet his Notions of it  
were very slight and uncertain. To say Truth, he  
was in the wavering Condition so finely described  
by *Claudian*:

labe.



*labefacta cadebat*

*Religio, causaq; viam non sponte sequebar  
 Aliterius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu  
 Affirmat; magninq; novas per inane figuras  
 Fortuna non arte regi, quæ numina sensu  
 Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.*

This Way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same Reasons which *Claudian* assigns, and which had induced *Brutus* in his latter Days, to doubt the Existence of that Virtue which he had all his Life cultivated. In short, poor *Booth* imagined, that a larger Share of Misfortunes had fallen to his Lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (tho' a good classical Scholar) was not deeply learned in religious Matters, into a disadvantageous Opinion of Providence. A dangerous Way of reasoning, in which our Conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect View of Things; but we are likewise liable to much Error from Partiality to ourselves; viewing our Virtues and Vices as thorough a Perspective, in which we turn the Glass always to our own Advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above Reasons, it can be no Wonder that Mr. *Booth* did not decline the Acquaintance of this Person, in a Place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore with great Courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle Disposition; and after expressing a civil Surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same Opinion with regard to the Necessity of human Actions; adding, however, that he did not believe Men were under any blind impulse or Direction of Fate; but that every Man acted merely from the Force of that Passion which

which was uppermost in his Mind, and could do no otherwile.

A Discourse now ensued between the two Gentlemen, on the necessity arising from the Impulse of Fate, and the Necessity arising from the Impulse of Passion, which, as it will make a pretty Pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future Opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the Goal, and the Prisoners, with the several Cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under Confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

#### C H A P. IV.

#### *Disclosing further Secrets of the Prison-House.*

**T**HE first Persons whom they past by were three Men in Fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a Bottle of Wine and a Pipe of Tobacco. These, Mr. Robinson informed his Friend, were three Street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing Sessions. So inconsiderable an Object, said he, is Misery to light Minds, when it is at any Distance.

A little farther they beheld a Man prostrate on the Ground, whose heavy Groans, and frantic Actions, plainly indicated the highest Disorder of Mind. This Person was, it seems, committed for a small Felony; and his Wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the News, had thrown herself from a Window two Pair of Stairs high, by which means he had, in all Probability, lost both her and his Child.

A very pretty Girl then advanced towards them, whose Beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the Moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great Innocence in her

Countenance.

Countenance. *Robinson* said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly Person, and a common Street-walker. As she pass'd by *Mr. Booth*, she damn'd his Eyes, and discharged a Volley of Words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little Creature sitting by herself in a Corner and crying bitterly. This Girl, *Mr. Robinson* said, was committed, because her Father-in-Law, who was in the Grenadier Guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his Life, or of some bodily Harm, which she would do him, and she could get no Sureties for keeping the Peace: for which Reason Justice *Trasler* had committed her to Prison.

A great Noise now arose, occasioned by the Prisoners all flocking to see a Fellow whipt for petty Larceny, to which he was condemned by the Court of Quarter Sessions; but this soon ended in the Disappointment of the Spectators: for the Fellow, after being stript, having advanced another Sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another Bustle. *Blear-Ey'd Moll*, and several of her Companions, having got Possession of a Man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike Practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various Kinds of Discipline, and would probably have put an End to him, had he not been rescued out of their Hands by Authority.

When this Bustle was a little allayed, *Mr. Booth* took Notice of a young Woman in Rags sitting on the Ground, and supporting the Head of an old Man in her Lap, who appeared to be giving up the Ghost. These, *Mr. Robinson* informed him, were Father and Daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a Loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it knowing to be stolen.

A well-



A well-drest Man then walked furlily by them, whom Mr. *Robinson* reported to have been committed on an Indictment found against him for a most horrid Perjury; but, says he, we expect him to be bailed To-day. Good Heaven! cries *Booth*, can such Villains find Bail, and is no Person charitable enough to bail that poor Father and Daughter? Oh! Sir, answered *Robinson*, the Offence of the Daughter, being Felony, is held not to be bailable in Law; whereas Perjury is a Misdemeanor only; and therefore Persons who are even indicted for it, are nevertheless capable of being bailed. Nay of all Perjuries that of which this Man is indicted, is the worst: for it was with an Intention of taking away the Life of an innocent Person by Form of Law. As to Perjuries in civil Matters, they are not so very criminal. They are not, said *Booth*; and yet even these are a most flagitious Offence, and worthy the highest Punishment. Surely they ought to be distinguished, answered *Robinson*, from the others: for what is taking away a little Property from a Man compared to taking away his Life, and his Reputation, and ruining his Family into the Bargain?--I hope there can be no Comparison in the Crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the Punishment. However at present, the Punishment of all Perjury is only Pillory, and Transportation for seven Years; and as it is a traversable and bailable Offence, Methods are often found to escape any Punishment at all \*.

*Booth* express great Astonishment at this, when his Attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable

• By removing the Indictment by Certiorari into the King's Bench, the Trial is so long postponed, and the Costs are so highly increased, that Prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing.

*Verbum sapienti.*

miserable Object that he had yet seen. This was a Wretch almost naked, and who bore in his Countenance, joined to an Appearance of Honesty, the Marks of Poverty, Hunger, and Disease. He had, moreover, a wooden Leg, and two or three Scars on his Forehead. The Case of this poor Man is indeed unhappy enough, said *Robinson*. He hath served his Country, lost his Limb, and received several Wounds at the Siege of *Gibraltar*. When he was discharged from the Hospital abroad, he came over to get into that of *Chelsea*, but could not immediately, as none of his Officers were then in *England*; in the mean time, he was one Day apprehended and committed hither on Suspicion of stealing three Herrings from a Fishmonger. He was tried several Months ago for this Offence, and acquitted; indeed his Innocence manifestly appeared at the Trial; but he was brought back again for his Fees, and here he hath lain ever since.

*Booth* exprest great Horror at this Account, and declared if he had only so much money in his Pocket, he would pay his Fees for him; but added, that he was not posselt of a single Farthing in the World.

*Robinson* hesitated a Moment, and then said, with a Smile, 'I am going to make you, Sir, a very odd Proposal after your last Declaration; but what say you to a Game at Cards, it will serve to pass a tedious Hour, and may divert your Thoughts from more unpleasant Speculations?'

I do not imagine *Booth* would have agreed to this: for tho' some Love of Gaming had been formerly amongst his Faults; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that Vice, as to be tempted by the shabby Plight of *Robinson*, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a Gamester. If he had, however, any such Inclinations, he had no Opportunity to follow them: for before he could

make

make any Answer to *Robinson's* Proposal, a strapping Wench came up to *Booth*, and taking hold of his Arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, 'What a Pox, are you such a fresh Cull that you do not know this Fellow? Why he is a Gambler, and committed for cheating at Play. There is not such a Pickpocket in the whole *Quadrant*.'

A Scene of Altercation now ensued, between *Robinson* and the Lady, which ended in a Bout at Fisticuffs, in which the Lady was greatly superior to the Philosopher.

While the two Combatants were engaged, a grave looking Man, rather better dressed than the Majority of the Company, came up to Mr. *Booth*, and taking him aside, said, 'I am sorry, Sir, to see a Gentleman, as you appear to be, in such Intimacy with that Rascal, who makes no Scruple of disowning all revealed Religion. As for Crimes, they are human Errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps the worse a Man is by Nature, the more Room there is for Grace. The Spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those Minds where it may meet with the most Work. Whatever your Crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair; but rather rejoice at it: for perhaps it may be the Means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable Time with this Cant, without waiting for an Answer, and ended in declaring himself a Methodist.

Just as the Methodist had finished his Discourse, a beautiful young Woman was ushered into the Goal. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those Females whom Mr. *Booth* had hitherto seen. The Constable had no sooner delivered her at the Gate, than she asked, with a commanding Voice, for the Keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, 'Well, Sir, whither am I

\* A cant Word for a Prison.



to be conducted? I hope I am not to take up my Lodging with these Creatures.' The Keeper answered, with a Kind of surly Respect, 'Madam, we have Rooms for those that can afford to pay for them.' At these Words she pulled a handsome Purse from her Pocket, in which many Guineas tinkled, saying with an Air of Indignation, that 'she was not come thither on account of Poverty.' The Keeper no sooner viewed the Purse than his Features became all softened in an Instant, and with all the Courtesy of which he was Master, he desired the Lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best Apartment in his House.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the Methodist had forsaken him, having, as the Phrase of the Sect is, *searched* him to the Bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's Pockets; from which he had conveyed away a Penknife and an Iron Snuff-box, these being all the Moveables which were to be found.

Booth was standing near the Gate of the Prison when the young Lady above-mentioned was introduced into the Yard. He viewed her Features very attentively, and was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her to forget her. He enquired of one of the Under-keepers, if the Name of the Prisoner lately arrived was not *Mathews*; to which he was answered that her Name was not *Mathews* but *Vincent*, and that she was committed for Murder.

The latter Part of this Information made Mr. Booth suspect his Memory more than the former: for it was very possible that she might have changed her Name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her Nature as to be guilty of a Crime so very incongruous with her former gentle Manners: for Miss *Mathews* had both the Birth and

E l u c a t i o n

Education of a Gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied without any further Enquiry.

## C H A P. V.

*Containing certain Adventures which befel Mr. Booth in the Prison.*

**T**HE Remainder of the Day Mr. Booth spent in melancholy Contemplation on his present Condition. He was destitute of the common necessities of Life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single Person in Town to whom he could with any reasonable Hope apply for his Delivery. Grief for some time banished the Thoughts of Food from his Mind; but, in the Morning, Nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual Nourishment: for he had not eat a Morfel during the last forty Hours. A penny Loaf, which is, it seems, the ordinary Allowance to the Prisoners in *Bridewell*, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this, a Man brought him a little Packet sealed up, informing him that it came by a Messenger who said it required no Answer. Mr. Booth now opened his Packet, and after unfolding several Pieces of blank Paper successively, at last discovered a Guinea, wrapt with great Care in the innermost Paper. He was vastly surprised at this Sight, as he had few, if any Friends, from whom he could expect such a Favour, slight as it was; and not one of his Friends, as he was apprized, knew of his Confinement. As there was no Direction to the Packet, nor a Word of Writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong Person; and, being one of most untainted Honesty, he found out the Man who gave it to him, and again examined him concerning

concerning the Person who brought it, and the Message delivered with it. The Man assured *Booth* that he had made no Mistake; saying, 'If your Name is *Booth*, Sir, I am positive you are the Gentleman to whom the Parcel I gave you belongs.'

The most scrupulous Honesty would, perhaps, in such a Situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no Owner for the Guinea; especially when Proclamation had been made in the Prison, that Mr. *Booth* had received a Packet without any Direction, to which if any Person had any Claim, and would discover the Contents, he was ready to deliver it to such Claimant. No such Claimant being found, I mean none who knew the Contents; for many swore that they expected just such a Packet, and believed it to be their Property) Mr. *Booth* very calmly resolved to apply the Money to his own Use.

The first Thing after Redemption of the Coat, which Mr. *Booth*, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with Snuff, which he had long, to his great Sorrow, been without. On this Occasion he presently missed that Iron Box which the Methodist had so dextrously conveyed out of his Pocket, as we mentioned in the last Chapter.

He no sooner missed this Box, than he immediately suspected that the Gambler was the Person who had stolen it; nay, so well was he assured of this Man's Guilt, that it may perhaps be improper to say he barely suspected it. Tho' Mr. *Booth* was, as we have hinted, a Man of a very sweet Disposition; yet was he rather over-warm. Having, therefore, no Doubt concerning the Person of the Thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the Fact.

The Gambler, whom I think we should now call the Philosopher, received this Charge without the



the least visible Emotion either of Mind or Muscle. After a short Pause of a few Moments, he answered with great Solemnity as follows: 'Young Man, I am entirely unconcerned at your groundless Suspicion. He that censures a Stranger, as I am to you, without any Cause, makes a worse Compliment to himself than to the Stranger. You know yourself, Friend; you know not me. It is true indeed you heard me accused of being a Cheat and a Gamester; but who is my Accuser? Look at my Apparel, Friend, do Thieves and Gamesters wear such Cloaths as these? Play is my Folly, not my Vice; it is my Impulse, and I have been a Martyr to it. Would a Gamester have asked another to play when he could have lost Eighteen Pence and won nothing? However, if you are not satisfied you may search my Pockets; the Outside of all but one will serve your Turn, and in that one there is the Eighteen Pence I told you of.' He then turned up his Cloaths; and his Pockets entirely resembled the Pitchers of the *Belides*.

*Booth* was a little staggered at this Defence. He said, the real Value of the Iron Box was too inconsiderable to mention; but that he had a capricious Value for it, for the Sake of the Person who gave it him: 'for tho' it is not,' said he 'worth Sixpence, I would willingly give a Crown to any one who would bring it me again.'

*Robinson* answered, 'if that be the Case, you have nothing more to do but to signify your Intention in the Prison; and I am well convinced you will not be long without regaining the Possession of your Snuff-box.'

This Advice was immediately followed, and with Success, the Methodist presently producing the Box; which, he said, he had found, and should have returned it before, had he known the Person to whom

it belonged ; adding, with uplifted Eyes, that the Spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the Goods of another, however inconsiderable the Value was. ‘ Why so, Friend ? ’ said *Robinson*. ‘ Have I not heard you often say, the wickedest any Man was, the better, provided he was what you call a Believer. ’ ‘ You mistake me, ’ cries *Cooper* (for that was the Name of the Methodist) ‘ no Man can be wicked after he is possessed by the Spirit. There is a wide Difference between the Days of Sin and the Days of Grace. I have been a Sinner myself. ’ ‘ I believe thee, ’ cries *Robinson*, with a Sneer. ‘ I care not, ’ answered the other, ‘ what an Atheist believes. I suppose you would insinuate that I stole the Snuff-box ; but I value not your Malice : the Lord knows my Innocence. ’ He then walked off with the Reward ; and *Booth* turning to *Robinson*, very earnestly asked Pardon for his groundless Suspicion ; which the other, without any Hesitation, accorded him, saying, ‘ You never accused Me, Sir ; you suspected some Gambler, with whose Character I have no Concern. I should be angry with a Friend or Acquaintance who should give a hasty Credit to any Allegation against me ; but I have no Reason to be offended with you for believing what the Women, and the Rascal who is just gone, and who is committed here for a Pickpocket, which you did not perhaps know, told you to my Disadvantage. And if you thought me to be a Gambler, you had just Reason to suspect any Ill of me : for I myself am confined here by the Perjury of one of those Villains ; who having cheated me of my Money at Play, and hearing that I intended to apply to a Magistrate against him, himself began the Attack, and obtained a Warrant against me of Justice *Thrasher*,  
VOL. I. C who,

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VOL. I. C who,

‘ who, without hearing one Speech in my Defence,  
‘ committed me to this Place.’

*Booth* testified great Compassion at this Account ; and he having invited *Robinson* to Dinner; they spent that Day together. In the Afternoon *Booth* indulged his Friend with a Game at Cards ; at first for Halfpence, and afterwards for Shillings, when Fortune so favoured *Robinson*, that he did not leave the other a single Shilling in his Pocket.

A surprising Run of Luck in a Gamester is often mistaken for somewhat else, by Persons who are not over zealous Believers in the Divinity of Fortune. I have known a Stranger at *Bath*, who hath happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately) to have four by Honours in his Hand almost every time he dealt, for a whole Evening, shunned universally by the whole Company the next Day. And certain it is, that Mr. *Booth*, tho’ of a Temper very little inclined to Suspicion, began to waver in his Opinion, whether the Character given by Mr. *Robinson* of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the Morning *Hunger* paid him a second Visit, and found him again in the same Situation as before. After some Deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask *Robinson* to lend him a Shilling or two of that Money which was lately his own. And this Experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil Opinion of that Gentleman.

To this Demand *Robinson* answered with great Alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not Fortune played one of her Jade Tricks with him : ‘ for, since my winning of you,’ said he, ‘ I have been stript not only of your Money, but ‘ my own.’ He was going to harangue farther ; but *Booth* with great Indignation turned from him.

This poor Gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own Misery, or the Rascality, as it appeared

peared to him, of the other, when the same Person, who had the Day before delivered him the Guinea from the unknown Hand, again accosted him, and told him a Lady in the House (so he expressed himself) desired the Favour of his Company.

Mr. *Booth* immediately obeyed the Message, and was conducted into a Room in the Prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. *Vincent* was no other than his old Acquaintance Miss *Mathews*.

## CH A P. VI.

*Containing the extraordinary Behaviour of Miss Mathews on her meeting with Booth, and some Endeavours to prove by Reason and Authority, that it is possible for a Woman to appear to be what she really is not.*

**E** I G H T or nine Years had past since any Interview between Mr. *Booth* and Miss *Mathews*; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a Place affected both of them with an equal Surprize.

After some immaterial Ceremonies, the Lady acquainted Mr. *Booth*, that having heard there was a Person in the Prison who knew her by the Name of *Mathews*, she had great Curiosity to enquire who he was, whereupon he had been shewn to her from the Window of the House; that she immediately recollected him, and being informed of his distressful Situation, for which she expressed great Concern, she had sent him that Guinea which he had received the Day before; and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest Disorder and Hurry of Spirits.

*Booth* made many handsome Acknowledgments of her Favour; and added, that he very little



wondered at the Disorder of her Spirits, concluding, that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there ; but I hope, Madam, said he——

Here he hesitated ; upon which, bursting into an Agony of Tears, she cried out, ‘ O Captain, Captain, many extraordinary Things have past since last I saw you. O gracious Heaven ! did I ever expect that this would be the next Place of our meeting !’

She then flung herself into her Chair, where she gave a Loose to her Passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender Manner, endeavoured to sooth and comfort her ; but Passion itself did probably more for its own Relief than all his friendly Consolations. Having vented this in a large Flood of Tears, she became pretty well composed ; but *Booth* unhappily mentioning her Father, she again relapsed into an Agony, and cried out, ‘ Why ? why will you repeat the Name of that dear Man ? I have disgraced him, Mr. *Booth*, I am unworthy the Name of his Daughter.’---Here Passion again stopped her Words, and discharged itself in Tears.

After this second vent of Sorrow or Shame ; or, if the Reader pleases, of Rage, she once more recovered from her Agonies. To say the Truth, these are, I believe, as critical Discharges of Nature, as any of those which are so called by the Physicians ; and do more effectually relieve the Mind than any Remedies with which the whole *Materia Medica* of Philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. *Vincent* had recovered her Faculties, she perceived *Booth* standing silent, with a Mixture of Concern and Astonishment in his Countenance ; then addressing herself to him with an Air of most bewitching Softness, of which she was a perfect Mistress, she said, ‘ I do not wonder at your Amazement, Captain *Booth* ; nor indeed at the  
Concern

‘ Concern which you so plainly discover for me :  
 ‘ for I well know the Goodness of your Nature ;  
 ‘ but O Mr. *Booth* ! believe me, when you know  
 ‘ what hath happened since our last Meeting, your  
 ‘ Concern will be raised, however your Astonish-  
 ‘ ment may cease. O, Sir, you are a Stranger to  
 ‘ the Cause of my Sorrows.’

‘ I hope, I am, Madam, answered he ; for I  
 cannot believe what I have heard in the Prison---  
 surely Murder---At which Words she started from  
 her Chair, repeating, Murder ! ‘ Oh ! ’tis Music  
 ‘ in my Ears.---You have heard then the Cause of  
 ‘ my Commitment, my Glory, my Delight, my  
 ‘ Reparation !---Yes, my old Friend, this is the  
 ‘ Hand, this is the Arm that drove the Penknife to  
 ‘ his Heart. Unkind Fortune, that not one drop  
 ‘ of his Blood reached my Hand.---Indeed, Sir, I  
 ‘ never would have washed it from it.---But tho’  
 ‘ I have not the Happiness to see it on my Hand, I  
 ‘ have the glorious Satisfaction of remembering I  
 ‘ saw it run in Rivers on the Floor ; I saw it for-  
 ‘ sake his Cheeks. I saw him fall a Martyr to my  
 ‘ Revenge. And is the killing a Villain to be cal-  
 ‘ led Murder ? Perhaps the Law calls it so.---Let  
 ‘ it call it what it will, or punish me as it pleases,  
 ‘ ---Punish me !---no, no---That is not in the  
 ‘ Power of Man---not of that Monster Man, Mr.  
 ‘ *Booth*. I am undone, am revenged, and have  
 ‘ now no more Business for Life ; let them take  
 ‘ it from me when they will.’

Our poor Gentleman turned pale with Horror  
 at this Speech, and the Ejaculation of *Good Hea-*  
*vens ! what do I hear !* burst spontaneously from  
 his Lips ! Nor can we wonder at this, tho’ he was  
 the bravest of Men ; for her Voice, her Looks,  
 her Gestures, were properly adapted to the Sentim-  
 ents she express. Such indeed was her Image,  
 that neither could *Shakespeare* describe, nor *Hogarth*  
 paint,

paint, nor *Clive* could act a Fury in higher Perfection.

‘What do you hear?’ reiterated she. ‘You hear the Resentment of the most injured of Women. You have heard, you say, of the Murder; but do you know the Cause, Mr. *Booth*? Have you, since your Return to *England*, visited that Country where we formerly knew one another? Tell me, do you know my wretched Story? Tell me that, my Friend.’

*Booth* hesitated for an Answer; indeed he had heard some imperfect Stories, not much to her Advantage. She waited not till he had formed a Speech; but cried, ‘Whatever you may have heard, you cannot be acquainted with all the strange Accidents which have occasioned your seeing me in a Place, which, at our last Parting, was so unlikely that I should ever have been found in; nor can you know the Cause of all that I have uttered, and which, I am convinced, you never expected to have heard from my Mouth. If these Circumstances raise your Curiosity, I will satisfy it.’

He answered, that Curiosity was too mean a Word to express his ardent Desire of knowing her Story. Upon which, with very little previous Ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following Chapter.

But before we put an End to this, it may be necessary to whisper a Word or two to the Critics, who have perhaps begun to express no less Astonishment than Mr. *Booth*, that a Lady, in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary Power of displaying Softness, should the very next Moment after the Words were out of our Mouth, express Sentiments becoming the Lips of a *Dalila*, *Jezabel*, *Medea*, *Semiramis*, *Parysatis*, *Tanaquil*, *Livilla*, *Messalina*, *Agrippina*, *Brunichilde*, *Elfrida*, Lady *Macbeth*,



*Macbeth, Joan of Naples, Christina of Sweden, Katharine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, Con. Philips\**, or any other Heroine of the tender Sex, which History sacred or prophane, antient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such Critics to remember, that it is the same *English* Climate, in which on the lovely 10th of *June*, under a serene Sky, the amorous *Jacobite* kissing the odoriferous *Zephyr's* Breath, gathers a Nolegay of white *Roses* to deck the whiter Breast of *Celia*; and in which, on the 11th of *June*, the very next Day, the boisterous *Boreas*, roused by the hollow Thunder, rustles horrible through the Air, and driving the wet Tempest before him, levels the Hope of the Husbandman with the Earth, dreadful Remembrance of the Consequences of the Revolution.

Again let it be remembered, that it is the self same *Celia*, all tender, soft, and delicate; who with a Voice, the Sweetness of which the Sirens might envy, warbles the harmonious Song in Praise of the young Adventurer; and again, the next Day, or, perhaps, the next Hour, with fiery Eyes, wrinkled Brows, and foaming Lips, roars forth Treason and Nonsense in a political Argument with some Fair one, of a different Principle.

Or, if the Critic be a Whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of Similes, as being too favourable to Jacobitism, let him be contented with the following Story.

I happened in my Youth to sit behind two Ladies in a Side-Box at a Play, where, in the Balcony on the opposite Side was placed the inimitable B----y C-----, in Company with a young Fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober Appearance. One of the Ladies, I remember, said to the other---

\* Tho' last, not least.

‘ Did you ever see any thing look so modest and so  
 ‘ innocent as that Girl over the way? What Pity  
 ‘ it is such a Creature should be in the Way of Ruin,  
 ‘ as I am afraid she is, by her being alone with  
 ‘ that young Fellow!’ Now this Lady was no bad  
 Physiognomist; for it was impossible to conceive  
 a greater Appearance of Modesty, Innocence and  
 Simplicity, than what Nature had displayed in the  
 Countenance of that Girl; and yet, all Appearances  
 notwithstanding, I myself (remember Critic it was  
 in my Youth) had a few Mornings before seen that  
 very identical Picture of all those ingaging Quali-  
 ties in Bed with a Rake at a Bagnio, smoaking  
 Tobacco, drinking Punch, talking Obscenity, and  
 swearing and curling with all the Impudence and  
 Impiety of the lowest and most abandoned Trull  
 of a Soldier.

## C H A P. VIII.

*In which Miss Mathews begins her History.*

**M**ISS Mathews having barred the Door on  
 the Inside, as securely as it was before barr-  
 ed on the Outside, proceeded as follows:

‘ You may imagine, I am going to begin my  
 ‘ History at the Time when you left the Country;  
 ‘ but I cannot help reminding you of something  
 ‘ which happened before. You will soon recollect  
 ‘ the Incident; but I believe you little know the  
 ‘ Consequence either at that time or since. Alas!  
 ‘ I could keep a Secret then: now I have no Se-  
 ‘ crets; the World knows all; and it is not worth  
 ‘ my while to conceal any thing. Well!--You  
 ‘ will not wonder, I believe. ---I protest I can  
 ‘ hardly tell it you even now. ---But I am con-  
 ‘ vinced you have too good an Opinion of your-  
 ‘ self to be surpris’d at any Conquest you may have  
 ‘ made.

made. — Few Men want that good Opinion  
and perhaps very few had ever more Reason  
for it. Indeed, *Will*, you was a charming Fel-  
low in those Days; nay you are not much al-  
tered for the worse now, at least in the Opinion  
of some Women: for your Complexion and  
Features are grown much more masculine than  
they were.' Here *Booth* made her a low Bow,  
most probably with a Compliment; and, after a lit-  
tle Hesitation, she again proceeded — 'Do you  
remember a Contest which happened at an As-  
sembly, betwixt myself and Miss *Johnson*, about  
standing uppermost? You was then my Partner;  
and young *Williams* danced with the other Lady.  
The Particulars are not now worth mentioning,  
tho' I suppose you have long since forgot them.  
Let it suffice that you supported my Claim, and  
*Williams* very sneakingly gave up that of his Part-  
ner, who was with much Difficulty afterwards  
prevailed to dance with him. You said, — I am  
sure I repeat the Words exactly, that "you  
would not for the World affront any Lady there;  
but that you thought you might, without any  
such Danger declare, that there was no Assem-  
bly in which that Lady, meaning your humble  
Servant, was not worthy of the uppermost  
Place; nor will I, said you, suffer the first  
Duke in *England*, when she is at the uppermost  
End of the Room, and hath called her Dance,  
to lead his Partner above her."

'What made this the more pleasing to me was,  
that I secretly hated Miss *Johnson*. Will you  
have the Reason? Why then I will tell you ho-  
nestly, she was my Rival; — that Word per-  
haps astonishes you, as you never, I believe,  
heard of any one who made his Addresses to me;  
and indeed my Heart was till that Night entirely  
indifferent to all Mankind, I mean then that she



‘ was my Rival for Praise, for Beauty, for Dress, for Fortune, and consequently for Admiration. My Triumph on this Conquest is not to be expressed, any more than my Delight in the Person to whom I chiefly owed it. The former, I fancy, was visible to the whole Company; and I desired it should be so; but the latter was so well concealed, that no one, I am confident, took any Notice of it. And yet you appeared to me that Night to be an Angel. You looked, you danced, you spoke --- every Thing charmed me.’

‘ Good Heavens!’ cries *Booth*, ‘ is it possible you should do me so much unmerited Honour, and I should be Dunce enough not to perceive the least Symptom!’

‘ I assure you,’ answered she, ‘ I did all I could to prevent you; and yet I almost hated you for not seeing through what I strove to hide. Why Mr. *Booth*, was you not more quick-sighted? --- I will answer for you --- your Affections were more happily disposed of to a much better Woman than myself, whom you married soon afterwards. I should ask you for her, Mr. *Booth*; I should have asked you for her before; but I am unworthy of asking for her, or of calling her my Acquaintance.’

*Booth* stopt her short, as she was running into another Fit of Passion, and begged her to omit all former Matters, and acquaint him with that Part of her History to which he was an entire Stranger.

‘ She then renewed her Discourse as follows: You know, Mr. *Booth*, I soon afterwards left that Town, upon the Death of my Grandmother, and returned home to my Father’s House; where I had not been long arrived before some Troops of Dragoons came to quarter in our Neighbourhood. Among the Officers there was a Cornet, whose

whose detested Name was *Hebbers*, a Name I could scarce repeat, had I not at the same time the Pleasure to reflect that he is now no more. My Father, you know, who is a hearty well-wisher to the present Government, used always to invite the Officers to his House; so did he these. Nor was it long before this Cornet, in so particular a Manner recommended himself to the poor old Gentleman (I cannot think of him without Tears) that our House became his principal Habitation; and he was rarely at his Quarters, unless when his superior Officers obliged him to be there. I shall say nothing of his Person, nor could that be any Recommendation to a Man; it was such, however, as no Woman could have made Objection to. Nature had certainly wrapt up her odious Work in a most beautiful Covering. To say the Truth, he was the handsomest Man, except one only, that I ever saw. I assure you, I have seen an handsomer—but—well. He had besides all the Qualifications of a Gentleman, was genteel, and extremely polite, spoke *French* well, and danced to a Miracle; but what chiefly recommended him to my Father was his Skill in Music, of which you know that dear Man was the most violent Lover. I wish he was not too susceptible of Flattery on that Head; for I have heard *Hebbers* often greatly commend my Father's Performance, and have observed, that he was wonderfully pleased with such Commendations. To say the Truth, it is the only Way I can account for the extraordinary Friendship which my Father conceived for this Person; such a Friendship that he at last became a Part of our Family.

This very Circumstance, which, as I am convinced, strongly recommended him to my Father, had the very contrary Effect with me; I had ne-

‘ ver any Delight in Music, and it was not without much Difficulty I was prevailed on to learn to play on the Harpsichord, in which I had made a very slender Progress. As this Man, therefore, was frequently the Occasion of my being importuned to play against my Will, I began to entertain some Dislike for him on that Account; and as to his Person, I assure you, I long continued to look on it with great Indifference.

‘ How strange will the Art of this Man appear to you presently, who had sufficient Address to convert that very Circumstance which had at first occasioned my Dislike, into the first Seeds of Affection for him.

‘ You have often, I believe, heard my Sister Betty play on the Harpsichord; she was indeed reputed the best Performer in the whole Country.

‘ I was the farthest in the World from regarding this Perfection of hers with Envy. In Reality, perhaps, I despised all Perfection of this Kind; at least, as I had neither Skill nor Ambition to excel this Way, I looked upon it as a Matter of mere Indifference.

‘ *Hebbers* first put this Emulation in my Head. He took great Pains to persuade me, that I had much greater Abilities of the musical Kind than my Sister; and that I might, with the greatest Ease, if I pleased, excel her; offering me, at the same time, his Assistance, if I would resolve to undertake it.

‘ When he had sufficiently inflamed my Ambition, in which perhaps he found too little Difficulty, the continual Praises of my Sister, which before I had disregarded, became more and more nauseous in my Ears; and the rather as Music being the favourite Passion of my Father, I became apprehensive (not without frequent Hints from *Hebbers*



‘*Hebbers* of that Nature) that she might gain too great a Preference in his Favour.

‘To my Harpsichord then I applied myself Night and Day, with such Industry and Attention, that I soon began to perform in a tolerable Manner. I do not absolutely say I excelled my Sister; for many were of a different Opinion; but indeed there might be some Partiality in all that.

‘*Hebbers*, at least, declared himself on my Side, and no Body could doubt his Judgment. He asserted openly, that I played in the better Manner of the two; and one Day, when I was playing to him alone, he affected to burst into a Rapture of Admiration, and, squeezing me gently by the Hand, said, ‘There, Madam, I now declare you excel your Sister as much in Music, as,’ added he, in a whispering Sigh, ‘you do her and all the World in every other Charm.’

‘No Woman can bear any Superiority in whatever thing she desires to excel in. I now began to hate all the Admirers of my Sister, to be uneasy at every Commendation bestowed on her Skill in Music, and consequently to love *Hebbers* for the Preference which he gave to mine.

‘It was now that I began to survey the handsome Person of *Hebbers* with Pleasure. And here, Mr. *Booth*, I will betray to you the grand Secret of your Sex.——Many Women, I believe, do with great Innocence, and even with great Indifference, converse with Men of the finest Persons; but this I am confident may be affirmed with Truth, that when once a Woman comes to ask this Question of herself, Is the Man whom I like for some other Reason, handsome? Her Fate and his too very strongly depend on her answering in the Affirmative.

‘*Hebbers* no sooner perceived that he made an Impression on my Heart, of which, I am satisfied,

‘tisfied, I gave him too undeniable Tokens, than he affected, on a sudden, to shun me in the most apparent Manner. He wore the most melancholy Air in my Presence, and, by his dejected Looks and Sighs, firmly persuaded me, that there was some secret Sorrow labouring in his Bosom; nor will it be difficult for you to imagine to what Cause I imputed it.

Whilst I was wishing for his Declaration of a Passion, in which, I thought, I could not be mistaken, and, at the same Time, trembling, whenever we met, with the Apprehension of this very Declaration, the Widow *Cary* came from *London* to make us a Visit, intending to stay the whole Summer at our House.

Those who know Mrs. *Cary*, will scarce think I do her an Injury, in saying, she is far from being handsome; and yet she is as finished a Coquette as if she had the highest Beauty to support that Character. But, perhaps, you have seen her; and, if you have, I am convinced you will readily subscribe to my Opinion.

*Booth* answered, he had not; and then she proceeded as in the following Chapter.

#### C H A P. IX.

##### *The History of Miss Mathews continued.*

THIS young Lady had not been three Days with us, before *Hebbers* grew so particular with her, that it was generally observed, and my poor Father, who, I believe, loved the Cornet as if he had been his Son, began to jest on the Occasion, as one who would not be displeased at throwing a good Jointure into the Arms of his Friend.

‘ You

‘ You will easily guess, Sir, the Disposition of  
‘ my Mind on this Occasion ; but I was not per-  
‘ mitted to suffer long under it ; for one Day, when  
‘ *Hebbers* was alone with me, he took an Oppor-  
‘ tunity of expressing his Abhorrence at the thoughts  
‘ of marrying for Interest, contrary to his Inclina-  
‘ tions. I was warm on the Subject, and, I be-  
‘ lieve, went so far as to say, *That none but Fools*  
‘ *and Villains did so.* He replied, with a Sigh, Yes;  
‘ *Madam, but what would you think of a Man whose*  
‘ *Heart is all the while bleeding for another Woman,*  
‘ *to whom he would willingly sacrifice the World ;*  
‘ *but, because he must sacrifice her Interest as well*  
‘ *as his own, never durst even give her a Hint of*  
‘ *that Passion which was preying on his very Vitals ?*  
‘ *Do you believe Miss Fanny, there is such a Wretch*  
‘ *on Earth ?* I answered, with an assumed Coldness,  
‘ *I did not believe there was ;* he then took me  
‘ gently by the Hand, and, with a Look so tender  
‘ that I can not describe it, vowed he was himself  
‘ that Wretch. Then starting, as if conscious of  
‘ an Error committed, he cried with a faltering  
‘ Voice, *What am I saying ? Pardon me, Miss*  
‘ *Fanny ; since I beg only your Pity, I never will*  
‘ *ask for more.*—At these Words, hearing my Fa-  
‘ ther coming up, I betrayed myself entirely, if  
‘ indeed, I had not done it before. I hastily with-  
‘ drew my Hand, crying, *Hush ! for Heaven’s*  
‘ *Sake, my Father is just coming in ;* my Blushes,  
‘ my Look, and my Accent telling him, I suppose,  
‘ all which he wished to know.

‘ A few Days now brought Matters to an E-  
‘ claircissement between us ; the being undeceived  
‘ in what had given me so much Uneasiness, gave  
‘ me a Pleasure too sweet to be resisted. To triumph  
‘ over the Widow, for whom I had, in a very short  
‘ Time, contracted a most inveterate Hatred, was a  
‘ Pride not to be described. *Hebbers* appeared to  
‘ me



‘ me to be the Cause of all this Happiness. I  
‘ doubted not but that he had the most disinterested  
‘ Passion for me, and thought him every way wor-  
‘ thy of its Return. I did return it, and accepted  
‘ him as my Lover.

‘ He declared the greatest Apprehensions of my  
‘ Father’s Suspicion, though I am convinced these  
‘ were causeless, had his Designs been honourable.  
‘ To blind these, I consented that he should carry  
‘ on sham Addresses to the Widow, who was  
‘ now a constant Jest between us ; and he pre-  
‘ tended, from Time to Time, to acquaint me  
‘ faithfully with every Thing that past at his Inter-  
‘ views with her ; nor was this faithless Woman  
‘ wanting in her Part of the Deceit. She carried  
‘ herself to me all the while with a Shew of Af-  
‘ fection, and pretended to have the utmost Friend-  
‘ ship for me. But such are the Friendships of  
‘ Women !

At this Remark, Mr. *Booth*, though enough af-  
fected at some Parts of the Story, had great Dif-  
ficulty to refrain from Laughter ; but, by good  
Luck, he escaped being perceived ; and the Lady  
went on without Interruption.

‘ I am come now to a Part of my Narrative in  
‘ which it is impossible to be particular, without  
‘ being tedious ; for as to the Commerce between  
‘ Lovers, it is, I believe, much the same in all  
‘ Cases ; and there is, perhaps, scarce a single Phrase  
‘ that hath not been repeated ten Millions of  
‘ Times.

‘ One Thing, however, as I strongly remarked  
‘ it then, so I will repeat it to you now. In all  
‘ our Conversations, in Moments when he fell  
‘ into the warmest Raptures, and express the greatest  
‘ Uneasiness at the Delay of his Joys, he seldom  
‘ mentioned the Word Marriage ; and never once  
‘ solicited a Day for that Purpose. Indeed Wō-  
‘ men

men cannot be cautioned too much against such Lovers: for though I have heard, and perhaps, truly, of some of our Sex of a Virtue so exalted, that it is Proof against every Temptation; yet the Generality, I am afraid, are too much in the Power of a Man to whom they have owned an Affection. What is called being upon a good Footing, is, perhaps, being upon a very dangerous one; and a Woman who hath given her Consent to marry, can hardly be said to be safe till she is married.

And now, Sir, I hasten to the Period of my Ruin. We had a Wedding in our Family; my musical Sister was married to a young Fellow as musical as herself. Such a Match, you may be sure, amongst other Festivities, must have a Ball. Oh! Mr. Booth, shall Modesty forbid me to remark to you what past on that Occasion? But why do I mention Modesty, who have no Pretensions to it? Every Thing was said, and practised, on that Occasion, as if the Purpose had been to inflame the Mind of every Woman present. That Effect, I freely own to you, it had with me. Music, Dancing, Wine, and the most luscious Conversation, in which my poor dear Father innocently joined, raised Ideas in me of which I shall for ever repent; and I wished; (why should I deny it?) that it had been my Wedding, instead of my Sister's.

The Villain *Hebbers* danced with me that Night, and he lost no Opportunity of improving the Occasion. In short, the dreadful Evening came. My Father, though it was a very unusual Thing with him, grew intoxicated with Liquor; most of the Men were in the same Condition; nay, I myself drank more than I was accustomed to, enough to inflame, though not to disorder. I lost my former Bed-fellow, my Sister, and,—  
you

‘ you may, I think, guess the rest,—the Villain  
 ‘ found Means to steal to my Chamber, and I was  
 ‘ undone.

‘ Two Months I passed in this detested Com-  
 ‘ merce, buying, even then, my guilty, half-tasted  
 ‘ Pleasures at too dear a Rate, with continual Hor-  
 ‘ ror and Apprehension ; but what have I paid  
 ‘ since, what do I pay now, Mr. Booth ? O may  
 ‘ my Fate be a Warning to every Woman to keep  
 ‘ her Innocence, to resist every temptation, since  
 ‘ she is certain to repent of the foolish Bargain.  
 ‘ May it be a Warning to her to deal with Man-  
 ‘ kind with Care and Caution ; to shun the least ap-  
 ‘ proaches of Dishonour, and never to confide too  
 ‘ much in the Honesty of a Man, nor in her own  
 ‘ Strength, where she has so much at Stake ; let her  
 ‘ remember she walks on a Precipice, and the  
 ‘ bottomless Pit is to receive her, if she slips ; nay,  
 ‘ if she makes but one false Step.

‘ I ask your Pardon, Mr. Booth, I might have  
 ‘ spared these Exhortations, since no Woman hears  
 ‘ me ; but you will not wonder at seeing me af-  
 ‘ fected on this Occasion.’

Booth declared he was much more surpris’d at  
 her being able so well to preserve her Temper in  
 recounting her Story.

‘ O Sir, answered she, I am at length reconcell’d  
 ‘ to my Fate ; and I can now die with Pleasure,  
 ‘ since I die revenged. I am not one of those  
 ‘ mean Wretches who can sit down and lament  
 ‘ their Misfortunes. If I ever shed Tears, they  
 ‘ are the Tears of Indignation---but I will pro-  
 ‘ ceed.

‘ It was my Fate now to solicit Marriage ; and I  
 ‘ failed not to do it in the most earnest Manner.  
 ‘ He answered me at first with Procrastinations, de-  
 ‘ claring from time to time he would mention it to  
 ‘ my



my Father, and still excusing himself for not doing it. At last he thought on an Expedient to obtain a longer Reprieve. This was by pretending that he should in a very few Weeks be preferred to the Command of a Troop; and then he said, he could with some Confidence propose the Match.

In this Delay I was persuaded to acquiesce; and was indeed pretty easy; for I had not yet the least Mistrust of his Honour; but what Words can paint my Sensations! when one Morning he came into my Room, with all the Marks of Dejection in his Countenance, and throwing an open Letter on the Table, said, There is News, Madam, in that Letter which I am unable to tell you; nor can it give you more Concern than it hath given me.

This Letter was from his Captain, to acquaint him, that the Rout, as they call it, was arrived, and that they were to march within two Days. And this I am since convinced was what he expected, instead of the Preferment which had been made the Pretence of delaying our Marriage.

The Shock which I felt at reading this was inexpressible, occasioned indeed principally by the Departure of a Villain whom I loved. However, I soon acquired sufficient Presence of Mind to remember the main Point; and I now insisted peremptorily on his making me immediately his Wife, whatever might be the Consequence.

He seemed thunderstruck at this Proposal, being, I suppose, destitute of any Excuse: But I was too impatient to wait for an Answer, and cried out with much Eagerness, *Sure you cannot hesitate a Moment upon this Matter—Hesitate! Madam!* replied he—*What you ask is impossible—Is this a Time for me to mention a Thing of this kind to*  
your

‘ *your Father?*—My eyes were now opened all at once—I fell into a Rage little short of Madness: ‘ *Tell not me,* I cried, *of impossibilities, nor Times, nor of my Father,—my Honour, my Reputation, my All are at Stake.—I will have no Excuse, no Delay—make me your Wife this instant, or I will proclaim you over the Face of the whole Earth for the greatest of Villains.—*He answered, with a kind of Sneer, *What will you proclaim, Madam?* ‘ *—Whose Honour will you injure?*—My Tongue faltered when I offered to reply, and I fell into a violent Agony, which ended in a Fit; nor do I remember any thing more that past, till I found myself in the Arms of my poor affrighted Father.

‘ *O Mr. Booth!* what was then my Situation: I tremble even now from the Reflection.—I must stop a Moment. I can go no farther.’ *Booth* attempted all in his Power to sooth her; and she soon recovered her Powers, and proceeded in her Story.

## C H A P. X

*In which Miss Mathews concludes her Relation.*

‘ **B**EFORE I had recovered my Senses, I had sufficiently betrayed myself to that best of Men, who instead of upbraiding me, or exerting any Anger, endeavoured to comfort me all he could; with Assurances that all should yet be well. This Goodness of his affected me with inexpressible Sensations; I prostrated myself before him, embraced and kissed his Knees, and almost dissolved in Tears, and a Degree of Tenderness hardly to be conceived——But I am running into too minute Descriptions.

‘ *Hebbers* seeing me in a Fit had left me, and sent

‘ sent one of the Servants to take Care of me.  
‘ He then ran away like a Thief from the House,  
‘ without taking his Leave of my Father, or once  
‘ thanking him for all his Civilities. He did not  
‘ stop at his Quarters, but made directly to *London*;  
‘ apprehensive, I believe, either of my Father or  
‘ Brother’s Resentment; for I am convinced he is  
‘ a Coward. Indeed his Fear of my Brother was  
‘ utterly groundless; for I believe he would rather  
‘ have thanked any Man who had destroyed me;  
‘ and I am sure I am not in the least behind Hand  
‘ with him in good Wishes.

‘ All his Inveteracy to me had, however, no Effect on my Father, at least at that Time; for  
‘ though the good Man took sufficient Occasions  
‘ to reprimand me for my past Offence, he could  
‘ not be brought to abandon me. A Treaty of  
‘ Marriage was now set on Foot, in which my  
‘ Father himself offered me to *Hebbers*, with a Fortune superior to that which had been given with  
‘ my Sister; nor could all my Brother’s Remonstrances against it, as an Act of the Highest Injustice, avail.

‘ *Hebbers* entered into the Treaty, tho’ not with much Warmth. He had even the Assurance to  
‘ make additional Demands on my Father, which  
‘ being complied with, every thing was concluded;  
‘ and the Villain once more received into the House.  
‘ He soon found Means to obtain my Forgiveness  
‘ of his former Behaviour; indeed he convinced  
‘ me, so foolishly blind is female Love, that he  
‘ had never been to blame.

‘ When every thing was ready for our Nuptials,  
‘ and the Day of the Ceremony was to be appointed, in the midst of my Happiness, I received a  
‘ Letter from an unknown Hand, acquainting me  
‘ (guess, Mr. *Booth*, how I was shocked at receiving



ing it) that Mr. *Hebbers* was already married to a Woman, in a distant Part of the Kingdom.

I will not tire you with all that past at our next Interview. I communicated the Letter to *Hebbers*, who, after some little Hesitation, owned the Fact; and not only owned it, but had the Address to improve it to his own Advantage, to make it the Means of satisfying me concerning all his former Delays; which, to say the Truth, I was not so much displeased at imputing to any Degree of Villany, as I should have been to impute it to the Want of a sufficient Warmth of Affection; and tho' the Disappointment of all my Hopes, at the very Instant of their expected Fruition, threw me into the most violent Disorders; yet when I came a little to myself, he had no great Difficulty to persuade me that in every Instance, with regard to me, *Hebbers* had acted from no other Motive than from the most ardent and ungovernable Love. And there is, I believe, no Crime which a Woman will not forgive, when she can derive it from that Fountain. In short, I forgave him all, and am willing to persuade myself I am not weaker than the rest of my Sex. Indeed, Mr. *Booth*, he hath a bewitching Tongue, and is Master of an Address that no Woman could resist. I do assure you the Charms of his Person are his least Perfection, at least in my Eye.

Here *Booth* smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

A fresh Difficulty (continued she) now arose. This was to excuse the Delay of the Ceremony to my Father, who every Day very earnestly urged it. This made me so very uneasy that I at last listened to a Proposal, which if any one, in the Days of my Innocence, or even a few Days before, had assured me I could have submitted to have thought of, I should have treated the Suppo-

sition

‘ sition with the highest Contempt and Indignation;  
‘ nay I scarce reflect on it now with more Horror  
‘ than Astonishment. In short I agreed to run a-  
‘ way with him. To leave my Father, my Repu-  
‘ tation, every thing which was or ought to have  
‘ been dear to me, and to live with this Villain as a  
‘ Mistress, since I could not be his Wife.

‘ Was not this an Obligation of the highest and  
‘ tenderest Kind, and had I not Reason to expect e-  
‘ very Return in the Man’s Power on whom I had  
‘ conferred it?

‘ I will make short of the Remainder of my Sto-  
‘ ry: for what is there of a Woman worth relating,  
‘ after what I have told you?

‘ Above a Year I lived with this Man in an ob-  
‘ scure Court in *London*, during which time I had a  
‘ Child by him, whom Heaven, I thank it, hath  
‘ been pleased to take to itself.

‘ During many Months he behaved to me with all  
‘ the apparent Tendernefs and even Fondness ima-  
‘ ginable; but alas! how poor was my Enjoyment  
‘ of this compared to what it would have been in  
‘ another Situation? When he was present, Life  
‘ was barely tolerable; but when he was absent,  
‘ nothing could equal the Misery I endured. I pass  
‘ my Hours almost entirely alone: for no Compa-  
‘ ny, but what I despised, would consort with me.  
‘ Abroad I scarce ever went, lest I should meet any  
‘ of my former Acquaintance; for their Sight  
‘ would have plunged a thousand Daggers in my  
‘ Soul. My only Diversion was going very seldom  
‘ to a Play, where I hid myself in the Gallery,  
‘ with a Daughter of the Woman of the House.  
‘ A Girl indeed of good Sense, and many good  
‘ Qualities: but how much beneath me was it to  
‘ be the Companion of a Creature so low! O Hea-  
‘ vens! When I have seen my Equals glittering in a  
‘ Side-Box,

‘ Side-Box, how have the Thoughts of my lost  
‘ Honour torn my Soul !’

‘ Pardon me, dear Madam, cries *Booth*, for in-  
‘ terrupting you ; but I am under the utmost An-  
‘ xiety to know what became of your poor Father,  
‘ for whom I have so great a Respect, and who, I  
‘ am convinced, must so bitterly feel your Loss.’

‘ O Mr. *Booth*,’ answered she ‘ he was scarce  
‘ ever out of my Thoughts. His dear Image still  
‘ obtruded itself in my Mind, and I believe would  
‘ have broken my Heart, had I not taken a very  
‘ preposterous Way to ease myself. I am indeed  
‘ almost ashamed to tell you; but Necessity put it in  
‘ my Head.—You will think the Matter too trifling  
‘ to have been remembered and so it surely was ;  
‘ nor should I have remembered it on any other  
‘ Occasion. You must know then, Sir, that my  
‘ Brother was always my inveterate Enemy, and  
‘ altogether as fond of my Sister. He once pre-  
‘ vailed with my Father to let him take my Sister  
‘ with him in the Chariot, and by that Means I  
‘ was disappointed of going to a Ball which I had  
‘ set my Heart on. The Disappointment, I assure  
‘ you, was great at the time ; but I had long since  
‘ forgotten it. I must have been a very bad Wo-  
‘ man, if I had not : for it was the only Thing  
‘ in which I can remember that my Father ever  
‘ disobliged me. However, I now revived this in  
‘ my Mind, which I artificially worked up into so  
‘ high an Injury, that I assure you it afforded me  
‘ no little Comfort. When any tender Idea in-  
‘ truded into my Bosom, I immediately raised this  
‘ Phantom of an Injury in my Imagination, and it  
‘ considerably lessened the Fury of that Sorrow  
‘ which I should have otherwise felt for the Loss  
‘ of so good a Father ; who died within a few  
‘ Months of my Departure from him.

‘ And



‘ And now, Sir, to draw to a Conclusion.  
‘ One Night as I was in the Gallery at *Drury-Lane*  
‘ Play-house, I saw below me in a Side box—  
‘ (she was once below me in every Place) that  
‘ Widow whom I mentioned to you before—I  
‘ had scarce cast my Eyes on this Woman, before  
‘ I was so shocked with the Sight, that it almost  
‘ deprived me of my Senses; for the Villain *Heb-*  
‘ *bers* came presently in, and seated himself behind  
‘ her.

‘ He had been almost a Month from me, and I  
‘ believed him to be at his Quarters in *Yorkshire*.  
‘ Guess what were my Sensations, when I beheld  
‘ him sitting by that base Woman, and talking to  
‘ her with the utmost Familiarity. I could not  
‘ long endure this Sight; and having acquainted  
‘ my Companion that I was taken suddenly ill, I  
‘ forced her to go home with me at the End of the  
‘ second Act.

‘ After a restless and sleepless Night, when I  
‘ rose the next Morning I had the Comfort to re-  
‘ ceive a Visit from the Woman of the House,  
‘ who, after a very short Introduction, asked me  
‘ when I had heard from the Captain, and when I  
‘ expected to see him? I had not Strength or Spi-  
‘ rits to make her any Answer; and she proceeded  
‘ thus: *Indeed I did not think the Captain would*  
‘ *have used me so. My Husband was an Officer of the*  
‘ *Army, as well as himself; and if a Body is a lit-*  
‘ *tle low in the World, I am sure that is no Reason*  
‘ *for Folks to trample on a Body. I defy the*  
‘ *World to say as I ever was guilty of an ill Thing.*  
‘ *For Heaven’s Sake, Madam, says I, what do you*  
‘ *mean! Mean!* cries she, *I am sure if I had not*  
‘ *thought you had been Captain Hebbers’s Lady, his*  
‘ *lawful Lady too, you should never have set Footing*  
‘ *in my House. I would have Captain Hebbers know,*  
‘ *that tho’ I am reduced to let Lodgings, I never have*

‘*entertained any but Persons of Character.*—In this  
 ‘Manner, Sir, she ran on, saying many shocking  
 ‘things not worth repeating, till my Anger at last  
 ‘got the better of my Patience as well as my Sor-  
 ‘row, and I pushed her out of the Room.

‘She had not been long gone before her Daugh-  
 ‘ter came to me, and after many Expressions of  
 ‘Tenderness and Pity acquainted me, that her Mo-  
 ‘ther had just found out, by Means of the Cap-  
 ‘tain’s Servant, that the Captain was married to  
 ‘another Lady; *which if you did not know before,*  
 ‘*Madam, said she, I am sorry to be the Messenger*  
 ‘*of such ill News.*

‘Think, Mr. Best, what I must have endured  
 ‘to see myself humbled before such a Creature as  
 ‘this, the Daughter of a Woman who lets Lodg-  
 ‘ings! However, having recollected myself a lit-  
 ‘tle, I thought it would be in vain to deny any  
 ‘thing; so knowing this to be one of the best na-  
 ‘tured and most sensible Girls in the World, I re-  
 ‘solved to tell her my whole Story, and for the  
 ‘future to make her my Confidante. I answered  
 ‘her, therefore, with a good deal of Assurance,  
 ‘that she need not regret telling me this Piece of ill  
 ‘News, for I had known it before I came to her  
 ‘House.

‘Pardon me, Madam, replied the Girl, You can-  
 ‘not possibly have known it so long; for he hath not  
 ‘been married above a Week: last night was the  
 ‘first Time of his appearing in public with his  
 ‘Wife at the Play. Indeed I knew very well the  
 ‘Cause of your Uneasiness there; but would not  
 ‘mention—

‘His Wife at the Play! answered I eagerly,  
 ‘What Wife! whom do you mean?

‘I mean the Widow Carey, Madam, replied she,  
 ‘to whom the Captain was married a few Days  
 ‘since. His Servant was here last Night to pay  
 ‘for your Lodging; and he told it my Mother.

‘I know

‘ I know not what Answer I made, or whether I made any; I presently fell dead on the Floor, and it was with great Difficulty I was brought back to Life by the poor Girl: for neither the Mother, nor the Maid of the House, would lend me any Assistance, both seeming to regard me rather as a Monster than a Woman.

‘ Scarce had I recovered the Use of my Senses, when I received a Letter from the Villain, declaring he had not Assurance to see my Face, and very kindly advising me to endeavour to reconcile myself to my Family; concluding with an Offer, in case I did not succeed, to allow me twenty Pounds a-Year to support me in some remote Part of the Kingdom.

‘ I need not mention my Indignation at these Proposals. In the highest Agony of Rage, I went in a Chair to the detested House, where I easily got Access to the Wretch I had devoted to Destruction, whom I no sooner found within my Reach, than I plunged a drawn Penknife, which I had prepared in my Pocket for the Purpose, into his accursed Heart. For this Fact I was immediately seized, and soon after committed hither; and for this Fact I am ready to die, and shall with Pleasure receive the Sentence of the Law.

‘ Thus, Sir,’ said she, ‘ I have related to you my unhappy Story; and if I have tired your Patience, by dwelling too long on those Parts which affected me the most, I ask your Pardon.’

Booth made a proper Speech on this Occasion, and having expressed much Concern at her present Situation, concluded that he hoped her Sentence would be milder than she seemed to expect.

Her Reply to this was full of so much Bitterness and Indignation, that we do not think proper to record the Speech at length; in which, having



vented her Passion, she all at once put on a serene Countenance, and with an Air of great Complacency, said, 'Well, Mr. Booth, I think I have now a Right to satisfy my Curiosity, at the Expence of your Breath. I may say it is not altogether a vain Curiosity; for perhaps I have had Inclination enough to interest myself in whatever concerns you;—but no Matter for that—Those Days (added she with a Sigh) are now over.'

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and not ill-bred, told her that she should not command him twice whatever was in his Power; and then, after the usual Apology, was going to begin his History, when the Keeper arrived and acquainted the Lady that Dinner was ready, at the same time saying, 'I suppose, Madam, as the Gentleman is an Acquaintance of yours, he must dine with us too.'

Miss Mathews told the Keeper that she had only one Word to mention in private to the Gentleman, and that then they would both attend him. . . . She then pulled her Purse from her Pocket, in which were upwards of twenty Guineas, being the Remainder of the Money for which she had sold a gold repeating Watch, her Father's Present, with some other Trinkets, and desired Mr. Booth to take what he should have Occasion for;—saying, 'You know, I believe, dear Will, I never valued Money; and now I am sure I shall have very little Use for it.' Booth, with much Difficulty, accepted of Two Guineas; and then they both together attended the Keeper.

## CHAP. XI.

*Table Talk consisting of a facetious Discourse that passed in the Prison.*

**T**H E R E were assembled at the Table the Governor of these (not improperly called infernal) Regions; the Lieutenant Governor, vulgarly named the first Turnkey; Miss *Mathews*, Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Robinson* the Gambler, several other Prisoners of both Sexes, and one *Murphy* an Attorney.

The Governor took the first Opportunity to bring the Affair of Miss *Mathews* upon the Carpet, and then turning to *Murphy*, he said, 'It is very lucky this Gentleman happens to be present; I do assure you, Madam, your Cause cannot be in abler Hands. He is, I believe, the best Man in England at a Defence; I have known him often succeed against the most positive Evidence.'

'Fy, Sir,' answered *Murphy*, 'you know I hate all this; but if the Lady will trust me with her Cause, I will do the best in my Power. Come, Madam, don't be discouraged; a Bit of Man-slaughter and cold Iron, I hope, will be the worst; or perhaps we may come off better, with a Slice of Chance-Medley, or *se. Defendendo.*'

'I am very ignorant of the Law, Sir,' cries the Lady.

'Yes, Madam,' answered *Murphy*, 'it can't be expected you should understand it. There are very few of us who profess it, that understand the whole; --- nor is it necessary we should. There is a great deal of Rubbish of little Use about Indictments and Abatements, and Bars, and Ejectments, and Trovers, and such Stuff, with which People cram their Heads to little Purpose. The Chapter of Evidence is the main Business;

‘ that is the Sheet-Anchor: that is the Rudder, which brings the Vessel safe in Portum. Evidence is indeed the Whole, the *Summa totidis*, for de non apparentibus et non insistentibus eandem est ratio.’

‘ If you address yourself to me, Sir,’ said the Lady, ‘ you are much too learned, I assure you, for my Understanding.’

‘ Tace, Madam,’ answered Murphy, ‘ is Latin for a Candle: I commend your Prudence. I shall know the Particulars of your Case when we are alone.’

‘ I hope the Lady,’ said Robinson, ‘ hath no Suspicion of any Person here. I hope we are all Persons of Honour at this Table.’

‘ D———n my Eyes!’ answered a well-dressed Woman, ‘ I can answer for myself and the other Ladies; though I never saw the Lady in my Life, she need not be shy of us, d———n my Eyes! I scorn to rap \* against any Lady.’

‘ D———n me, Madam!’ cried another Female, ‘ I honour what you have done. I once put a Knife into a Gull myself---so my Service to you, Madam, and I wish you may come off with *se Diffidendo* with all my Heart.’

‘ I beg, good Woman,’ said Miss Matthews, ‘ you would talk on some other Subject, and give yourself no Concern about my Affairs.’

‘ You see, Ladies, cried Murphy, the Gentlewoman doth not care to talk on this Matter before Company; so pray do not press her.’

‘ Nay, I value the Lady’s Acquaintance no more than she values mine,’ cries the first Woman who spoke———‘ I have kept as good Company as the Lady, I believe, every Day in the Week. Good

\* A Cant Word, meaning to swear, or rather to perjure yourself.

‘ Woman!



‘ Woman! I don’t use to be so treated---If the  
 ‘ Lady says such another Word to me, d-----n  
 ‘ me, I’ll darken her Day-lights, and sow up her  
 ‘ Sees for her---Marry, come up, good Woman!---  
 ‘ the Lady’s a Whore as well as myself; and  
 ‘ though I am sent hither to Mill Doll, d-----n  
 ‘ my Eyes, I have Money enough to buy it off as  
 ‘ well as the Lady herself.’

Action might perhaps soon have ensued this  
 Speech, had not the Keeper interposed his Authority,  
 and put an End to any further Dispute. Soon  
 after which, the Company broke up; and none but  
 himself, Mr. *Murphy*, Captain *Booth*, and Miss  
*Mathews* remained together.

Miss *Mathews* then, at the Entreaty of the  
 Keeper, began to open her Case to Mr. *Murphy*,  
 whom she admitted to be her Solicitor, though she  
 still declared she was indifferent as to the Event of  
 the Trial.

Mr. *Murphy* having heard all the Particulars with  
 which the Reader is already acquainted (as far as  
 related to the Murder) shook his Head, and said,  
 ‘ There is but one Circumstance, Madam, which  
 ‘ I wish was out of the Case; and that we must  
 ‘ put out of it: I mean the carrying the Penknife  
 ‘ drawn into the Room with you; for that seems  
 ‘ to imply Malice prepense, as we call it in the Law:  
 ‘ This Circumstance therefore must not appear  
 ‘ against you; and if the Servant who was in the  
 ‘ Room observed this, he must be bought off at all  
 ‘ Hazards. All here, you say, are Friends; there-  
 ‘ fore I tell you openly, you must furnish me with  
 ‘ Money sufficient for this Purpose. Malice is all  
 ‘ we have to guard against.’

‘ I would not presume, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ to in-  
 ‘ form you in the Law? but I have heard in Case  
 ‘ of stabbing, a Man may be indicted upon the Sta-  
 ‘ tute

‘tute; and it is capital, though no Malice appears.’

‘You say true, Sir,’ answered *Murphy*, ‘a Man may be indicted *contra Formam Statutis*; and that Method, I allow you, requires no Malice; I presume you are a Lawyer, Sir?’

‘No, indeed, Sir,’ answered *Booth*, ‘I know nothing of the Law.’

‘Then, Sir, I will tell you---If a Man be indicted *contra Formam Statutis*, as we say, no Malice is necessary; because the Form of the Statute makes Malice; and then what we have to guard against is having struck the first Blow---Pox on’t, it is unucky this was done in a Room---If it had been in the Street, we could have had five or six Witnesses to have proved the first Blow, cheaper, than I am afraid we shall get this one; for when a Man knows, from the unhappy Circumstances of the Case, that you can procure no other Witness but himself, he is always dear. It is so in all other Ways of Business---I am very *implicite*, you see; but we are all among Friends. The safest Way is to furnish me with Money enough to offer him a good round Sum at once; and, I think, (it is for your Good I speak) fifty Pounds is the least that can be offered him.-----I do assure you, I would offer him no less, was it my own Case.’

‘And do you think, Sir,’ said she, ‘that I would save my Life at the Expence of hiring another to perjure himself?’

‘Ay, surely do I,’ cries *Murphy*; ‘for where is the Fault, admitting there is some Fault in Perjury, as you call it; and to be sure, it is such a Matter, as every Man would rather wish to avoid than not: And yet, as it may be managed, there is not so much as some People are apt to imagine in it; for he need not kiss the Book, and then  
‘ pray

‘ pray where’s the Perjury? But if the Crier is  
 ‘ sharper than ordinary, what is it he kisses? Is it  
 ‘ any thing but a Bit of Calves-skin? I am sure a  
 ‘ Man must be a very bad Christian himself, who,  
 ‘ would not do so much as that to save the Life of  
 ‘ any Christian whatever, much more of so pretty a  
 ‘ Lady. — Indeed, Madam, if we can make out but  
 ‘ a tolerable Case, so much Beauty will go a great  
 ‘ ways with the Judge and the Jury too.’

The latter Part of this Speech, notwithstanding  
 the Mouth it came from, caused Miss *Mathews* to  
 suppress much of the Indignation which began to  
 arise at the former; and she answered with a Smile,  
 ‘ Sir, you are a great Casuist in these Matters; but  
 ‘ we need argue no longer concerning them; for if  
 ‘ fifty Pounds would save my Life, I assure you I  
 ‘ could not command that Sum. The little Mo-  
 ‘ ney I have in my Pocket is all I can call my own;  
 ‘ and, I apprehend, in the Situation I am in, I shall  
 ‘ have very little of that to spare.’

‘ Come, come, Madam,’ cries *Murphy*, ‘ Life  
 ‘ is sweet, let me tell you, and never sweeter than  
 ‘ when we are near losing it. I have known many  
 ‘ a Man very brave and undaunted at his first Com-  
 ‘ mitment, who, when Business began to thicken  
 ‘ a little upon him, hath changed his Note. — It is  
 ‘ no Time to be saving in your Condition.’

The Keeper, who, after the Liberality of Miss  
*Mathews*, and on seeing a Purse of Guineas in her  
 Hand, had conceived a great Opinion of her Wealth,  
 no sooner heard that the Sum which he had in Inten-  
 tion intirely confiscated for his own Use, was at-  
 tempted to be broke in upon, thought it high time  
 to be upon his Guard. ‘ To be sure,’ cries he,  
 ‘ Mr. *Murphy*, Life is sweet, as you say, that must  
 ‘ be acknowledged; to be sure Life is sweet; but  
 ‘ sweet as it is, no Persons can advance more than  
 ‘ they are worth to save it. And indeed, if the



‘ Lady can command no more Money than that little she mentions, she is to be commended for her Unwillingnes to part with any of it; for, to be sure, as she says, she will want every Farthing of that, to live like a Gentlewoman till she comes to her Trial. And, to be sure, as sweet as Life is, People ought to take care to be able to live sweetly while they do live: Besides, I can’t help saying, the Lady shews herself to be what she is, by her Abhorrence of Perjury, which is certainly a very dreadful Crime. And, though the not kissing the Book doth, as you say, make a great deal of Difference; and, if a Man had a great while to live and repent, perhaps he might swallow it well enough; yet when People comes to be near their End, (as who can venture to foretel what will be the Lady’s Case!) they ought to take care not to over burthen their Conscience. I hope the Lady’s Case will not be found Murder; for I am sure I always wish well to all my Prisoners, who shew themselves to be Gentlemen or Gentlewomen; yet one should always fear the worst.’

‘ Indeed, Sir, you speak like an Oracle,’ answered the Lady; ‘ and one Subornation of Perjury would sit heavier on my Conscience, than twenty such Murders as I am guilty of.’

‘ Nay to be sure, Madam,’ answered the Keeper, ‘ no body can pretend to tell what Provocation you must have had: and certainly, it can never be imagined, that a Lady who behaves herself so handsomely as you have done ever since you have been under my Keys, should be guilty of killing a Man without being very highly provoked to do it.’

Mr. *Murphy* was, I believe, going to answer, when he was called out of the Room; after which, nothing passed between the remaining Persons worth relating,

relating, till *Booth* and the Lady retired back again into the Lady's Apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing Discourse; but as their Comments were, I believe, the same with what most Readers have made on the same Occasion, we shall omit them. At last Miss *Mathews* reminding her Companion of his Promise of relating to her what had befallen him since the Interruption of their former Acquaintance, he began as is written in the next Book of this History.

# AMELIA.

BOOK II.

## CHAP. I.

*In which Captain Booth begins to relate his History.*

THE Tea-table being removed, and Mr. Booth and the Lady left alone, he proceeded as follows.

‘ Since you desire, Madam, to know the Particulars of my Courtship to that best and dearest of Women, whom I afterwards married; I will endeavour to recollect them as well as I can, at least all those Incidents which are most worth relating to you.

‘ If the vulgar Opinion of the Fatality in Marriage had ever any Sanction, it surely, had such in my Marriage with my *Amelia*. I knew her in the first Dawn of her Beauty; and, I believe, Madam, she had as much as ever fell to the Share of a Woman; but though I always admired her, it was long without any Spark of Love. Perhaps the general Admiration which at that Time pursued her, the Respect paid her by Persons of the highest Rank, and the numberless Addresses which were made her by Men of great Fortune, prevented my aspiring at the Possession of those Charms, which seemed so absolutely out of my Reach. However it was, I assure you, the Accident which deprived her of the Admiration of others, made the first great Impression on my Heart in her Favour.



‘ your. The Injury done to her Beauty by the  
‘ overturning of a Chaise, by which, as you may  
‘ well remember her lovely Nose was beat all to  
‘ pieces, gave me an Assurance that the Woman  
‘ who had been so much adored for the Charms of  
‘ her Person, deserved a much higher Adoration to  
‘ be paid to her Mind: For that she was in the last  
‘ ter Respect infinitely more superior to the rest of  
‘ her Sex, than she had ever been in the former.

‘ I admire your Taste extremely,’ cried the Lady.  
‘ I remember perfectly well the great Heroism  
‘ with which your *Amelia* bore that Misfortune!’

‘ Good Heavens! Madam,’ answered he, ‘ What  
‘ a Magnanimity of Mind did her Behaviour demonstrate!  
‘ If the World have extolled the Firmness of Soul in a Man who can support the Loss  
‘ of Fortune; of a General, who can be composed after the Loss of a Victory; or of a King, who  
‘ can be contented with the Loss of a Crown; with what Astonishment ought we to behold, with what  
‘ Praises to Honour a young Lady, who can with  
‘ Patience and Resignation submit to the Loss of  
‘ exquisite Beauty, in other Words, to the Loss of  
‘ Fortune, Power, Glory; every Thing which  
‘ human Nature is apt to Court and rejoice in!  
‘ What must be the Mind, which can bear to be  
‘ deprived of all these in a Moment, and by an  
‘ unfortunate trifling Accident; which could support  
‘ all this, together with the most exquisite  
‘ Torments of Body, and with Dignity, with Resignation,  
‘ without complaining, almost without a  
‘ Tear, undergo the most painful and dreadful Operations of Surgery in such a Situation.’ Here  
‘ he stop’d, and a Torrent of Tears gushed from  
‘ his Eyes; such Tears as are apt to flow from a  
‘ truly noble Heart, at the hearing of any Thing  
‘ surprisingly great and glorious; and which may  
‘ perhaps

perhaps arise from a sudden Transport at seeing so high an Honour done to that Nature of which we participate. As soon as he was able he again proceeded thus :

‘ Would you think, Miss *Mathews*, that the Misfortune of my *Amelia* was capable of any Aggravation. I assure you, she hath often told me it was aggravated with a Circumstance which outweighed all the other Ingredients. This was the cruel Insults she received from some of her most intimate Acquaintance, several of whom, after many Distortions and Grimaces, have turned their Heads aside, unable to support their secret Triumph, and burst into a loud Laugh in her hearing.’

‘ Good Heaven !’ cry’d Miss *Mathews*, ‘ What detestable Actions will this contemptible Passion of Envy prevail on our Sex to commit ?’

‘ An Occasion of this kind, as she hath since told me, made the first Impression on her gentle Heart in my Favour. I was one Day in Company with several young Ladies, or rather young Devils, where poor *Amelia*’s Accident was the Subject of much Mirth and Pleasantry. One of these said, *She hoped Miss would not hold her Head so high for the future.* Another answered, *I don’t know, Madam, what she may do with her Head, but I am convinced she will never more turn up her Nose at her Betters.* Another cry’d, *What a very proper Match might now be made between Amelia and a certain Captain, who had unfortunately received an Injury in the same Part, though from no shameful Cause.* Many other Sarcasms were thrown out, very unworthy to be repeated. I was hurt with perceiving so much Malice in human Shape, and cry’d out very bluntly, *Indeed, Ladies, you need not express such Satisfaction at* poor

‘ poor Miss Emily’s Accident : For without any  
‘ Nose at all, she will be the handsomest Woman in  
‘ England. This speech of mine was afterwards  
‘ variously repeated, by some to my Honour, and  
‘ by others represented in a contrary Light ; indeed  
‘ it was often reported to be much ruder than it was.  
‘ However, it at Length reached *Amelia’s* Ears.  
‘ She said she was very much obliged to me ; since  
‘ I could have so much Compassion for her as to  
‘ be rude to a Lady on her Account.

‘ About a Month after the Accident, when *Amelia*  
‘ began to see general Company, in a Mask, I  
‘ had the Honour to drink Tea with her. We  
‘ were alone together, and I begged her to indulge  
‘ my Curiosity by shewing me her Face. She an-  
‘ swered in a most obliging Manner, Perhaps, Mr.  
‘ Booth, you will as little know me when my Mask  
‘ is off as when it is on ; and at the same instant  
‘ unmasked.’---A thousand tender Ideas rushed all  
‘ at once on my Mind. I was unable to contain  
‘ myself, and eagerly kissing her Hand, I cried---  
‘ Upon my Soul, Madam, you never appeared to  
‘ me so lovely as at this Instant. Nothing more  
‘ remarkable passed at this Visit ; but I sincerely  
‘ believe we were neither of us hereafter indifferent  
‘ to each other.

‘ Many Months, however, passed after this, be-  
‘ fore I ever thought seriously of making her my  
‘ Wife. Not that I wanted sufficient Love for  
‘ *Amelia*. Indeed it arose from the vast Affection  
‘ I bore her. I considered my own as a desperate  
‘ Fortune, hers as entirely dependant on her  
‘ Mother, who was a Woman, you know, of vio-  
‘ lent Passions, and very unlikely to consent to a  
‘ Match so highly contrary to the Interest of her  
‘ Daughter. The more I loved *Amelia*, the more  
‘ firmly I resolved within myself never to propose  
‘ Love to her seriously. Such a Dupe was my  
‘ Understanding



Understanding to my Heart; and so foolishly did I imagine I could be Master of a Flame to which I was every Day adding Fuel.

O Miss *Mathews*! we have heard of Men entirely Masters of their Passions, and of Hearts which can carry this Fire in them, and conceal it at their Pleasure. Perhaps there may be such; but if there are, those Hearts may be compared, I believe, to Damps, in which it is more difficult to keep Fire alive than to prevent its blazing: In mine, it was placed in the Midst of combustible Matter.

After several Visits, in which Looks and Sighs had been interchanged on both Sides, but without the least Mention of Passion in private, one Day the Discourse between us, when alone, happened to turn on Love; I say happened, for I protest it was not designed on my Side, and I am as firmly convinced not on hers. I was now no longer Master of myself; I declared myself the most wretched of all Martyrs to this tender Passion; that I had long concealed it from its Object. At length, after mentioning many Particulars, suppressing, however, those which must have necessarily brought it home to *Amelia*, I concluded with begging her to be the Confidante of my Amour, and to give me her Advice on that Occasion.

*Amelia*, (O I shall never forget the dear Perturbation!) appeared all Confusion at this Instant. She trembled, turned pale, and discovered how well she understood me, by a thousand more Symptoms than I could take Notice of, in a State of Mind so very little different from her own. At last, with faltering Accents, she said, I had made a very ill Choice of a Counsellor, in a Matter in which she was so ignorant. Adding, at last, I believe, *Mr. Booth, you Gentlemen want very little*

‘ little Advice in these Affairs, which you all understand better than we do.’

‘ I will relate no more of our Conversation at present; indeed I am afraid I tire you with too many Particulars.

‘ O no,’ answered she, ‘ I should be glad to hear every Step of an Amour which had so tender a Beginning. Tell me every Thing you said or did, if you can remember it.’

He then proceeded, and so will we in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. II.

*Mr. Booth continues his Story. In this Chapter there are some Passages that may serve as a Kind of Touchstone, by which a young Lady may examine the Heart of her Lover. I would advise, therefore, that every Lover be obliged to read it over in the Presence of his Mistress, and that she carefully watch his Emotions while he is reading.*

‘ I Was under the utmost Concern,’ cries Booth, ‘ when I retired from my Visit, and had reflected coolly on what I had said. I now saw plainly that I had made downright Love to Amelia; and I feared, such was my Vanity, that I had already gone too far, and been too successful. Feared! do I say, could I fear what I hoped? How shall I describe the Anxiety of my Mind!’

‘ You need give yourself no great Pain,’ cried Miss Mathews, ‘ to describe what I can so easily guess. To be honest with you, Mr. Booth, I do not agree with your Lady’s Opinion, that the Men have a superior Understanding in the Matters of Love. Men are often blind to the Passions

‘ lions of Women ; but every Woman is as quick-sighted as a Hawk on these Occasions ; nor is there one Article in the whole Science which is not understood by all our Sex.’

‘ However, Madam,’ said Mr. Booth, ‘ I now undertook to deceive *Amelia*. I abstained three Days from seeing her ; to say the Truth, I endeavoured to work myself up to a Resolution of leaving her for ever ; but when I could not so far subdue my Passion——But why do I talk Nonsense, of subduing Passion ? I should say when no other Passion could surmount my Love, I returned to visit her, and now I attempted the strangest Project which ever entered into the silly Head of a Lover. This was to persuade *Amelia* that I was really in Love in another Place, and had literally expressed my Meaning, when I asked her Advice, and desired her to be my Confidante.

‘ I therefore forged a Meeting to have been between me and my imaginary Mistress, since I had last seen *Amelia*, and related the Particulars, as well as I could invent them, which had past at our Conversation.

‘ Poor *Amelia* presently swallowed this Bait, and, as she hath told me since, absolutely believed me to be in earnest. Poor dear Love ! how should the sincerest of Hearts have any Idea of Deceit ? for with all her Simplicity I assure you she is the most sensible Woman in the World.’

‘ It is highly generous and good in you, (said Miss Mathews, with a sly sneer) ‘ to impute to Honesty what others would perhaps call Credulity.’

‘ I protest, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ I do her no more than Justice. A good Heart will at all times betray the best Head in the World.’

‘ Well, Madam, my Angel was now, if possible, more



‘ more confused than before. She looked so silly, you can hardly believe it---’

‘ Yes, yes, I can,’ answered the Lady, with a Laugh, ‘ I can believe it.---Well, well, go on.’

‘ After some Hesitation,’ cried he, ‘ my *Amelia* said faintly to me, “ Mr. *Booth*; you use me very ill, you desire me to be your Confidante, and conceal from me the Name of your Mistress.”’

‘ Is it possible then, Madam, answered I, that you cannot guess her, when I tell you she is one of your Acquaintance, and lives in this Town?’

‘ My Acquaintance,” said she, “ La! Mr. *Booth*. ---In this Town. I---I---I thought I could have guessed for once; but I have an ill Talent that way—I will never attempt to guess any thing again.” ‘ Indeed I do her an Injury when I pretend to represent her Manner. Her Manner, Look, Voice; every thing was inimitable; such Sweetness, Softness, Innocence, Modesty.--- Upon my Soul, if ever Man could boast of his Resolution, I think I might now, that I abstained from falling prostrate at her Feet and adoring her. However, I triumphed; Pride, I believe, triumphed, or perhaps Love got the better of Love. We once more parted, and I promised, the next time I saw her, to reveal the Name of my Mistress.’

‘ I now had, I thought, gained a complete Victory over myself; and no small Compliments did I pay to my own Resolution. In short I triumphed as Cowards and Niggards do when they flatter themselves with having given some supposed Instance of Courage or Generosity; and my Triumph lasted as long; that is to say, till my ascendent Passion had a proper Opportunity of displaying itself in its true and natural Colours.’

‘ Having hitherto succeeded so well in my own Opinion, and obtained this mighty Self-conquest,

I now

‘ I now entertained a Design of exerting the most romantic Generosity, and of curing that unhappy Passion which I perceived I had raised in *Amelia*.

‘ Among the Ladies who had expressed the greatest Satisfaction at my *Amelia*’s Misfortune, Miss *Osborne* had distinguished herself in a very eminent Degree; she was indeed the next Beauty to my Angel, nay she had disputed the Preference, and had some among her Admirers, who were blind enough to give it in her Favour.’

‘ Well,’ cries the Lady, ‘ I will allow you to call them blind; but Miss *Osborne* was a charming Girl.’

‘ She certainly was handsome,’ answered he, ‘ and a very considerable Fortune; so I thought my *Amelia* would have little Difficulty in believing me, when I fixed on her as my Mistress. And I concluded, that my thus placing my Affections on her known Enemy would be the surest Method of eradicating every tender Idea with which I had been ever honoured by *Amelia*.

‘ Well then, to *Amelia* I went; she received me with more than usual Coldness and Reserve. In which, to confess the Truth, there appeared to me more of Anger than Indifference, and more of Dejection than of either. After some short Introduction I revived the Discourse of my Amour, and presently mentioned Miss *Osborne*; as the Lady whose Name I had concealed; adding, that the true Reason why I did not mention her before, was, that I apprehended there was some little Distance between them, which I hoped to have the Happiness of accommodating.

‘ *Amelia* answered with much Gravity.’ “ If you know, Sir, that there is any Distance between us, I suppose you know the Reason of that Distance; and then I think I could not have expected to be affronted by her Name. I would

“ not

“ not have you think, Mr. *Booth*, that I hate Miss  
“ *Osborne*. No! Heaven is my Witness, I de-  
“ spise her too much. ——— Indeed when I re-  
“ flect how much I loved the Woman who hath  
“ treated me so cruelly, I own it gives me Pain ———  
“ When I lay, as I then imagined, and as all a-  
“ bout me believed, on my Death-bed, in all the  
“ Agonies of Pain and Misery, to become the  
“ Object of Laughter to my dearest Friend. ———  
“ O Mr. *Booth*, it is a cruel Reflection! And  
“ could I after this have expected from you: ——— But  
“ why not from you, to whom I am a Person  
“ entirely indifferent, if such a Friend could treat  
“ me so barbarously?”

“ During the greatest Part of this Speech the Tears  
“ streamed from her bright Eyes. I could endure  
“ it no longer. I caught up the Word indifferent,  
“ and repeated it, saying, Do you think then, Ma-  
“ dam, that Miss *Emily* is indifferent to me?”

“ Yes surely I do,” answered she, “ I know  
“ I am; indeed why should I not be indifferent to  
“ you?”

“ Have my Eyes,” said I, “ then, declared no-  
“ thing?”

“ O there is no need of your Eyes,” answered  
“ she. “ Your Tongue hath declared that you  
“ have singled out of all Womankind my greatest;  
“ I will say, my basest Enemy. ——— I own I once  
“ thought that Character would have been no Re-  
“ commendation to you. ——— But why did I  
“ think so? I was born to be miserable and to de-  
“ ceive myself.”

“ I then fell on my Knees before her; and fore-  
“ ing her Hand, cried out, O my *Amelia*, I can  
“ bear no longer. You are the only Mistress of  
“ my Affections; you are the Deity I adore. In  
“ this Stile I ran on for above two or three Mi-  
“ nutes, what it is impossible to repeat, till a Tor-  
“ rent



‘rent of contending Passions, together with the  
 ‘Surprize, overpowered her gentle Spirits, and she  
 ‘fainted away dead in my Arms.

‘To describe my Sensation till she returned to  
 ‘herself, is not in my Power.---You need not,’  
 cried Miss *Matthews*.---‘Oh! happy *Amelia*! why  
 ‘had I not been blest with such a Passion?’---‘I  
 ‘am convinced, Madam,’ continued he, ‘you  
 ‘cannot expect all the Particulars of the tender  
 ‘Scene which ensued. I was not enough in my  
 ‘Senses to remember it all. Let it suffice, that  
 ‘from this Day we perfectly understood each other.  
 ‘That Behaviour with which *Amelia*, while igno-  
 ‘rant of its Motive, had been so much displeased,  
 ‘when she became sensible of that Motive, proved  
 ‘the strongest Recommendation to her Favour,  
 ‘and she was pleased to call it generous.

‘Generous!’ repeated the Lady, ‘and so it was  
 ‘almost beyond the Reach of human Nature. P  
 ‘question whether you ever had an Equal.’

Perhaps the critical Reader may have the same  
 Doubt with Miss *Matthews*; and, lest he should;  
 we will here make a Gap in our History, to give  
 him an Opportunity of accurately considering whe-  
 ther this Conduct of Mr. *Booth*, was natural or no;  
 and consequently whether we have in this Place  
 maintained or deviated from that strict Adherence  
 to Truth which we profess above all other Histo-  
 rians.

### CHAP. III.

*The Narrative continued. More of the Touchstone.*

**B**OOOTH made a proper Acknowledgment of Miss  
*Matthews*’s Civility, and then renewed his Story.

‘We were upon the Footing of Lovers; and  
 ‘*Amelia* threw off her Reserve more and more,  
 ‘till

‘ till at length I found all that Return of my Affection which the tenderest Lover can require.

‘ My Situation would now have been in Paradise, had not my Happiness been interrupted with the same Reflexions I have already mentioned; had I not, in short, concluded, that I must derive all my Joys from the almost certain Ruin of that dear Creature to whom I should owe them.

‘ This Thought haunted me Night and Day; till I, at last, grew unable to support it: I therefore resolved, in the strongest Manner, to lay it before *Amelia*.

‘ One Evening then, after the highest Professions of the most disinterested Love, in which Heaven knows my Sincerity, I took an Occasion to speak to *Amelia*, in the following Manner.

“ Too true is it, I am afraid, my dearest Creature, that the highest human Happiness is imperfect. How rich would be my Cup, was it not for one bitter Drop, which poisons the whole!

“ O *Amelia*, what must be the Consequence of my ever having the Honour to call you mine!— You know my Situation in Life, and you know your own: I have nothing more than the poor Provision of an Ensign’s Commission to depend on; your sole Dependance is on your Mother; should any Act of Disobedience defeat your Expectations, how wretched must your Lot be with Me!

“ O *Amelia*, how ghastly an Object to my Mind is the Apprehension of your Distress! Can I bear to reflect a Moment on the Certainty of your foregoing all the Conveniencies of Life; on the Possibility of your suffering all its most dreadful Inconveniencies! What must be my Misery then, to see you in such a Situation, and to upbraid myself with being the accursed Cause of bringing you to it! Suppose too in such a Season I should be summoned from you, Could I submit to see  
“ you

“ you encounter all the Hazards, the Fatigues of  
 “ War, with me ! You could not yourself, how-  
 “ ever willing, support them a single Campaign.  
 “ What then, must I leave you to starve alone, de-  
 “ prived of the Tenderness of a Husband, depriv-  
 “ ed too of the Tenderness of the best of Mothers,  
 “ through my Means ? A Woman on whom I my-  
 “ self doat, for being the Parent, the Nurse, and  
 “ the Friend of my *Amelia*.——But, O my  
 “ sweet Creature, carry your Thoughts a little  
 “ farther. Think of the tenderest Consequences,  
 “ the dearest Pledges of our Love. Can I bear  
 “ to think of entailing Beggary on the Posterity of  
 “ my *Amelia* ? On *our*——O Heavens ! on *our*  
 “ Children ?---On the other side, is it possible even  
 “ to mention the Word---I will not, must not,  
 “ cannot, cannot, part with you.---What must  
 “ we do, *Amelia* ? it is now I sincerely ask your  
 “ Advice.”

‘ What Advice can I give you,’ said she, ‘ in  
 ‘ such an Alternative ? Would to Heaven we had  
 ‘ never met.’

‘ These Words were accompanied with a Sigh,  
 ‘ and a Look inexpressibly tender, the Tears at the  
 ‘ same Time overflowing all her lovely Cheeks.  
 ‘ I was endeavouring to reply, when I was inter-  
 ‘ rupted by what soon put an End to the Scene.

‘ Our Amour had already been buzzed all over the  
 ‘ Town ; and it came at last to the Ears of Mrs.  
 ‘ *Harris*. I had, indeed, observed of late a great  
 ‘ Alteration in that Lady’s Behaviour towards me,  
 ‘ whenever I visited at the House ; nor could I,  
 ‘ for a long Time, before this Evening, ever ob-  
 ‘ tain a private Interview with *Amelia* ; and now,  
 ‘ it seems, I owed it to her Mother’s Intention of  
 ‘ over-hearing all that passed between us.

‘ At the Period then abovementioned, Mrs.  
 ‘ *Harris* burst from the Closet, where she had hid  
 ‘ herself.



‘ herself, and surprized her Daughter, reclining on  
‘ on my Bosom, in all that tender Sorrow I have  
‘ just described. I will not attempt to paint the  
‘ Rage of the Mother, or the Daughter’s and my  
‘ Confusion. “ Here are very fine Doings, in-  
‘ deed,” cries Mrs. Harris, “ You have made a  
‘ fine Use, *Amelia*, of my Indulgence, and the  
‘ Trust I reposed in you.---As for you, Mr.  
‘ Booth, I will not accuse you; you have used my  
‘ Child, as I ought to have expected; I may  
‘ thank myself for what hath happened;” “ with  
‘ much more of the same kind, before she would  
‘ suffer me to speak; but, at last, I obtained a  
‘ Hearing, and offered to excuse my poor *Amelia*;  
‘ who was ready to sink into the Earth under the  
‘ Oppression of Grief, by taking as much Blame as I  
‘ could on myself.” Mrs. Harris answered, “ No;  
‘ Sir, I must say you are innocent in Comparison  
‘ of her; nay, I can say, I have heard you use  
‘ dissuasive Arguments; and I promise you they  
‘ are true ones. I have, I thank Heaven, one du-  
‘ tiful Child, and I shall henceforth think her my  
‘ only one:” “ She then forc’d the poor, tremb-  
‘ ling, fainting *Amelia* out of the Room; which  
‘ when she had done, she began very coolly to rea-  
‘ son with me on the Folly, as well as Iniquity,  
‘ which I had been guilty of, and repeated to me  
‘ almost every Word I had before urged to her  
‘ Daughter. In fine, she, at last, obtained of me  
‘ a Promise that I would soon go to my Regiment,  
‘ and submit to any Misery, rather than that of be-  
‘ ing the Ruin of *Amelia*.

‘ I now, during many Days, endured the greatest  
‘ Torments which the human Mind is, I believe,  
‘ capable of feeling; And I can honestly say I try’d  
‘ all the Means, and applied every Argument which  
‘ I could raise to cure me of my Love. And to

‘ make these the more effectual, I spent every Night in walking backwards and forwards in Sight of Mrs. *Harris*’s House, where I never failed to find some Object or other, which raised some tender Idea of my lovely *Amelia*; and almost drove me to Distraction.’

‘ And, don’t you think, Sir,’ said Miss *Mathews*, ‘ you took a most preposterous Method to cure yourself?’

‘ Alas, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ you cannot see it in a more absurd Light than I do; but those know little of real Love or Grief, who do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the Cure of either. It is with these as it is with some Distempers of the Body, nothing is, in the least, agreeable to us but what serves to heighten the Disease.’

‘ At the End of a Fortnight, when I was driven almost to the highest Degree of Despair, and could contrive no Method of conveying a Letter to *Amelia*, how was I surprised when Mrs. *Harris*’s Servant brought me a Card, with an Invitation from the Mother herself, to drink Tea that Evening at her House!

‘ You will easily believe, Madam, that I did not find so agreeable an Appointment; on my Arrival I was introduced into a large Company of Men and Women, Mrs. *Harris* and my *Amelia* being part of the Company.

‘ *Amelia* seemed in my Eyes to look more beautiful than ever, and behaved with all the Gaiety imaginable. The old Lady treated me with much Civility; but the young Lady took little Notice of me, and addressed most of her Discourse to another Gentleman present. Indeed, she now and then gave me a Look of no discouraging Kind; and I observed her Colour change  
‘ change

‘ more than once, when her Eyes met mine : Circumstances which, perhaps, ought to have afforded me sufficient Comfort ; but they could not allay the thousand Doubts and Fears with which I was alarmed : For my anxious Thoughts suggested no less to me than that *Amelia* had made her Peace with her Mother at the Price of abandoning me for ever, and of giving her Ear to some other Lover. All my Prudence now vanish’d at once ; and I would that instant have gladly run away with *Amelia*, and have married her without the least Consideration of any Consequences.

‘ With such Thoughts I had tormented myself for near two Hours, till most of the Company had taken their Leave. This I was myself incapable of doing ; nor do I know when I should have put an End to my Visit, had not Dr. *Harrison* taken me away almost by Force, telling me in a Whisper, that he had something to say to me of great Consequence. — You know the Doctor, Madam—’

‘ Very well,’ Sir, answered Miss *Mathews*, ‘ and one of the best Men in the World he is, and an Honour to the sacred Order to which he belongs.’

‘ You will judge,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ by the Sequel, whether I have reason to think him so.’ — He then proceeded as in the next Chapter.



## CHAP. IV.

*The Story of Mr. Booth continued: In this Chapter the Reader will perceive a Glimpse of the Character of a very good Divine; with some Matters of a very tender kind.*

THE Doctor conducted me into his Study; and then desiring me to sit down, began, as near as I can remember, in these Words, or at least to this Purpose:

"You cannot imagine, young Gentleman, that your Love for Miss Emily is any Secret in this Place; I have known it some Time, and have been, I assure you, very much your Enemy in this Affair."

I answered, that I was very much obliged to him.

"Why so you are," replied he, "and so perhaps you will think yourself when you know all. —I went about a Fortnight ago to Mrs. Harris, to acquaint her with my Apprehensions on her Daughter's Account: for though the Matter was much talked of, I thought it might possibly not have reached her Ears. I will be very plain with you. I advised her to take all possible Care of the young Lady, and even to send her to some Place, where she might be effectually kept out of your Reach, while you remained in the Town."

"And do you think, Sir," said I, "that this was acting a kind Part by me? Or do you expect that I should thank you on this Occasion?"

"Young Man," answered he, "I did not intend you any Kindness; nor do I desire any of your Thanks. My Intention was to preserve a worthy Lady from a young Fellow of whom I had heard

“ heard no good Character, and whom I imagined  
“ to have a Design of stealing a human Creature for  
“ the Sake of her Fortune.”

“ It was very kind of you, indeed,” answered I,  
“ to entertain such an Opinion of me.”

“ Why, Sir,” replied the Doctor, “ it is the  
“ Opinion which, I believe, most of you young  
“ Gentlemen, of the Order of the Rag deserve,  
“ I have known some Instances, and have heard  
“ of more, where such young Fellows have com-  
“ mitted Robbery under the name of Marriage:  
“ for as little famed as the Army is for Religion,  
“ nothing is, I believe, more common than for  
“ the Officers to make good Christians of their  
“ Wives, and to teach them true Repentance.”

“ I was going to interrupt him with some Anger,  
“ when he desired me to have a little Patience, and  
“ then informed me, that he had visited Mrs. *Harris*,  
“ with the abovementioned Design the Evening af-  
“ ter the Discovery I have related; that Mrs. *Har-*  
“ *ris*, without waiting for his Information, had  
“ recounted to him all which had happened the  
“ Evening before; and indeed she must have an ex-  
“ cellent Memory, for I think she repeated every  
“ Word I said; and added, that she had confined  
“ her Daughter to her Chamber, where she kept  
“ her a close Prisoner, and had not seen her since.

“ I cannot express, nor would Modesty suffer me  
“ if I could, all that now past. The Doctor took  
“ me by the Hand, and burst forth into the warmest  
“ Commendations of the Sense and Generosity  
“ which he was pleased to say discovered themselves  
“ in my Speech. You know, Madam, his strong  
“ and singular Way of expressing himself on all Oc-  
“ casions, especially when he is affected with any  
“ Thing. Sir, said he, *if I knew half a Dozen such*  
“ *Instances in the Army, the Painter should put red*  
“ *Liveries upon all the Saints in my Closet.*

‘ From this Instant the Doctor told me, he had become my Friend and zealous Advocate with Mrs. *Harris*, on whom he had at last prevailed, though not without the greatest Difficulty, to consent to my marrying *Amelia*, upon Condition that I settled every Penny which the Mother should lay down; and that she would retain a certain Sum in her Hands, which she would at any time deposit for my advancement in the Army.

‘ You will, I hope, Madam, conceive, that I made no Hesitation at these Conditions; nor need I mention the Joy which I felt on this Occasion, or the Acknowledgment I paid the Doctor, who is indeed, as you say, one of the best of Men.

‘ The next Morning I had Permission to visit *Amelia*, who received me in such a Manner, that I now concluded my Happiness to be complete.

‘ Every thing was now agreed on all Sides, and Lawyers employed to prepare the Writings, when an unexpected Cloud arose suddenly in our serene Sky, and all our Joys were obscured in a Moment.

‘ When Matters were, as I apprehended, drawing near a Conclusion, I received an Express that a Sister, whom I tenderly loved, was seized with a violent Fever, and earnestly desired me to come to her. I immediately obeyed the Summons, and, as it was then about Two in the Morning, without staying even to take Leave of *Amelia*, for whom I left a short Billet, acquainting her with the Reason of my Absence.

‘ The Gentleman’s House where my Sister then was, stood at fifty Miles distance, and tho’ I used the utmost Expedition, the unmerciful Distemper had, before my Arrival, entirely deprived the poor Girl of her Senses, as it soon after did of her Life.

Not



‘ Not all the Love I bore *Amelia*, nor the tumultuous Delight with which the approaching Hour of possessing her filled my Heart, could for a while allay my Grief at the Loss of my beloved *Nancy*. Upon my Soul, I cannot yet mention her Name without Tears! Never Brother and Sister had, I believe, a higher Friendship for each other. Poor dear Girl! whilst I sat by her in her Lighthead Fits, she repeated scarce any other Name but mine: And it plainly appeared that when her dear Reason was ravish’d away from her, it had left my Image on her Memory, and that the last Use she had made of it was to think on me. --- “ Send for my dear *Billy* immediately,” she cry’d, “ I know he will come to me in a Moment. Will no Body fetch him to me? Pray don’t kill me before I see him once more--- You durst not use me so if he was here.” --- Every Accent still rings in my Ears.--- Oh Heavens! to hear this, and at the same Time to see the poor delirious Creature deriving the greatest Horrors from my Sight, and mistaking me for a Highwayman who had a little before robbed her. --- But I ask your Pardon, the Sensations I felt are to be known only from Experience, and to you must appear dull and insipid.--- At last she seemed for a Moment to know me, and cry’d, “ O Heavens! my dearest Brother!” upon which she fell into immediate Convulsions, and died away in my Arms.

Here *Booth* stop’d a Moment, and wip’d his Eyes; and Miss *Mathews*, perhaps out of Complaisance, wip’d hers.

## CHAP. V.

*Containing strange Revolutions of Fortune.*

**B**OOOTH proceeded thus.

‘ This Loss, perhaps, Madam, you will think  
‘ had made me miserable enough; but Fortune  
‘ did not think so; for on the Day when my Nan-  
‘ cy was to be buried, a Courier arrived from Dr.  
‘ Harrison with a Letter, in which the Doctor ac-  
‘ quainted me, that he was just come from Mrs.  
‘ Harris, when he dispatched the Express; and  
‘ earnestly desired me to return the very Instant I re-  
‘ ceived his Letter, as I valued my *Amelia*. Tho’  
‘ if the Daughter, added he, should take after her  
‘ Mother (as most of them do) it will be, perhaps,  
‘ wiser in you to stay away.

‘ I presently sent for the Messenger into my Room,  
‘ and with much Difficulty extorted from him, that  
‘ a great Squire in his Coach and Six was come to  
‘ Mrs. Harris’s, and that the whole Town said he  
‘ was shortly to be married to *Amelia*,

‘ I now soon perceived how much superior my  
‘ Love for *Amelia* was to every other Passion;  
‘ poor *Nancy*’s Idea disappeared in a Moment: I  
‘ quitted the dear lifeless Corpse, over which I had  
‘ shed a thousand Tears, left the Care of her Fu-  
‘ neral to others, and posted, I may almost say  
‘ flew, back to *Amelia*, and alighted at the Doctor’s  
‘ House, as he had desired me in his Letter.

‘ The good Man presently acquainted me with  
‘ what had happened in my Absence. Mr. *Winck-*  
‘ *worth* had, it seems, arrived the very Day of my  
‘ Departure with a grand Equipage, and, without  
‘ Delay, had made formal Proposals to Mrs. *Har-*  
‘ *ris*, offering to settle any Part of his vast Estate,  
‘ in whatever Manner she pleased, on *Amelia*.

‘ These

‘ These Proposals the old Lady had, without any  
‘ Deliberation, accepted, and had insisted, in the  
‘ most violent Manner, on her Daughter’s Compli-  
‘ ance, which *Amelia* had as peremptorily refused  
‘ to give, insisting on her Part, on the Consent  
‘ which her Mother had before given to our Mar-  
‘ riage, in which she was heartily seconded by the  
‘ Doctor, who declared to her, as he now did to  
‘ me, “ that we ought as much to be esteemed  
“ Man and Wife, as if the Ceremony had already  
“ past between us.”

‘ These Remonstrances, the Doctor told me,  
‘ had worked no Effect on Mrs. *Harris*, who still  
‘ persisted in her avowed Resolution of marrying  
‘ her Daughter to *Winckworth*, whom the Doctor  
‘ had likewise attacked, telling him that he was  
‘ paying his Addresses to another Man’s Wife;  
‘ but all to no purpose, the young Gentleman was  
‘ too much in Love to hearken to any Dissuasives.

‘ We now entered into a Consultation what Means  
‘ to employ. The Doctor earnestly protested  
‘ against any Violence to be offered to the Person  
‘ of *Winckworth*, which, I believe, I had rashly  
‘ threatened; declaring, that if I made any At-  
‘ tempt of that Kind, he would for ever abandon  
‘ my Cause. I made him a solemn Promise of  
‘ Forbearance. At last, he determined to pay ano-  
‘ ther Visit to Mrs. *Harris*, and if he found her  
‘ obdurate, he said, he thought himself at Liberty to  
‘ join us together without any further Consent of  
‘ the Mother; which every Parent, he said, had a  
‘ Right to refuse, but not to retract when given,  
‘ unless the Party himself, by some Conduct of his,  
‘ gave a Reason.

‘ The Doctor having made his Visit with no bet-  
‘ ter Success than before, the Matter now debated  
‘ was, how to get Possession of *Amelia* by Strata-  
‘ gem: for she was now a closer Prisoner than



ever, was her Mother's Bed-fellow by Night, and never out of her Sight by Day.

While we were deliberating on this Point, a Wine Merchant of the Town came to visit the Doctor, to inform him that he had just bottled off a Hoghead of excellent old Port, of which he offered to spare him a Hamper, saying, that he was that Day to send in twelve Dozen to Mrs. Harris.

The Doctor now smiled at a Conceit which came into his Head; and, taking me aside, asked me if I had Love enough for the young Lady to venture into the House in a Hamper. I joyfully leapt at the Proposal, to which the Merchant, at the Doctor's Intercession, consented: for I believe, Madam, you know the great Authority which that worthy Man had over the whole Town. The Doctor, moreover, promised to procure a Licence, and to perform the Office for us at his House, if I could find any Means of conveying *Amelia* thither.

In this Hamper then I was carried to the House, and deposited in the Entry, where I had not lain long before I was again removed and packed up in a Cart, in order to be sent five Miles into the Country: for I heard the Orders given as I lay in the Entry; and there I likewise heard that *Amelia* and her Mother were to follow me the next Morning.

I was unloaded from my Cart, and set down with the rest of the Lumber, in a great Hall. Here I remained above three Hours, impatiently waiting for the Evening, when I determined to quit a Posture, which was become very uneasy, and break my Prison; but Fortune contrived to release me sooner, by the following Means. The House where I now was had been left in the Care of one Maid-servant. This faithful Creature

came

‘ came into the Hall, with the Footman who had driven the Cart. A Scene of the highest Fondness having pass between them, the Fellow propos’d, and the Maid consented, to open the Hamper, and drink a Bottle together, which they agreed their Mistress would hardly miss in such a Quantity. They presently began to execute their Purpose. They opened the Hamper, and to their great Surprise discovered the Contents.

‘ I took an immediate Advantage of the Consternation which appeared in the Countenances of both the Servants, and had sufficient Presence of Mind to improve the Knowledge of those Secrets to which I was privy. I told them that it entirely depended on their Behaviour to me whether their Mistress should ever be acquainted, either with what they had done, or with what they had intended to do: for that if they would keep my Secret, I would reciprocally keep theirs. I then acquainted them with my Purpose of lying concealed in the House, in order to watch an Opportunity of obtaining a private Interview with *Amelia*.

‘ In the Situation which these two Delinquents stood, you may be assured it was not difficult for me to seal up their Lips. In short they agreed to whatever I propos’d. I lay that Evening in my dear *Amelia*’s Bed-chamber, and was in the Morning conveyed into an old lumber Garret, where I was to wait till *Amelia* (whom the Maid promised, on her Arrival, to inform of my Place of Concealment) could find some Opportunity of seeing me.

‘ I ask Pardon for interrupting you,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ but you bring to my Remembrance a foolish Story which I heard at that time, tho’ at a great Distance from you: That an Officer, had in Confederacy with Miss *Harris*, broke open  
E G her

her Mother's Cellar, and stole away a great Quantity of her Wine. I mention it only to shew you what Sort of Foundations most Stories have.

*Booth* told her he had heard some such thing himself, and then continued his Story as in the next Chapter.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing many surprising Adventures.*

‘HERE,’ continued he, ‘I remained the whole Day in Hopes of a Happiness, the expected Approach of which, gave me such Delight, that I would not have exchanged my poor Lodgings for the finest Palace in the Universe.’

‘A little after it was dark Mrs. *Harris* arrived, together with *Amelia* and her Sister. I cannot express how much my Heart now began to flutter; for as my Hopes every Moment encreased, strange Fears which I had not felt before began now to intermingle with them.

‘When I had continued full two Hours in these Circumstances, I heard a Woman’s Step tripping up Stairs, which I fondly hoped was my *Amelia*; but all on a sudden the Door flew open, and Mrs. *Harris* herself appeared at it, with a Countenance pale as Death, her whole Body trembling, I suppose, with Anger; she fell upon me in the most bitter Language. It is not necessary to repeat what she said, nor indeed can I; I was so shocked and confounded on this Occasion.——In a Word the Scene ended with my departing without seeing *Amelia*.

‘And pray,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘how happened this unfortunate Discovery?’

*Booth* answered, ‘That the Lady at Supper ordered a Bottle of Wine, which neither myself,’ cries he, ‘nor the Servants, had Presence of Mind to provide. Being told there was none in

the



‘ the House, tho’ she had been before informed that the things came all safe, she had sent for the Maid, who being unable to devise any Excuse, had fallen on her Knees, and after confessing her Design of opening a Bottle, which she imputed to the Fellow, betrayed poor me to her Mistress.

‘ Well, Madam, after a Lecture of about a Quarter of an Hour’s Duration from Mrs. *Harris*, I suffered her to conduct me to the outward Gate of her Court-yard, whence I set forward in a disconsolate Condition of Mind, towards my Lodgings. I had five Miles to walk in a dark and rainy Night; but how can I mention these trifling Circumstances as any Aggravation of my Disappointment.’

‘ How was it possible,’ cried Miss *Mathews*, ‘ that you could be got out of the House without seeing Miss *Harris*?’

‘ I assure you, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ I have often wondered at it myself; but my Spirits were so much sunk at the Sight of her Mother, that no Man was ever a greater Coward than I was at that Instant. Indeed I believe my tender Concern for the Terrors of *Amelia* were the principal Cause of my Submission. However it was, I left the House, and walked about a hundred Yards, when, at the Corner of the Garden Wall, a female Voice, in a Whisper, cried out, “ Mr. *Booth*.” The Person was extremely near me, but it was so dark I could scarce see her; nor did I, in the Confusion I was in, immediately recognize the Voice. I answered in a Line of *Congreve*’s, which burst from my Lips spontaneously; for I am sure I had no Intention to quote Plays at that time,

‘ Who calls the wretched thing that was Alphonso?’

‘ Upon

‘ Upon which a Woman leapt into my Arms,  
‘ crying out,——“ O it is indeed my *Alphonso*,  
‘ my only *Alphonso* !” --- ‘ O Miss *Mathews* ! guess  
‘ what I felt when I found I had my *Amelia* in my  
‘ Arms. I embraced her with an Extasy not to be  
‘ described, at the same instant pouring a thousand  
‘ Tendernesses into her Ears ; at least if I could  
‘ express so many to her in a Minute ; for in that  
‘ time the Alarm began at the House, Mrs. *Harris*  
‘ had mist her Daughter, and the Court was  
‘ presently full of Lights and Noises of all Kinds.  
‘ I now lifted *Amelia* over a Gate, and jumping  
‘ after her, we crept along together by the Side of  
‘ a Hedge, a different Way from what lead to the  
‘ Town, as I imagined that would be the Road  
‘ through which they would pursue us. In this  
‘ Opinion I was right : for we heard them pass  
‘ along that Road, and the Voice of Mrs. *Harris*  
‘ herself, who ran with the rest, notwithstanding  
‘ the Darkness and the Rain. By these Means we  
‘ luckily made our Escape, and clambring over  
‘ Hedge and Ditch, my *Amelia* performing the Part  
‘ of a Heroine all the Way, we at length arrived  
‘ at a little green Lane, where stood a vast spread-  
‘ ing Oak, under which we sheltered ourselves from  
‘ a violent Storm.

‘ When this was over, and the Moon began to  
‘ appear, *Amelia* declared she knew very well  
‘ where she was ; and a little farther, striking into  
‘ another Lane, to the Right, she said, that would  
‘ lead us to a House where we should be both safe  
‘ and unsuspected. I followed her Directions, and  
‘ we at length came to a little Cottage about three  
‘ Miles distant from Mrs. *Harris*’s House.

‘ As it now rained very violently, we entered this  
‘ Cottage, in which we espied a Light, without any  
‘ Ceremony. Here we found an elderly Woman  
‘ sitting by herself at a little Fire, who had no  
‘ sooner

‘ sooner viewed us, than she instantly sprung from  
‘ her Seat, and starting back, gave the strongest  
‘ Tokens of Amazement; upon which *Amelia*,  
‘ presently recollecting her, said, “ Be not sur-  
“ prised, Nurse, tho’ you see me in a strange Pickle  
“ I own.” The old Woman, after having seve-  
‘ ral times blessed herself, and expressed the most  
‘ tender Concern for the Lady, who stood drip-  
‘ ping before her, began to bestir herself in mak-  
‘ ing up the Fire; at the same time entreating  
‘ *Amelia* that she might be permitted to furnish her  
‘ with some Cloaths, which, she said, tho’ not  
‘ fine were clean and wholesome, and much dryer  
‘ than her own. I seconded this Motion so vehe-  
‘ mently, that *Amelia*, tho’ she declared herself  
‘ under no Apprehension of catching Cold, (she  
‘ hath indeed the best Constitution in the World)  
‘ at last consented, and I retired without Doors,  
‘ under a Shed, to give my Angel an Opportunity  
‘ of dressing herself in the only Room which the  
‘ Cottage afforded below Stairs.

‘ At my Return into the Room, *Amelia* insisted  
‘ on my exchanging my Coat for one which be-  
‘ longed to the old Woman’s Son.’——‘ I am  
‘ very glad,’ cried Miss *Mathews*, ‘ to find she did  
‘ not forget you. I own I thought it somewhat  
‘ cruel to turn you out into the Rain!’——‘ O  
‘ Miss *Mathews*,’ continued he, taking no Notice  
of her Observation, ‘ I had now an Opportunity  
‘ of contemplating the vast Power of exquisite  
‘ Beauty; which nothing almost can add to or di-  
‘ minish. *Amelia*, in the poor Rags of her old  
‘ Nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than I have  
‘ seen her appear at a Ball or an Assembly——  
‘ Well, well,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ to be sure  
‘ she did;——but pray go on with your Story.’  
‘ The old Woman,’ continued he, ‘ after hav-  
‘ ing equipped us as well as she could, and placed  
‘ our



our wet Cloaths before the Fire, began to grow inquisitive; and, after some Ejaculations, she cried——“O my dear young Madam, my Mind misgives me hugely, and pray who is this fine young Gentleman? Oh! Miss *Emmy*, Miss *Emmy*, I am afraid Madam knows nothing of all this Matter.” “Suppose he should be my Husband, Nurse,” answered *Amelia*,——“Oh! good! an if he be,” replies the Nurse, I hope he is some great Gentleman or other, with a vast Estate, and a Coach and Six: for to be sure if an he was the greatest Lord in the Land you would deserve it all.”——“But why do I attempt to mimic the honest Creature. In short she discovered the greatest Affection for my *Amelia*; with which I was much more delighted than I was offended at the Suspicions she shewed of me, or the many bitter Curses which she denounced against me, if I ever proved a bad Husband to so sweet a young Lady.

‘I so well improved the Hint given me by *Amelia*, that the old Woman had no Doubt of our being really married; and comforting herself that if it was not as well as it might have been, yet Madam had enough for us both, and that Happiness did not always depend on great Riches, she began to rail at the old Lady for having turned us out of Doors, which I scarce told an Untruth in asserting. And when *Amelia* said, “She hoped her Nurse would not betray her”---The good Woman answered with much Warmth,---“Betray you, my dear young Madam! no that I would not if the King would give me all he is worth. No, not if Madam herself would give me the great House, and the whole Farm belonging to it.”

‘The good Woman then went out and fetched a Chicken from the Roost, which she killed, and began

began to pick, without asking any Questions. Then summoning her Son, who was in Bed, to her Assistance, she began to prepare this Chicken for our Supper. This she afterwards set before us in so neat, I may almost say elegant a Manner, that whoever would have disdained it, either doth not know the Sensation of Hunger, or doth not deserve to have the Blessing of satisfying it. Our Food was attended with some Ale, which our kind Hostess said she intended not to have tap'd till *Christmas*; "but," added she, "I little thought ever to have the Honour of seeing my dear honoured Lady in this poor Place."

For my own Part, no human Being was then an Object of Envy to me, and even *Amelia* seemed to be in pretty good Spirits; she softly whispered to me, *that she perceived there might be Happiness in a Cottage.*

"A Cottage!" cries *Miss Mathews* sighing, "A Cottage with the Man one loves is a Palace."

"When Supper was ended," continued *Booth*, the good Woman began to think of our further Wants, and very earnestly recommended her Bed to us, saying it was a very neat, tho' homely one, and that she could furnish us with a Pair of clean Sheets. She added some Persuasives which painted my Angel all over with Vermillion. As for myself I behaved so awkwardly and foolishly, and so readily agreed to *Amelia's* Resolution of sitting up all Night, that if it did not give the Nurse any Suspicion of our Marriage, it ought to have inspired her with the utmost Contempt for me.

We both endeavoured to prevail with Nurse to retire to her own Bed, but found it utterly impossible to succeed; she thanked Heaven she understood Breeding better than that. And so well bred was the good Woman, that we could scarce get her out of the Room the whole Night. Luckily  
for

‘ for us we both understood *French*, by means of  
 ‘ which we consulted together, even in her Presence,  
 ‘ upon the Measures we were to take in our present  
 ‘ Exigency. At length, it was resolved that I should  
 ‘ send a Letter by this young Lad whom I have just  
 ‘ before mentioned, to our worthy Friend the Doc-  
 ‘ tor, desiring his Company at our Hut, since we  
 ‘ thought it utterly unsafe to venture to the Town,  
 ‘ which we knew would be in an Uproar on our  
 ‘ Account before the Morning.

Here *Booth* made a full Stop, smiled, and then  
 said, he was going to mention so ridiculous a Dis-  
 tress, that he could scarce think of it without laugh-  
 ing. ——— What this was the Reader shall know in  
 the next Chapter.

## C H A P. VII.

*The Story of Booth continued. More surprising  
 Adventures.*

‘ FROM what Trifles, dear Miss *Mathews*,  
 ‘ cried *Booth*, ‘ may some of our greatest Dis-  
 ‘ tresses arise ! Do you not perceive I am going to  
 ‘ tell you we had neither Pen, Ink, nor Paper in  
 ‘ our present Exigency.

‘ A verbal Message was now our only Resource ;  
 ‘ however, we contrived to deliver it in such Terms,  
 ‘ that neither Nurse nor her Son could possibly con-  
 ‘ ceive any Suspicion from it of the present Situa-  
 ‘ tion of our Affairs. Indeed, *Amelia* whisper’d  
 ‘ me, I might safely place any Degree of Con-  
 ‘ fidence in the Lad ; for he had been her Foster  
 ‘ Brother, and she had a great Opinion of his In-  
 ‘ tegrity. He was in Truth a Boy of very good  
 ‘ natural Parts ; and Dr. *Harrison*, who had re-  
 ‘ ceived him into his Family, at *Amelia*’s Recom-  
 ‘ mendation, had bred him up to write and read  
 ‘ very



‘ very well, and had taken some Pains to infuse  
‘ into him the Principles of Honesty and Religion.  
‘ He was not, indeed, even now discharged from  
‘ the Doctor’s Service; but had been at home  
‘ with his Mother for some time on Account of  
‘ the Small-Pox, from a very grievous Attack of  
‘ which he was lately recovered.

‘ I have said so much,’ continued *Booth*, ‘ of the  
‘ Boy’s Character, that you may not be surprised  
‘ at some Stories which I shall tell you of him  
‘ hereafter.

‘ I am going now, Madam, to relate to you one  
‘ of those strange Accidents, which are produced by  
‘ such a Train of Circumstances, that mere Chance  
‘ hath been thought incapable of bringing them to-  
‘ gether; and which have therefore given Birth,  
‘ in superstitious Minds, to Fortune, and to several  
‘ other imaginary Beings.

‘ We were now impatiently expecting the Ar-  
‘ rival of the Doctor, our Messenger gone much  
‘ more than a sufficient Time, which to us, you  
‘ may be assured, appeared not in the least shorter  
‘ than it was, when Nurse, who had gone out of  
‘ Doors on some Errand, came running hastily to us,  
‘ crying out, “ O my dear young Madam, her  
“ Ladyship’s Coach is just at the Door.” *Amelia*  
‘ turned pale as Death at these Words; indeed I  
‘ feared she would have fainted, if I could be said  
‘ to fear, who had scarce any of my Senses left, and  
‘ was in a Condition little better than my Angel’s.

‘ While we were both in this dreadful Situation,  
‘ *Amelia* fallen back in her Chair with the Counte-  
‘ nance in which Ghosts are painted, myself at her  
‘ Feet, with a Complexion of no very different  
‘ Colour, and Nurse screaming out, and throwing  
‘ Water in *Amelia*’s Face, Mrs. *Harris* entered the  
‘ Room. At the Sight of this Scene, she threw  
‘ herself likewise into a Chair, and called immedi-  
‘ ately

ately for a Glass of Water, which Miss *Betty* her Daughter supplied her with: For, as to Nurse, nothing was capable of making any Impression on her, whilst she apprehended her young Mistress to be in Danger.

The Doctor had now entered the Room, and coming immediately up to *Amelia*, after some Expressions of Surprize, he took her by the Hand, called her his little Sugar-plumb, and assured her there was none but Friends present. He then led her tottering across the Room to Mrs. *Harris*. *Amelia* then fell upon her Knees before her Mother, but the Doctor caught her up saying, "Use that Posture, Child, only to the Almighty;" but I need not mention this Singularity of his to you who know him so well, and must have heard him often dispute against addressing ourselves to Man in the humblest Posture which we use towards the Supreme Being.

I will tire you with no more Particulars; we were soon satisfied that the Doctor had reconciled all Matters with Mrs. *Harris*, and we now proceeded directly to Church, the Doctor having before provided a Licence for us.

'But where is the strange Accident,' cries Miss *Mathews*? 'Sure you raised more Curiosity than you have satisfied.'

'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'your Reproof is just; I had like to have forgotten it; but you cannot wonder at me when you reflect on that interesting Part of my Story, which I am now relating.—But before I mention this Accident, I must tell you what happened after *Amelia's* Escape from her Mother's House. Mrs. *Harris* at first ran out into the Lane among her Servants, and pursued us (so she imagined) along the Road leading to the Town; but that being very dirty, and a violent Storm of Rain coming, she took shelter

‘ shelter in an Alehouse, about half a Mile from  
‘ her own House, whither she sent for her Coach:  
‘ then drove with her Daughter to Town; where,  
‘ soon after her Arrival, she sent for the Doctor,  
‘ her usual Privy Counsellor in all her Affairs.  
‘ They sat up all Night together, the Doctor en-  
‘ deavouring by Arguments and Persuasions to bring  
‘ Mrs. *Harris* to Reason; but all to no purpose,  
‘ tho’, as he hath informed me, Miss *Betty* second-  
‘ ed him with the warmest Entreaties.

Here Miss *Mathews* laughed; of which *Booth*  
begging to know the Reason, she, at last, after ma-  
ny Apologies, said, ‘ It was the first good Thing  
‘ she ever heard of Miss *Betty*; nay, and,’ said she,  
‘ asking your Pardon for my Opinion of your Sister,  
‘ since you will have it, I always conceived her to  
‘ be the deepest of Hypocrites.’

*Booth* fetched a Sigh, and said, he was afraid  
she had not always acted so kindly; ——— and then  
after a little Hesitation proceeded.

‘ You will be pleased, Madam, to remember, the  
‘ Lad was sent with a verbal Message to the Doc-  
‘ tor! which Message was no more than to acquaint  
‘ him where we were, and to desire the Favour of  
‘ his Company, or that he would send a Coach to  
‘ bring us to whatever Place he would please to  
‘ meet us at. This Message was to be delivered to  
‘ the Doctor himself, and the Messenger was or-  
‘ dered, if he found him not at home, to go to  
‘ him wherever he was. He fulfilled his Orders,  
‘ and told it to the Doctor in the Presence of Mrs.  
‘ *Harris*.’

‘ Oh! the Idiot,’ cries Miss *Mathews*. ‘ Not at  
‘ all,’ answered *Booth*: ‘ He is a very sensible Fel-  
‘ low, as you will, perhaps, say hereafter. He  
‘ had not the least Reason to suspect that any Se-  
‘ crecy was necessary: For we took the utmost  
‘ Care he should not suspect it. — Well, Madam,

‘ this



‘ this Accident, which appeared so unfortunate,  
‘ turned in the highest Degree to our Advantage.  
‘ Mrs. *Harris* no sooner heard the Message deliver-  
‘ ed, than she fell into the most violent Passion  
‘ imaginable, and accused the Doctor of being in  
‘ the Plot, and of having confederated with me in  
‘ the Design of carrying off her Daughter.

‘ The Doctor, who had hitherto used only sooth-  
‘ ing Methods, now talked in a different Strain. He  
‘ confessed the Accusation, and justified his Con-  
‘ duct. He said, he was no Meddler in the Family-  
‘ affairs of others, nor should he have concerned  
‘ himself with hers, but at her own Request; but  
‘ that since Mrs. *Harris* herself had made him an  
‘ Agent in this Matter, he would take Care to ac-  
‘ quit himself with Honour, and above all things  
‘ to preserve a young Lady for whom he had the  
‘ highest Esteem; “for she is,” cries he, “and by  
‘ Heavens he said true, “the most worthy, gene-  
‘ rous, and noble of all human Beings.” You  
‘ have yourself, Madam, said he, consented to the  
‘ Match. I have, with your Request, made the  
‘ Match; and then he added some Particulars re-  
‘ lating to his Opinion of me, which my Modesty  
‘ forbids me to repeat.”—“Nay, but,” cries Miss  
*Mathews*, “I insist on that Conquest of your Mo-  
‘ desty for once.—We Women do not love to hear  
‘ one another’s Praises, and I will be made amends  
‘ by hearing the Praises of a Man, and of a Man,  
‘ whom perhaps,” added she with a Leer, “I shall  
‘ not, perhaps, think much the better of upon that  
‘ Account.”—“In Obedience to your Commands  
‘ then, Madam,” continued he, “the Doctor was  
‘ so kind to say, he had enquired into my Charac-  
‘ ter, and had found that I had been a dutiful Son,  
‘ and an affectionate Brother. Relations,” said he,  
‘ in which, whoever discharges his Duty well,  
‘ gives us a well grounded hope, that he will be-  
‘ have

‘ have as properly in all the rest.——He concluded with saying, that *Amelia's* Happiness, her Heart, nay, her very Reputation, were all concerned in this Matter, to which, as he had been made instrumental, he was resolved to carry her thro’ it; and then taking the Licence from his Pocket, declared to Mrs. *Harris* that he would go that Instant and marry her Daughter wherever he found her. This Speech, the Doctor’s Voice, his Look; and his Behaviour, all which are sufficiently calculated to inspire Awe, and even Terror, when he pleases, frightened poor Mrs. *Harris*, and wrought a more sensible Effect than it was in his Power to produce by all his Arguments, and Entreaties; and I have already related the Consequence which soon after ensued.

‘ Thus the strange Accident of our wanting Pen, Ink, and Paper, and our not trusting the Boy with our Secret, occasioned the Discovery to Mrs. *Harris*: that Discovery put the Doctor upon his Metal, and produced that blessed Event which I have recounted to you, and which, as my Mother hath since confessed, nothing but the Spirit which he had exerted after the Discovery, could have brought about.

‘ Well, Madam, you now see me married to *Amelia*; in which Situation you will, perhaps, think my Happiness incapable of Addition. Perhaps it was so; and yet I can with Truth say, that the Love which I then bore *Amelia* was not comparable to what I bear her now.’ Happy *Amelia*! cried Miss *Mathews*. If all Men were like you, all Women would be blessed; nay the whole World would be so in a great Measure: for upon my Soul, I believe that from the damned Inconstancy of your Sex to ours proceeds half the Miseries of Mankind.

That

That we may give the Reader some Leisure to consider well the foregoing Sentiments, we will here put an End to this Chapter.

### C H A P. VIII.

*In which our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinion of Mr. Booth's Conduct.*

**B**OOTH proceeded as follows :

The first Months of our Marriage produced nothing remarkable enough to mention. I am sure I need not tell Miss *Mathews* that I found in my *Amelia* every Perfection of human Nature. Mrs. *Harris* at first gave us some little Uneasiness. She had rather yielded to the Doctor than given a willing Consent to the Match ; however, by Degrees, she became more and more satisfied, and at last seemed perfectly reconciled. This we ascribed a good deal to the kind Offices of Miss *Betty*, who had always appeared to be my Friend. She had been greatly assisting to *Amelia* in making her Escape, which I had no Opportunity of mentioning to you before, and in all things behaved so well, outwardly at least, to myself as well as her Sister, that we regarded her as our sincerest Friend.

About half a-Year after our Marriage, two additional Companies were added to our Regiment, in one of which I was preferred to the Command of a Lieutenant. Upon this Occasion Miss *Betty* gave the first Intimation of a Disposition which we have since too severely experienced.

'Your Servant, Sir,' says Miss *Mathews*, 'then I find I was not mistaken in my Opinion of the Lady.—No, no, shew me any Goodness in a censorious-Prude and'——

As



As Miss *Mathews* hesitated for a Simile, *Booth* proceeded. ' You will please to remember, Ma-  
' dam, there was formerly an Agreement between  
' myself and Mrs. *Harris* that I should settle all  
' my *Amelia's* Fortune on her, except a certain  
' Sum, which was to be laid out in my Advance-  
' ment in the Army; but as our Marriage was car-  
' ried on in the Manner you have heard, no such  
' Agreement was ever executed. And since I was  
' become *Amelia's* Husband, not a Word of this  
' Matter was ever mentioned by the old Lady;  
' and as for myself, I declare I had not yet awaken-  
' ed from that delicious Dream of Bliss in which the  
' Possession of *Amelia* had lulled me.'

Here Miss *Mathews* sighed, and cast the tenderest  
of Looks on *Booth*, who thus continued his Story.

' Soon after my Promotion, Mrs. *Harris* one  
' Morning took an Occasion to speak to me on this  
' Affair. She said, that as I had been promoted  
' *Gratis* to a Lieutenantancy, she would assist me  
' with Money to carry me yet a Step higher; and  
' if more was required than was formerly mention-  
' ed it should not be wanting, since she was so per-  
' fectly satisfied with my Behaviour to her Daugh-  
' ter. Adding, that she hoped I had still the same  
' Inclination to settle on my Wife the Remainder  
' of her Fortune.

' I answered with very warm Acknowledgments  
' of my Mother's Goodness, and declared, if I had  
' the World I was ready to lay it at my *Amelia's*  
' Feet:—And so, Heaven knows, I would ten  
' thousand Worlds.

' Mrs. *Harris* seemed pleased with the Warmth of  
' my Sentiments, and said, she would immediately  
' send to her Lawyer and give him the necessary  
' Orders; and thus ended our Conversation on this  
' Subject.

' From this time there was a very visible Al-  
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‘ration in Miss *Betty*’s Behaviour. She grew reserved to her Sister as well as to me. She was fretful and captious on the slightest Occasion; nay she affected much to talk on the ill Consequences of an imprudent Marriage; especially before her Mother; and if ever any little Tenderness or Endearments escaped me in public towards *Amelia*, she never failed to make some malicious Remark on the short Duration of violent Passions; and when I have expressed a fond Sentiment for my Wife, her Sister would kindly wish she might hear as much seven Years hence.

‘All these Matters have been since suggested to us by Reflection: for while they actually past, both *Amelia* and myself had our Thoughts too happily engaged to take any or much Notice of what discovered itself in the Mind of any other Person.

‘Unfortunately for us, Mrs. *Harris*’s Lawyer happened at this time to be at *London*, where Business detained him upwards of a Month; and as Mrs. *Harris* would on no Occasion employ any other, our Affair was under an entire Suspension till his Return.

‘*Amelia*, who was now big with Child, had often expressed the deepest Concern at her Apprehensions of my being sometime commanded abroad, a Circumstance which she declared, if it should ever happen to her, even tho’ she should not then be in the same Situation as at present, would infallibly break her Heart. These Remonstrances were made with such Tenderness, and so much affected me, that to avoid any Probability of such an Event, I endeavoured to get an Exchange into the Horse-guards, a Body of Troops which very rarely goes abroad unless where the King himself commands in Person. I soon found an Officer for my Purpose, the Terms were agreed on, and Mrs. *Harris* had ordered the Money

‘ney which I was to pay to be ready, notwithstanding the Opposition made by Miss *Betty*, who openly dissuaded her Mother from it; alledging that the Exchange was highly to my Disadvantage; that I could never hope to rise in the Army after it; not forgetting, at the same time, some Insinuations very prejudicial to my Reputation as a Soldier.

‘When every thing was agreed on, and the two Commissions were actually made out, but not signed by the King, one Day, at my Return from hunting, *Amelia* flew to me, and eagerly embracing me, cried out, “O *Billy*, I have News for you, which delights my Soul. Nothing sure was ever so fortunate as the Exchange you have made. The Regiment you was formerly in is ordered for *Gibraltar*.”

‘I received this News with far less Transport than it was delivered. I answered coldly, since the Case was so, I heartily hoped the Commissions might be both signed. *What do you say*, replied *Amelia* eagerly,—*Sure you told me every thing was entirely settled. That Look of yours frightens me to Death.*—But I am running into too minute Particulars. In short, I received a Letter by that very Post, from the Officer with whom I had exchanged, insisting that tho’ his Majesty had not signed the Commissions, still that the Bargain was valid, and partly urging it as a Right, and partly desiring it as a Favour, that he might go to *Gibraltar* in my Room.

‘This Letter convinced me in every Point. I was now informed that the Commissions were not signed, and consequently that the Exchange was not complicated. Of Consequence the other could have no Right to insist on going; and as for granting him such a Favour, I too clearly saw I must do it at the Expence of my Honour. I was



‘ now reduced to a Dilemma, the most dreadful  
‘ which I think any Man can experience ; in which  
‘ I am not ashamed to own, I found Love was  
‘ not so over-matched by Honour as he ought to  
‘ have been. The Thoughts of leaving *Amelia*,  
‘ in her present Condition, to Misery, perhaps to  
‘ Death or Madness, were insupportable ; nor  
‘ could any other Consideration but that, which  
‘ now tormented me on the other Side, have com-  
‘ bated them a Moment.’

‘ No Woman upon Earth,’ cries Miss *Mathews*,  
‘ can despise Want of Spirit in a Man more than  
‘ myself ; and yet I cannot help thinking you was  
‘ rather too nice on this Occasion.’

‘ You will allow, Madam,’ answered *Ecob*,  
‘ that whoever offends against the Laws of Honour  
‘ in the least Instance, is treated as the highest De-  
‘ linquent. Here is no Excuse, no Pardon ; and  
‘ he doth nothing who leaves any thing undone.  
‘ But if the Conflict was so terrible with myself  
‘ alone, what was my Situation in the Presence of  
‘ *Amelia* ? How could I support her Sighs, her  
‘ Tears, her Agonies, her Despair ! Could I bear  
‘ to think myself the cruel Cause of her Sufferings,  
‘ for so I was ! Could I endure the Thought of  
‘ having it in my Power to give her instant Relief,  
‘ for so it was, and refuse it her !

‘ Miss *Betty* was now again become my Friend.  
‘ She had scarce been civil to me for a Fortnight  
‘ last past, yet now she commended me to the Skies,  
‘ and as severely blamed her Sister, whom she ar-  
‘ raigned of the most contemptible Weakness, in  
‘ preferring my Safety to my Honour : she said  
‘ many ill-natured Things on the Occasion, which  
‘ I shall not now repeat.

‘ In the Midst of this Hurricane the good Doc-  
‘ tor came to dine with Mrs. *Harris*, and at my  
‘ Desire delivered his Opinion on the Matter.’

Here

Here Mr. *Booth* was interrupted in his Narrative, by the Arrival of a Person whom we shall introduce in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing a Scene of a different Kind from any of the preceding.*

**T**H E Gentleman who now arrived was the Keeper ; or if you please, (for so he pleased to call himself) the Governor of the Prison.

He used so little Ceremony at his Approach, that the Bolt, which was very slight on the Inside, gave way, and the Door immediately flew open. He had no sooner entered the Room than he acquainted Miss *Mathews* that he had brought her very good News, for which he demanded a Bottle of Wine, as his Due.

This Demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss *Mathews* that the wounded Gentleman was not dead, nor was his Wound thought to be mortal : That Loss of Blood, and, perhaps, his Fright had occasioned his fainting away ; ‘ but I believe, ‘ Madam,’ said he, ‘ if you take the proper Measures, you may be bailed To morrow. I expect ‘ the Lawyer here this Evening, and if you put the ‘ Business into his Hands, I warrant it will be done. ‘ Money to be sure must be parted with, that’s to ‘ be sure. People to be sure will expect to touch a ‘ little in such Cases. For my own Part, I never ‘ desire to keep a Prisoner longer than the Law allows, not I : I always inform them they can be ‘ bailed as soon as I know it. I never make any ‘ Bargain, not I ; I always love to leave those ‘ Things to the Gentlemen and Ladies themselves. ‘ I never suspect Gentlemen and Ladies of wanting ‘ Generosity.’

Miss *Mathews* made a very slight Answer to all these friendly Professions. She said she had done nothing she repented of, and was indifferent as to the Event. 'All I can say,' cries she, 'is, that if the Wretch is alive, there is no greater Villain in Life than himself;' and instead of mentioning any thing of the Bail, she begged the Keeper to leave her again alone with Mr. *Booth*. The Keeper replied, 'Nay, Madam, perhaps it may be better to stay a little longer here, if you have not Bail ready, than to buy them too dear. Besides, a Day or two hence, when the Gentleman is past all Danger of Recovery, to be sure some Folks that would expect an extraordinary Fee now, can't expect to touch any thing. And to be sure you shall want nothing here. The best of all things are to be had here for Money, both eatable and drinkable; tho' I say it, I shan't turn my Back to any of the Taverns for either Eatables or Wine. The Captain there need not have been so shy of owning himself when he first came in; we have had Captains and other great Gentlemen here before now; and no shame to them, tho' I say it. Many a great Gentleman is sometimes found in Places that don't become them half so well, let me tell them that, Captain *Booth*, let tell them that.'

'I see, Sir,' answered *Booth*, a little discomposed, 'that you are acquainted with my Title as well as my Name.'

'Ay, Sir,' cries the Keeper, 'and I honour you the more for it. I love the Gentlemen of the Army. I was in the Army myself formerly; in the Lord of *Oxford's* Horse. It is true I rode private; but I had Money enough to have bought in Quarter-Master, when I took it into my Head to marry, and my Wife she did not like that I should



‘ should continue a Soldier, she was for a private Life ; and so I came to this Business.’

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ you consulted your Wife’s inclinations very notably ; but pray, will you satisfy my Curiosity in telling me how you became acquainted that I was in the Army ? For my Dress, I think, could not betray me.

‘ Betray !’ replied the Keeper. ‘ There is no betraying here, I hope——I am not a Person to betray People.——But you are so shy and peery, you would almost make one suspect there was more in the Matter. And if there be, I promise you, you need not be afraid of telling it me. You will excuse me giving you a Hint ; but the sooner the better, that’s all. Others may be before-hand with you, and first come first serv’d on these Occasions, that’s all. Informers are odious, there’s no doubt of that, and no one would care to be an Informer if he could help it, because of the ill Usage they always receive from the Mob ; yet it is dangerous to trust too much ; and when Safety and a good Part of the Reward too are on one Side, and the Gallows on the other—I know which a wise Man would chuse.’

‘ What the Devil do you mean by all this ?’ cries *Booth*.

‘ No Offence, I hope,’ answered the Keeper ; ‘ I speak for your Good, and if you have been upon the snaffling Lay——you understand me, I’m sure.’

‘ Not I,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ upon my Honour.’

‘ Nay, nay,’ replied the Keeper, with a contemptuous Sneer, ‘ if you are so peery as that comes to, you must take the Consequence.——But for my Part, I know I would not trust *Robinson* with Two-Pence untold.’

‘What do you mean,’ cries *Booth*? ‘Who is *Robinson*?’

‘And you don’t know *Robinson*!’ answered the Keeper with great Emotion. To which *Booth* replying in the Negative; the Keeper, after some silent Tokens of Amazement, cried out; ‘Well, Captain, I must say you are the best at it, of all the Gentlemen I ever saw. However, I will tell you this: The Lawyer and Mr. *Robinson* have been laying their Heads together about you above half an Hour this afternoon. I overheard them mention Captain *Booth*, several Times; and for my Part I would not answer that Mr. *Murphy* is not now gone about the Business; but if you will impeach any to me of the Road, or any thing else, I will step away to his Worship *Thrasher* this Instant, and I am sure I have Interest enough with him to get you admitted an Evidence.’

‘And so,’ cries *Booth*, ‘you really take me for a Highwayman.’

‘No Offence, Captain, I hope,’ said the Keeper: ‘As Times go, there are many worse Men in the World than those. Gentlemen may be driven to Distress, and when they are, I know no more genteeler Way than the Road. It hath been many a brave Man’s Case, to my Knowledge, and Men of as much Honour too as any in the World.’

‘Well, Sir,’ said *Booth*, ‘I assure you I am not that Gentleman of Honour you imagine me.’

*Miss Mathews*, who had long understood the Keeper no better than Mr. *Booth*, no sooner heard his Meaning explained, than she was fired with greater Indignation than the Gentleman had expressed. ‘How dare you, Sir,’ said she to the Keeper, ‘insult a Man of Fashion, and who hath had the Honour to bear his Majesty’s Commission in the Army,’

‘ Army, as you yourself own you know. If his  
 ‘ Misfortunes have sent him hither, sure we have  
 ‘ no Laws that will protect such a Fellow as you  
 ‘ insulting him.’ ‘ Fellow!’ mutter’d the Keeper---  
 ‘ I would not advise you, Madam, to use such  
 ‘ Language to me.’---‘ Do you dare threaten me,’  
 reply’d Miss *Mathews* in a Rage; ‘ Venture in the  
 ‘ least Instance to exceed your Authority, with Re-  
 ‘ gard to me, and I will prosecute you with the  
 ‘ utmost Vengeance.’

A Scene of very high Altercation now ensued,  
 till *Booth* interposed, and quieted the Keeper, who  
 was, perhaps, enough inclined to an Accommoda-  
 tion; for, in Truth, he waged unequal War. He  
 was besides unwilling to incense Miss *Mathews*,  
 whom he expected to be bailed out the next Day,  
 and who had more Money left than he intended  
 she could carry out of the Prison with her; and as  
 for any violent or unjustifiable Methods, the Lady  
 had discovered much too great a Spirit to be in  
 Danger of them. The Governor therefore, in  
 a very gentle Tone, declared, that if he had given  
 any Offence to the Gentleman, he heartily asked his  
 Pardon: That if he had known him to be really a  
 Captain, he should not have entertained any such  
 Suspicions; but that Captain was a very common  
 Title in that Place, and belonged to several Gen-  
 tlemen that had never been in the Army, or at  
 most had rid private like himself. ‘ To be sure,  
 ‘ Captain,’ said he, ‘ as you yourself own, your  
 ‘ Dress is not very military;’ (for he had on a  
 plain Eustian Suit) ‘ and besides, as the Lawyer says,  
 ‘ *Noscitur a sociis* is a very good Rule. And I  
 ‘ don’t believe there is a greater Rascal upon Earth  
 ‘ than that same *Robinson* that I was talking of.  
 ‘ Nay I assure you, I wish there may be no  
 ‘ chief hatching against you. But if there is, I  
 ‘ will do all I can with the Lawyer to prevent it.



‘ To be sure Mr. *Murphy* is one of the clearest  
‘ Men in the World at the Law : That even his  
‘ Enemies must own ; and as I recommend him to  
‘ all the Business I can, (and it is not a little to be  
‘ sure that arises in this Place) why, one good  
‘ Turn deserves another. And I may expect that  
‘ he will not be concerned in any Plot to ruin any  
‘ Friend of mine ; at least, when I desire him not.  
‘ I am sure he could not be an honest Man if he  
‘ would.’

*Booth* was then satisfied that Mr. *Robinson*, whom  
he did not yet know by Name, was the Gamester  
who had won his Money at Play. And now, Miss  
*Mathews*, who had very impatiently borne this  
long Interruption, prevailed on the Keeper to with-  
draw. As soon as he was gone, Mr. *Booth* began  
to felicitate her upon the News of the wounded  
Gentleman being in a fair Likelihood of Recovery.

To which, after a short Silence, she answered,  
‘ There is something, perhaps, which you will not  
‘ easily guess, that makes your Congratulations  
‘ more agreeable to me than the first Account I  
‘ heard of the Villian’s having escaped the Fate he  
‘ deserves : For, I do assure you, at first, it did  
‘ not make me Amends for the Interruption of my  
‘ Curiosity. Now, I hope, we shall be disturbed  
‘ no more, till you have finish’d your whole Story.

‘ ——— You left off, I think, somewhere in the  
‘ Struggle about leaving *Amelia*, the happy *Amelia*.’

‘ ——— ‘ And can you call her happy at such a  
‘ Period,’ cries *Booth*? ‘ Happy, ay happy, in any  
‘ Situation,’ answer’d Miss *Mathews*, ‘ with such  
‘ a Husband. I, at least, may well think so, who  
‘ have experienced the very Reverse of her For-  
‘ tune ; but I was not born to be happy. I may  
‘ say with the Poet :

‘ *The blackest Ink of Fate was sure my Lot,*  
‘ *And when Fate writ my Name, it made a Blot.*

‘ *Nay, nay, dear Miss Mathews,*’ answered *Booth,*  
‘ *you must, and shall banish such gloomy Thoughts.*  
‘ *Fate hath, I hope, many happy Days in Store*  
‘ *for you.*’ — ‘ *Do you believe it Mr. Booth,*’  
replied she, ‘ *indeed you know the contrary —*  
‘ *You must know — For you can’t have for-*  
‘ *got. No Amelia in the World can have quite*  
‘ *obliterated — Forgetfulness is not in our own*  
‘ *Power. If it was, indeed, I have Reason to*  
‘ *think — But I know not what I am saying.*  
— *Pray, do proceed in that Story.*’

*Booth* so immediately complied with this Request, that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the Truth, if all which unwittingly dropt from *Miss Mathews* was put together, some Conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable Idea to a constant Husband. *Booth* therefore proceeded to relate what is written in the Third Book of this History.

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# A M E L I A.

## B O O K III.

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### C H A P. I.

*In which Mr. Booth resumes his Story.*

“ **I** F I am not mistaken, Madam,” continued Booth, “ I was just going to acquaint you with the Doctor’s Opinion, when we were interrupted by the Keeper.

“ The Doctor having heard Counsel on both Sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying, and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own Sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drown’d in her Tears ; nor was I myself in a much better Situation.

“ As the Commissions are not signed,” said the Doctor, “ I think you may be said to remain in your former Regiment ; and therefore I think you ought to go on this Expedition ; your Duty to your King and Country, whose Bread you have eaten, requires it ; and this is a Duty of too high a Nature to admit the least Deficiency. Regard to your Character likewise requires your going : For the World, which might justly blame your staying at home if the Case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you : You must expect to have every Circumstance against you, heightened, and most of what makes for your Defence omitted ; and thus you will be stigmatiz’d as a Coward, without any Palliation.

“ As



“ As the malicious Disposition of Mankind is too  
“ well known, and the cruel Pleasure which they  
“ take in destroying the Reputation of others ; the  
“ Use we are to make of this Knowledge is to afford  
“ no Handle to Reproach : For bad as the World  
“ is, it seldom falls on any Man who hath not given  
“ some slight Cause for Censure, tho’ this, perhaps,  
“ is often aggravated Ten thousand Fold ; and  
“ when we blame the Malice of the Aggravation,  
“ we ought not to forget our own Imprudence  
“ in giving the Occasion. Remember, my Boy,  
“ your Honour is at stake ; and you know how  
“ nice the Honour of a Soldier is in these Cases.  
“ This is a Treasure, which he must be your Ene-  
“ my indeed who would attempt to rob you of.  
“ Therefore you ought to consider every one as  
“ your Enemy, who by desiring you to stay would  
“ rob you of your Honour.”

“ Do you hear that, Sister ? ” ‘ cries Miss *Betty*.  
— “ Yes, I do hear it,” answered *Amelia*,  
“ with more Spirit than I ever saw her exert before.”  
“ and would preserve his Honour at the Expence  
“ of my Life. I will preserve it, if it should be  
“ at that Expence ; and since it be Dr. *Harrison*’s  
“ Opinion that he ought to go, I give my Consent.  
“ Go, my dear Husband,” cry’d she, falling upon  
“ her Knees, may every Angel of Heaven guard  
“ and preserve you.” — ‘ I cannot repeat her Words  
“ without being affected,’ said he, wiping his Eyes,  
“ the Excellence of that Woman, no Words can  
“ paint ; Miss *Mathews*, she hath every Perfection  
— in Human Nature.

‘ I will not tire you with the Repetition of any  
“ more that pass’d on that Occasion ; nor with the  
“ Quarrel that ensued between Mrs. *Harris* and  
“ the Doctor ; for the old Lady could not submit  
“ to my leaving her daughter in her present Condi-  
“ tion. She fell severely on the Army, and cursed  
the

‘ the Day in which her Daughter was married to a  
 ‘ Soldier, not sparing the Doctor for having had some  
 ‘ Share in the Match. I will omit likewise the ten-  
 ‘ der Scene which pass between *Amelia* and my self  
 ‘ previous to my Departure.

‘ Indeed I beg you will not,’ cried Miss *Mathews*, ‘ nothing delights me more than Scenes of  
 ‘ Tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possi-  
 ‘ ble, every Syllable which was uttered on both  
 ‘ Sides.’

‘ I will indulge you then,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ as far as  
 ‘ is in my Power. Indeed, I believe, I am able to  
 ‘ recollect much the greatest Part ; for the Impres-  
 ‘ sion is never to be effaced from my Memory.’

He then proceeded as Miss *Mathews* desired ; but  
 lest all our Readers should not be of her Opinion,  
 we will, according to our usual Custom, endeavour  
 to accommodate ourselves to every Taste, and shall  
 therefore place this Scene in a Chapter by itself,  
 which we desire all our Readers who do not love,  
 or who perhaps do not know the Pleasure of Ten-  
 derness, to pass over ; since they may do this with-  
 out any Prejudice to the Thread of the Narrative.

## C. H A P. II.

*Containing a Scence of the tender Kind.*

‘ **T**HE Doctor, Madam,’ continued *Booth*,  
 ‘ spent his Evening at Mrs. *Harris*’s House,  
 ‘ where I sat with him whilst he smoak’d his Pillow  
 ‘ Pipe, as his Phrase is. *Amelia* was retired aboye  
 ‘ half an Hour, to her Chamber, before I went to  
 ‘ her. At my Entrance, I found her on her Knees,  
 ‘ a Posture in which I never disturbed her. In a  
 ‘ few Minutes she arose, came to me, and embrac-  
 ‘ ing me, said, she had been praying for Resolution  
 ‘ to support the cruellest Moment she had ever un-  
 ‘ dergone,

“dergone, or could possibly undergo. I reminded  
“her how much more bitter a Farewel would be on  
“a Death-Bed, when we could never meet in this  
“World, at least, again. I then endeavour’d to  
“lessen all those Objects which tempted her most,  
“and particularly the Danger I was to encounter;  
“upon which Head I seemed a little to comfort her;  
“——but the probable Length of my Absence, and  
“the Length of my Voyage were Circumstances  
“which no Oratory of mine could even palliate.”  
“Oh! Heavens,” said she, bursting into Tears,  
“can I bear to think that Hundreds, Thousands,  
“for ought I know, of Miles or Leagues, that  
“Lands and Seas are between us. What is the  
“Prospect from that Mount in our Garden, where  
“I have sat so many happy Hours with my *Billy*?  
“what is the Distance between that and the far-  
“thest Hill which we see from thence, compared  
“to the Distance which will be between us? You  
“cannot wonder at this Idea; you must remember,  
“my *Billy*, at this Place, this very Thought came  
“formerly into my foreboding Mind. I then beg-  
“ged you to leave the Army. Why would you  
“not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the  
“smallest Cottage we could survey from the Mount,  
“would be with you a Paradise to me; it would  
“be so still, why can’t my *Billy* think so? Am I  
“so much his Superior in Love? Where is the  
“Dishonour, *Billy*? or if there be any, will it  
“reach our Ears in our little Hutt? Are Glory and  
“Fame, and not his *Amelia*, the Happiness of my  
“Husband? Go then, purchase them at my Ex-  
“pence. You will pay a few Sighs, perhaps a few  
“Tears at parting, and then new Scenes will drive  
“away the Thoughts of poor *Amelia* from your  
“Bosom; but what Assistance shall I have in my  
“Affliction? Not that any Change of Scene could  
“drive you one Moment from my Remembrance;  
“yet



“ yet here every Object I behold will place your  
“ lov’d Idea in the liveliest Manner before my Eyes.  
“ This is the Bed in which you have repos’d ; that  
“ is the Chair on which you sat. Upon these  
“ Boards you have stood. These Books you have  
“ read to me. Can I walk among our Beds of  
“ Flowers, without viewing your Favourites, nay  
“ those which you have planted with your own  
“ Hands ? Can I see one Beauty from our beloved  
“ Mount, which you have not pointed out to me ? —  
“ Thus she went on, the Woman, Madam, you  
“ see still prevailing. — “ Since you mention it,”  
says Miss Mathews, with a Smile, “ I own the  
“ same Observation occurred to me. It is too na-  
“ tural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth.”  
—— “ You shall hear,” he cry’d, — “ At last, the  
“ Thoughts of her present Condition suggested them-  
“ selves.” — “ But if,” said she, “ my Situation,  
“ even in Health, will be so intolerable, how shall  
“ I, in the Danger and Agonies of Child-birth,  
“ support your Absence !” — “ Here she stop’d,  
“ and looking on me with all the Tenderness ima-  
“ ginable,” cried out, “ And am I then such a  
“ Wretch to wish for your Prefence at such a Sea-  
“ son ; ought I not to rejoice that you are out of  
“ the Hearing of my Gries, or the Knowledge of  
“ my Pains ? If I die, will you not have escaped  
“ the Horrors of a Parting Ten thousand Times  
“ more dreadful than this ? Go, go, my Billy ;  
“ the very Circumstance which made me most  
“ dread your Departure, hath perfectly reconciled  
“ me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only  
“ wishing to support my own Weakness with your  
“ Strength, and to relieve my own Pains at the  
“ Price of yours. Believe me, my Love, I am  
“ ashamed of myself.” — “ I caught her in my  
“ Arms with Raptures not to be express’d in Words,  
“ called her my Heroine ; sure none ever better  
“ deserved

‘ deserved that Name ; after which we remained for  
‘ sometime speechless, and lock’d in each other’s  
‘ Embraces.’—‘ I am convinced,’ said Miss *Mathews*,  
with a Sigh, ‘ there are Moments in Life worth  
‘ purchasing with Worlds.’

‘ At length the fatal Morning came. I endeavour’d  
‘ to hide every Pang of my Heart, and to  
‘ wear the utmost Gaiety in my Countenance. *Amelia*  
‘ acted the same Part. In these assumed Characters  
‘ we met the Family at Breakfast ; at their  
‘ Breakfast, I mean : for we were both full already.  
‘ The Doctor had spent above an Hour that Morning  
‘ in Discourse with Mrs. *Harris*, and had in  
‘ some Measure reconciled her to my Departure.  
‘ He now made use of every Art to relieve the poor  
‘ distressed *Amelia* ; not by inveighing against the  
‘ Folly of Grief, or by seriously advising her not  
‘ to grieve ; both which were sufficiently performed  
‘ by Miss *Betty*. The Doctor, on the contrary,  
‘ had Recourse to every Means which might cast a  
‘ Veil over the Idea of Grief, and raise comfortable  
‘ Images in my Angel’s Mind. He endeavour’d to lessen  
‘ the supposed Length of my Absence, by discoursing  
‘ on Matters which were more distant in Time.  
‘ He said, he intended next Year to rebuild a Part  
‘ of his Parsonage house.—“ And you, Captain,”  
says he, “ shall lay the Corner stone, I promise  
“ you ;” ‘ with many other Instances of the like  
‘ Nature, which produced, I believe, some good  
‘ Effect on us both.

‘ *Amelia* spoke but little ; indeed more Tears  
‘ than Words dropt from her ; however, she seem’d  
‘ resolved to bear her Affliction with Resignation.  
‘ But when the dreadful News arriv’d that  
‘ the Horses were ready, and I, having taken my  
‘ Leave of all the rest, at last approach’d her ; she  
‘ was unable to support the Conflict with Nature  
‘ any

‘ any longer ; and clinging round my Neck, she  
‘ cried,——“ Farewel, farewel for ever : for I  
‘ shall never never, see you more.” At which  
‘ Words the Blood entirely forsook her lovely  
‘ Cheeks, and she became a lifeless Corps in my  
‘ Arms.

‘ *Amelia* continued so long motionless, that the  
‘ Doctor, as well as Mrs. *Harris*, began to be un-  
‘ der the most terrible Apprehensions : so they in-  
‘ formed me afterwards ; for at that time I was in-  
‘ capable of making any Observation. I had in-  
‘ deed very little more Use of my Senses than the  
‘ dear Creature whom I supported. At length,  
‘ however, we were all delivered from our Fears ;  
‘ and Life again visited the loveliest Mansion that  
‘ human Nature ever afforded it.

‘ I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what  
‘ had happened, and *Amelia* continued yet so weak  
‘ and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the  
‘ Consequence, not to leave her that Day : which  
‘ Resolution she was no sooner acquainted with,  
‘ than she fell on her Knees, crying, Good Heaven,  
‘ I thank thee for this Reprieve at least. Oh ! that  
‘ every Hour of my future Life could be crammed  
‘ into this dear Day.

‘ Our good Friend the Doctor remained with us.  
‘ He said, he had intended to visit a Family in some  
‘ Affliction ; but I don’t know, says he, why I  
‘ should ride a dozen Miles after Affliction, when  
‘ we have enough here. Of all Mankind the Doc-  
‘ tor is the best of Comforters. As his excessive  
‘ Good-nature makes him take vast Delight in the  
‘ Office ; so his great Penetration into the human  
‘ Mind, joined to his great Experience, renders  
‘ him the most wonderful Proficient in it ; and he  
‘ so well knows when to sooth, when to reason,  
‘ and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of  
‘ those Arts improperly, which is almost universal-

‘ ly



‘ ly the Case with the Physicians of the Mind, and  
‘ which it requires very great Judgment and Dexte-  
‘ rity to avoid.

‘ The Doctor principally applied himself to ridi-  
‘ culing the Dangers of the Siege, in which he  
‘ succeeded so well, that he sometimes forced a  
‘ Smile even into the Face of *Amelia*. But what  
‘ most comforted her, were the Arguments he used  
‘ to convince her of the Probability of my speedy,  
‘ if not immediate Return. He said, the general  
‘ Opinion was, that the Place would be taken be-  
‘ fore our Arrival there. In which Case, we should  
‘ have nothing more to do, than to make the best of  
‘ our way Home again.

‘ *Amelia* was so lulled by these Arts, that she  
‘ passed the Day much better than I expected.  
‘ Though the Doctor could not make Pride strong  
‘ enough to conquer Love; yet, he exalted the  
‘ former to make some Stand against the latter;  
‘ insomuch that my poor *Amelia*, I believe more  
‘ than once, flattered herself, to speak the Lan-  
‘ guage of the World, that her Reason had  
‘ gained an entire Victory over her Passion; till  
‘ Love brought up a Reinforcement, if I may use  
‘ that Term, of tender Ideas, and bore down all  
‘ before him.

‘ In the Evening, the Doctor and I passed ano-  
‘ ther half Hour together, when he proposed to me  
‘ to endeavour to leave *Amelia* asleep in the Morn-  
‘ ing, and promised me to be at Hand when she a-  
‘ waked, and to support her with all the Assistance  
‘ in his Power. He added, That nothing was more  
‘ foolish, than for Friends to take Leave of each  
‘ other. It is true, indeed, says he, in the com-  
‘ mon Acquaintance and Friendship of the World,  
‘ this is a very harmless Ceremony; but between  
‘ two Persons, who really love each other, the  
‘ Church of *Rome* never invented a Penance half

‘ so severe as this, which we absurdly impose on  
‘ ourselves.

‘ I greatly approved the Doctor’s Proposal;  
‘ thanked him, and promised, if possible, to put  
‘ it in Execution. He then shook me by the Hand,  
‘ and wished me heartily well, saying, in his blunt  
‘ Way; Well, Boy, I hope to see thee crowned  
‘ with Laurels at thy Return; one Comfort I have  
‘ at least, that Stone Walls and a Sea will prevent  
‘ thee from running away.”

‘ When I had left the Doctor, I repaired to my  
‘ *Amelia*, whom I found in her Chamber, employ-  
‘ ed in a very different Manner from what she had  
‘ been the preceding Night; she was busy in pack-  
‘ ing up some Trinkets in a Casket, which she de-  
‘ sired me to carry with me. This Casket was her  
‘ own Work, and she had just fastened it as I came  
‘ to her.

‘ Her Eyes very plainly discovered what had  
‘ passed while she was engaged in her Work; how-  
‘ ever, her Countenance was now serene, and she  
‘ spoke, at least, with some Chearfulness. But af-  
‘ ter some time, “ You must take Care of this  
‘ Casket, *Billy*, said she.” — “ You must indeed,  
‘ *Billy* — for — Here Passion almost choaked  
‘ her, till a Flood of Tears gave her Relief, and  
‘ then she proceeded — “ For I shall be the hap-  
‘ piest Woman that ever was born when I see it  
‘ again.” — I told her, with the Blessing of God  
‘ that Day would soon come.” “ Soon!” an-  
‘ swered she, — “ No, *Billy*, not soon; a Week  
‘ is an Age: — but yet the happy Day may  
‘ come. It shall, it must, it will! — Yes,  
‘ *Billy*, we shall meet never to part again: —  
‘ even in this World I hope” — “ Pardon my  
‘ Weakness, Miss *Nathews*, but upon my Soul I  
‘ cannot help it, cried he, wiping his Eyes —  
‘ Well, I wonder at your Patience, and I will try  
‘ it.

‘ it no longer. *Amelia*, tired out with so long a  
 ‘ Struggle between Variety of Passions, and having  
 ‘ not closed her Eyes during three successive Nights,  
 ‘ towards the Morning fell into a profound Sleep.  
 ‘ In which Sleep I left her—and having drest my-  
 ‘ self with all the Expedition imaginable, singing,  
 ‘ whistling, hurrying, attempting by every Method  
 ‘ to banish Thought, I mounted my Horse, which  
 ‘ I had over-night ordered to be ready, and gallop-  
 ‘ ed away from that House where all my Treasure  
 ‘ was deposited.

‘ Thus Madam, I have, in Obedience to your  
 ‘ Commands, run through a Scene, which if it  
 ‘ hath been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit  
 ‘ me of having obtruded upon you. This I am  
 ‘ convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting  
 ‘ such a Scene, who hath not a Heart full of Ten-  
 ‘ derness, and perhaps not even then, unless he hath  
 ‘ been in the same Situation.’

## C H A P. III.

*In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his Journey.*

‘ **W**ELL, Madam, we have now taken our  
 ‘ Leave of *Amelia*. I rode a full Mile be-  
 ‘ fore I once suffered myself to look back ; but  
 ‘ now being come to the Top of a little Hill, the  
 ‘ last Spot I knew which could give me a Prospect  
 ‘ of Mrs. *Harris*’s House, my Resolution failed ;  
 ‘ I stop and cast my Eyes backward. Shall I tell  
 ‘ you what I felt at that Instant? I do assure you  
 ‘ I am not able. So many tender Ideas crowded  
 ‘ at once into my Mind, that, if I may use the  
 ‘ Expression, they almost dissolved my Heart. And  
 ‘ now, Madam, the most unfortunate Accident  
 ‘ came first into my Head. This was, that I had  
 ‘ in



‘ in the Hurry and Confusion left the dear Casket  
‘ behind me. The Thought of going back at first  
‘ suggested itself ; but the Consequences of that  
‘ were too apparent. I therefore resolved to send  
‘ my Man, and in the mean time to ride on softly  
‘ on my Road. He immediately executed my Or-  
‘ ders, and after some time, feeding my Eyes with  
‘ that delicious and yet Heart-felt Prospect, I at  
‘ last turned my Horse to descend the Hill, and pro-  
‘ ceeded about a hundred Yards, when, considering  
‘ with myself, that I should lose no time by a se-  
‘ cond Indulgence, I again turned back, and once  
‘ more feasted my Sight with the same painful  
‘ Pleasure, till my Man returned, bringing me the  
‘ Casket, and an Account that *Amelia* still con-  
‘ tinued in the sweet Sleep I left her. — I  
‘ now suddenly turned my Horse for the last time,  
‘ and with the utmost Resolution pursued my Jour-  
‘ ney.

‘ I perceived my Man at his Return. — But be-  
‘ fore I mention any thing of him, it may be pro-  
‘ per, Madam, to acquaint you who he was. He  
‘ was the Foster-brother of my *Amelia*. This  
‘ young Fellow had taken it into his Head to go in-  
‘ to the Army ; and he was desirous to serve un-  
‘ der my Command. The Doctor consented to  
‘ discharge him ; his Mother at last yielded to his  
‘ Importunities ; and I was very easily prevailed  
‘ on to list one of the handsomest young Fellows in  
‘ *England*.

‘ You will easily believe I had some little Par-  
‘ tiality to one whose Milk *Amelia* had sucked ;  
‘ but as he had never seen the Regiment, I had no  
‘ great Opportunity to shew him any great Mark  
‘ of Favour. Indeed he waited on me as my  
‘ Servant ; and I treated him with all the Ten-  
‘ derness which can be used to one in that Sta-  
‘ tion.

‘ When

‘ When I was about to change into the Horse-  
‘ guards, the poor Fellow began to droop, fearing  
‘ that he should no longer be in the same Corps  
‘ with me, tho’ certainly that would not have been  
‘ the Case. However, he had never mentioned  
‘ one Word of his Dissatisfaction.——He is indeed,  
‘ a Fellow of a noble Spirit ; but when he heard  
‘ that I was to remain where I was, and that we  
‘ were to go to *Gibraltar* together, he fell into  
‘ Transports of Joy little short of Madness. In  
‘ short, the poor Fellow had imbibed a very strong  
‘ Affection for me ; tho’ this was what I knew no-  
‘ thing of till long after.

‘ When he returned to me then, as I was saying,  
‘ with the Casket, I observed his Eyes all over blub-  
‘ bered with Tears. I rebuked him a little too rash-  
‘ ly on this Occasion. Heyday ! says I, what is the  
‘ Meaning of this ? I hope I have not a Milkop  
‘ with me. If I thought you would shew such a  
‘ Face to the Enemy, I would leave you behind.  
‘ — *Your Honour need not fear that*, answered he,  
‘ *I shall find no Body there that I shall love well e-*  
‘ *nough to make me cry.* I was highly pleased with  
‘ this Answer, in which I thought I could discover  
‘ both Sense and Spirit. I then asked him what had  
‘ occasioned those Tears since he had left me ; (for  
‘ he had no Sign of any at that time) and whether  
‘ he had seen his Mother at Mrs. *Harris’s*. He  
‘ answered in the Negative, and begged that I  
‘ would ask him no more Questions ; adding, that  
‘ he was not very apt to cry, and he hoped he  
‘ should never give me such another Opportunity  
‘ of blaming him. I mention this only as an In-  
‘ stance of his Affection towards me : for I never  
‘ could account for those Tears, any otherwise than  
‘ by placing them to the account of that Distress  
‘ in which he left me at that time. We travelled  
‘ full forty Miles that Day without baiting, when  
‘ arriving

‘ arriving at the Inn where I intended to rest that Night, I retired immediately to my Chamber, with my dear *Amelia*’s Casket, the opening which was the nicest Repast, and to which every other Hunger gave way.

It is impossible to mention to you all the little Matters with which *Amelia* had furnished this Casket. It contained Medicines of all Kinds, which her Mother, who was the *Lady Bountiful* of that Country, had supplied her with. The most valuable of all to me was a Lock of her dear Hair, which I have from that time to this worn in my Bosom. What would I have then given for a little Picture of my Angel, which she had lost from her Chamber about a Month before? and which we had the highest Reason in the World to imagine her Sister had taken away: for the Suspicion lay only between her and *Amelia*’s Maid, who was of all Creatures the honestest, and whom her Mistress had often trusted with Things of much greater Value: for the Picture, which was set in Gold, and had two or three little Diamonds round it, was worth about twelve Guineas only; whereas *Amelia* left Jewels in her Care of much greater Value.’

‘ Sure,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ she could not be such a poultry Pilferer.’

‘ Not on account of the Gold or the Jewels,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ We imputed it to mere Spite, with which I assure you she abounds; and she knew that next to *Amelia* herself, there was nothing which I valued so much as this little Picture: for such a Resemblance did it bear of the Original, that *Hogarth* himself did never, I believe, draw a stronger Likeness. Spite therefore was the only Motive to this cruel Depredation: and indeed her Behaviour on the Occasion sufficiently convinced us both of the Justice of our Suspicion, tho’



‘ tho’ we neither of us durst accuse her ; and she  
 ‘ herself had the Assurance to insist very strongly  
 ‘ (tho’ she could not prevail) with *Amelia* to turn  
 ‘ away her innocent Maid, saying, she would not  
 ‘ live in the house with a Thief.

Miss *Mathews* now discharged some Curses on  
 Miss *Betty*, not much worth repeating, and then  
 Mr. *Booth* proceeded in his Relation.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### *A Sea-piece.*

‘ THE next Day we joined the Regiment,  
 ‘ which was soon after to embark. Nothing  
 ‘ but Mirth and Jollity were in the Countenance  
 ‘ of every Officer and Soldier ; and as I now met  
 ‘ several Friends whom I had not seen for above a  
 ‘ Year before, I passed several happy Hours, in  
 ‘ which poor *Amelia*’s Image seldom obtruded it-  
 ‘ self to interrupt my Pleasure. To confess the  
 ‘ Truth, dear Miss *Mathews*, the tenderest of Pas-  
 ‘ sions is capable of subsiding ; nor is Absence from  
 ‘ our dearest Friends so unsupportable as it may at  
 ‘ first appear. Distance of Time and Place do  
 ‘ really cure what they seem to aggravate ; and  
 ‘ taking Leave of our Friends resembles taking  
 ‘ Leave of the World, concerning which it hath  
 ‘ been often said, that it is not Death but Dying  
 ‘ which is terrible.’——Here Miss *Mathews* burst  
 into a fit of Laughter, and cried, ‘ I sincerely ask  
 ‘ your Pardon ; but I cannot help laughing at the  
 ‘ Gravity of your Philosophy.’ *Booth* answered,  
 that the Doctrine of the Passions had been always  
 his favourite Study ; that he was convinced every  
 Man acted entirely from that Passion which was up-  
 permost ; ‘ Can I then think,’ said he, without en-  
 ‘ tertaining the utmost Contempt for myself, that

‘ any Pleasure upon Earth could drive the Thoughts  
‘ of *Amelia* one Instant from my Mind ?

‘ At length we embarked aboard a Transport,  
‘ and sailed for *Gibraltar* ; but the Wind, which  
‘ was at first fair, soon chopped about ; so that we  
‘ were obliged, for several Days, to beat to Wind-  
‘ ward, as the Sea Phrase is. During this time the  
‘ Taste which I had of a Sea-faring Life did not  
‘ appear extremely agreeable. We rolled up and  
‘ down in a little narrow Cabin, in which were  
‘ three Officers, all of us extremely Sea-sick ; our  
‘ Sickness being much aggravated by the Motion  
‘ of the Ship, by the View of each other, and by  
‘ the Stench of the Men. But this was but a little  
‘ Taste indeed of the Misery which was to follow :  
‘ for we were got about six Leagues to the West-  
‘ ward of *Scilly*, when a violent Storm arose at  
‘ North east, which soon raised the Waves to the  
‘ Height of Mountains. The Horror of this is  
‘ not be adequately described to those who have ne-  
‘ ver seen the like. The Storm began in the Even-  
‘ ing, and as the Clouds brought on the Night a-  
‘ pace, it was soon entirely dark ; nor had we dur-  
‘ ing many Hours any other Light than what was  
‘ caused by the jarring Elements, which frequently  
‘ sent forth Flashes, or rather Streams of Fire ;  
‘ and whilst these presented the most dreadful Ob-  
‘ jects to our Eyes, the roaring of the Winds, the  
‘ dashing of the Waves against the Ship and each  
‘ other, formed a Sound altogether as horrible for  
‘ our Ears ; while our Ship, sometimes lifted up as  
‘ it were to the Skies, and sometimes swept away  
‘ at once as into the lowest Abyss, seemed to be  
‘ the Sport of the Winds and Seas. The Captain  
‘ himself almost gave all for lost, and express his  
‘ Apprehension of being inevitably cast on the  
‘ Rocks of *Scilly*, and beat to Pieces. And now,  
‘ while some on board were addressing themselves

‘ to

‘ to the Supreme Being, and others applying for  
‘ Comfort to strong Liquors, my whole Thoughts  
‘ were entirely engaged by my *Amelia*. A thou-  
‘ sand tender Ideas crowded into my Mind. I can  
‘ truly say, that I had not a single Consideration  
‘ about myself, in which she was not concerned.  
‘ Dying to me was leaving her, and the Fear of  
‘ never seeing her more was a Dagger stuck in my  
‘ Heart. Again, all the Terrors with which this  
‘ Storm, if it reached her Ears, must fill her gen-  
‘ tle Mind on my Account, and the Agonies which  
‘ she must undergo, when she heard of my Fate,  
‘ gave me such intolerable Pangs, that I now re-  
‘ pent my Resolution, and wished, I own I wish-  
‘ ed, that I had taken her Advice, and preferred  
‘ Love and a Cottage to all the dazzling Charms  
‘ of Honour.

‘ While I was tormenting myself with those  
‘ Meditations, and had concluded myself as cer-  
‘ tainly lost, the Master came into the Cabbin,  
‘ and with a chearful Voice, assured us that we had  
‘ escaped the Danger, and that we had certainly  
‘ past to the Westward of the Rock. This was  
‘ comfortable News to all present; and my Cap-  
‘ tain, who had been some time on his Knees, leapt  
‘ suddenly up and testified his Joy with a great  
‘ Oath.

‘ A Person unused to the Sea would have been  
‘ astonished at the Satisfaction which now discover-  
‘ ed itself in the Master or in any on board: for  
‘ the Storm still raged with great Violence, and the  
‘ Day-light which now appeared, presented us with  
‘ Sights of Horror sufficient to terrify Minds which  
‘ were not absolute Slaves to the Passion of Fear;  
‘ but so great is the Force of Habit, that what in-  
‘ spires a Landman with the highest Apprehension  
‘ of Danger, gives not the least Concern to a



‘ Sailor, to whom Rocks and Quick-sands are almost the only Objects of Terror.

‘ The Master, however, was a little mistaken in the present Instance ; for he had not left the Cabbin above an Hour, before my Man came running to me, and acquainted me that the Ship was half full of Water ; that the Sailors were going to hoist out the Boat and save themselves, and begged me to come that Moment along with him, as I tendered my Preservation. With this Account, which was conveyed to me in a Whisper, I acquainted both the Captain and Ensign ; and we all together immediately mounted the Deck, where we found the Master making use of all his Oratory to persuade the Sailors that the Ship was in no Danger ; and at the same time employed all his Authority to set the Pumps a-going, which he assured them would keep the Water under, and save his dear *Lovely Peggy*, (for that was the Name of the Ship) which he swore he loved as dearly as his own Soul.

‘ Indeed this sufficiently appeared ; for the Leak was so great, and the Water flowed in so plentifully, that his *Lovely Peggy* was half filled, before he could be brought to think of quitting her ; but now the Boat was brought along side the Ship ; and the Master himself, notwithstanding all his Love for her, quitted his Ship ; and leapt into the Boat. Every Man present attempted to follow his Example, when I heard the Voice of my Servant roaring forth my Name in a Kind of Agony. I made directly to the Ship’s Side, but was too late : for the Boat being already over-laden put directly off. And now, Madam, I am going to relate to you an Instance of heroic Affection in a poor Fellow towards his Master, to which

‘ which Love itself, even among Persons of superior Education, can produce but few similar Instances. My poor Man being unable to get me with him into the Boat, leapt suddenly into the Sea and swam back to the Ship; and when I gently rebuked him for his Rashness, he answered, he chose rather to die with me, than to live to carry the Account of my Death to my *Amelia*; at the same time bursting into a Flood of Tears, he cried, “ Good Heaven! what will that poor Lady feel when she hears of this!” This tender Concern for my dear Love endeared the poor Fellow more to me than the gallant Instance which he had just before given of his Affection towards myself.

‘ And now, Madam, my Eyes were shocked with a Sight, the Horror of which can scarce be imagined: for the Boat had scarce got four hundred Yards from the Ship, when it was swallowed up by the merciless Waves, which now ran so high, that out of the Number of Persons which were in the Boat none recovered the Ship; tho’ many of them we saw miserably perish before our Eyes, some of them very near us, without any Possibility of giving them the least Assistance.

‘ But whatever we felt for them, we felt, I believe, more for ourselves, expecting every Minute when we should share the same Fate. Among the rest one of our Officers appeared quite stupified with Fear. I never indeed saw a more miserable Example of the great Power of that Passion: I must not, however, omit doing him Justice, by saying that I afterwards saw the same Man behave well in an Engagement, in which he was wounded. Tho’ there likewise he was said to have betrayed the same Passion of Fear in his Countenance, and somewhere else too, which I cannot so properly name before you.

‘ The other of our Officers was no less stupified  
‘ (if I may so express myself) with Fool-hardiness,  
‘ and seemed almost insensible of his Danger. To  
‘ say the Truth, I have, from this and some other  
‘ Instances which I have seen, been almost inclined  
‘ to think, that the Courage as well as Cowardice  
‘ of Fools proceeds from not knowing what is or  
‘ what is not the proper Object of Fear: Indeed,  
‘ we may account for the extreme Hardiness of  
‘ some Men, in the same Manner as for the Ter-  
‘ rors of Children at a Bugbear. The Child knows  
‘ not but that the Bugbear is the proper Object of  
‘ Fear, the Blockhead knows not that a Cannon  
‘ Ball is so.

‘ As to the remaining Part of the Ship’s Crew,  
‘ and the Soldiery, most of them were dead drunk;  
‘ and the rest were endeavouring, as fast as they  
‘ could, to prepare for Death in the same Man-  
‘ ner.

‘ In this dreadful Situation we were taught that  
‘ no human Condition should inspire Men with ab-  
‘ solute Dispair: for as the Storm had ceased for  
‘ some time, the Swelling of the Sea began consi-  
‘ derably to abate; and we now perceived the Man  
‘ of War which convoyed us, at no great Distance  
‘ a-Stern. Those aboard her easily perceived our  
‘ Distress, and made towards us. When they came  
‘ pretty near, they hoisted out two Boats to our  
‘ Assistance. These no sooner approached the  
‘ Ship, than they were instantaneously filled, and I  
‘ myself got a Place in one of them, chiefly by the  
‘ Aid of my honest Servant, of whose Fidelity to  
‘ me on all Occasions I cannot speak or think too  
‘ highly. Indeed I got into the Boat so much the  
‘ more easily as a great Number on board the Ship  
‘ were rendered by Drink incapable of taking any  
‘ Care for themselves. There was time, however,  
‘ for the Boat to pass and repass; so that when we  
‘ came



came to call over Names, three only, of all that remained in the Ship, after the Loss of her own Boat, were missing.

The Captain, Ensign, and myself were received with many Congratulations by our Officers on board the Man of War. — The Sea Officers too, all except the Captain, paid us their Compliments, tho' these were of the rougher Kind, and not without several Jokes on our Escape. As for the Captain himself, we scarce saw him during many Hours; and when he appeared he presented a View of Majesty beyond any that I had ever seen. The Dignity which he preserved, did indeed give me rather the Idea of a *Mogul*, or a *Turkish* Emperor, than of any of the Monarchs of Christendom. To say the Truth, I could resemble his Walk on the Deck to nothing but to the Image of Captain *Gulliver* strutting among the *Lilliputians*; he seemed to think himself a Being of an Order superior to all around him, and more especially to us of the Land Service. Nay such was the Behaviour of all the Sea Officers and Sailors to us and our Soldiers, that instead of appearing to be Subjects of the same Prince, engaged in one Quarrel, and joined to support one Cause; we Land-Men rather seemed to be Captives on board an Enemy's Vessel. This is a grievous Misfortune, and often proves so fatal to the Service, that it is great Pity some Means could not be found of curing it.

Here Mr. *Booth* stopt a while, to take Breath. We will therefore give the same Refreshment to the Reader.

## CHAP. V.

*The Arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with what there befel him.*

THE Adventures,\* continued *Booth*, ‘ which  
‘ happened to me from this Day till my Ar-  
‘ rival at *Gibraltar*, are not worth recounting to  
‘ you. After a Voyage, the Remainder of which  
‘ was tolerably prosperous, we arrived in that  
‘ Garrison, the natural Strength of which is so well  
‘ known to the whole World.

‘ About a Week after my Arrival, it was my  
‘ Fortune to be ordered on a Sally-Party, in which  
‘ my left Leg was broke with a Musket Ball; and  
‘ I should most certainly have either perish’d mi-  
‘ serably, or must have owed my Preservation to  
‘ some of the Enemy, had not my faithful Servant  
‘ carried me off on his Shoulders, and afterwards,  
‘ with the Assistance of one of his Comrades,  
‘ brought me back into the Garrison.

‘ The Agony of my Wound was so great, that  
‘ it threw me into a Fever, from whence my Sur-  
‘ geon apprehended much Danger. I now began  
‘ again to feel for my *Amelia*, and for myself on  
‘ her Account: And the Disorder of my Mind oc-  
‘ casioned by such melancholy Contemplations,  
‘ very highly aggravated the Distemper of my Bo-  
‘ dy; insomuch that it would probably have proved  
‘ fatal, had it not been for the Friendship of one  
‘ Captain *James*, an Officer of our Regiment, and  
‘ an old Acquaintance, who is undoubtedly one of  
‘ the pleasantest Companions, and one of the best-  
‘ natured Men in the World. This worthy Man,  
‘ who had a Head and a Heart perfectly adequate  
‘ to every Office of Friendship, stay’d with me al-  
‘ most Day and Night during my Illness; and by  
‘ strengthening

‘strengthening my Hopes, raising my Spirits, and  
‘cheering my Thoughts, preserved me from De-  
‘struction.

‘The Behaviour of this Man alone is a sufficient  
‘Proof of the Truth of my Doctrine, that all Men  
‘act entirely from their Passions; for *Bob James*  
‘can never be supposed to act from any Motive of  
‘Virtue or Religion; since he constantly laughs at  
‘both; and yet his Conduct towards me alone de-  
‘monstrates a Degree of Goodness, which, per-  
‘haps, none of the Votaries of either Virtue or  
‘Religion can equal.’

‘You need not take much Pains,’ answered  
Miss *Mathews*, with a Smile, ‘to convince me  
‘of your Doctrine. I have been always an Ad-  
‘vocate for the same. I look upon the two  
‘Words you mention, to serve only as Cloaks un-  
‘der which Hypocrisy may be the better enabled  
‘to cheat the World. I have been of that Opi-  
‘nion ever since I read that charming Fellow  
‘*Mandevil*.’

‘Pardon me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘I hope  
‘you do not agree with *Mandevil* neither, who  
‘hath represented human Nature as a Picture of  
‘the highest Deformity. He hath left out of his  
‘System the best Passion which the Mind can pos-  
‘sess, and attempts to derive the Effects or Ener-  
‘gies of that Passion, from the base Impulses of  
‘Pride or Fear. Whereas, it is as certain that  
‘Love exists in the Mind of Man, as that its op-  
‘posite Hatred doth, and the same Reasons will  
‘equally prove the Existence of the one as the Ex-  
‘istence of the other.’

‘I don’t know, indeed,’ replied the Lady, ‘I  
‘never thought much about the Matter. This I  
‘know, that when I read *Mandevil*, I thought all  
‘he said was true; and I have been often told, that  
‘he proves Religion and Virtue to be only mere



“Names. However, if he denies there is any such Thing as Love, that is most certainly wrong.---  
“I am afraid I can give him the Lye myself.”

“I will join with you, Madam, in that,” answered *Booth*, “at any Time.”

“Will you join with me?” answered she, looking eagerly at him---“O Mr. *Booth*, I know not what I was going to say---What---  
“Where did you leave off?---I would not interrupt you---but I am impatient to know something.”

“What, Madam?” cries *Booth*, “if I can give you any Satisfaction”---

“No, no,” said she, I must hear all, I would not for the World break the Thread of your Story---  
“Besides, I am afraid to ask---Pray, pray, Sir, go on.”

“Well, Madam,” cries *Booth*, “I think I was mentioning the extraordinary Acts of Friendship done me by Captain *James*; nor can I help taking Notice of the almost unparallel’d Fidelity of poor *Atkinson* (for that was my Man’s Name) who was not only constant in the Affiduity of his Attendance, but during the Time of my Danger demonstrated a Concern for me which I can hardly account for, as my prevailing on his Captain to make him a Serjeant was the first Favour he ever received at my Hands, and this did not happen till I was almost perfectly recovered of my broken Leg. Poor Fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant Joy his Halbert gave him; I remember it the more because it was one of the happiest Days of my own Life; for it was upon this Day that I received a Letter from my dear *Amelia*, after a long Silence, acquainting me that she was out of all Danger from her Lying-in.

“I was now once more able to perform my Duty; when (so unkind was the Fortune of War) the

“ the second Time I mounted Guard, I received a violent Contusion from the bursting of a Bomb. I was felled to the Ground, where I lay breathless by the Blow, till honest *Atkinson* came to my Assistance, and conveyed me to my Room, where a Surgeon immediately attended me.

“ The Injury I had now received, was much more dangerous in my Surgeon’s Opinion than the former; it caused me to spit Blood, and was attended with a Fever, and other bad Symptoms; so that very fatal Consequences were apprehended.

“ In this Situation the Image of my *Amelia* haunted me Day and Night; and the Apprehensions of never seeing her more were so intolerable, that I had Thoughts of resigning my Commission, and returning home, weak as I was, that I might have, at least, the Satisfaction of dying in the Arms of my Love. Captain *James*, however, persisted in dissuading me from any such Resolution. He told me my Honour was too much concerned, attempted to raise my Hopes of Recovery to the utmost of his Power; but chiefly he prevailed on me by suggesting, that if the worst which I apprehended, should happen, it was much better for *Amelia*, that she should be absent than present in so melancholy an Hour.” “ I know,” cry’d he, “ the extreme Joy which must arise in you from meeting again with *Amelia*, and the Comfort of expiring in her Arms; but consider what she herself must endure upon the dreadful Occasion, and you would not wish to purchase any Happiness at the Price of so much Pain to her.” This Argument, at length, prevailed on me; and it was after many long Debates resolved, that she should not even know my present Condition till my Doom either for Life or Death was absolutely fixed.

‘Oh! Heavens! how great! how generous!’ cried Miss *Mathews*. ‘*Booth*, thou art a noble Fellow; and I scarce think there is a Woman upon Earth worthy so exalted a Passion.’

*Booth* made a modest Answer to the Compliment which Miss *Mathews* had paid him. This drew more Civilities from the Lady; and these again more Acknowledgments. All which we shall pass by, and proceed with our History.

# CHAP. VI.

*Containing Matters which will please some Readers.*

**T**WO Months, and more, had I continued in a State of Incertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and sometimes with more alarming Symptoms; when one Afternoon poor *Atkinson* came running into my Room, all pale and out of Breath, and begged me not to be surpris’d at his News. I asked him eagerly what was the Matter, and if it was any thing concerning *Amelia*?— I had scarce utter’d the dear Name, when she herself rushed into the Room and ran hastily to me, crying, ‘Yes, it is, it is your *Amelia* herself.’

‘There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally so dull when described, as Scenes of excessive Tenderness.’

‘Can you think so?’ says Miss *Mathews*, ‘surely there is nothing so charming!—O! Mr. *Booth*, our Sex is d—n’d by the Want of Tenderness in yours—O were they all like you—certainly no Man was ever your Equal.’

‘Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘you honour me too much—But—well—when the first Transports of our Meeting were over, *Amelia* began gently to chide me for having concealed my Illness.’



ness from her; for in three Letters which I had writ her since the Accident had happened, there was not the least Mention of it, or any Hint given by which she could possibly conclude I was otherwise than in perfect Health. And when I had excused myself, by assigning the true Reason, she cry'd,——“O Mr. Booth! and do you know so little of your *Amelia*, as to think I could or would survive you!——Would it not be better for one dreadful Sight to break my Heart all at once, than to break it by Degrees?——O Billy! can any thing pay me for the Loss of this Embrace?”——But I ask your Pardon——how ridiculous doth my Fondness appear in your Eyes?”

How often,” answered she, “shall I assert the contrary?——What would you have me say, Mr. Booth? Shall I tell you I envy Mrs. Booth of all the Women in the World? Would you believe me if I did? I hope you——What am I saying?——Pray make no farther Apology, but go on.”

After a Scene,” continued he, “too tender to be conceived by many, *Amelia* informed me that she had received a Letter from an unknown Hand, acquainting her with my Misfortune, and advising her, if she ever desired to see me more to come directly to *Cibraltar*. She said, she should not have delayed a Moment after receiving this Letter, had not the same Ship brought her one from me written with more than usual Gaiety, and in which there was not the least Mention of my Indisposition. This, she said, greatly puzzled her and her Mother, and the worthy Divine endeavoured to persuade her to give Credit to my Letter, and to impute the other to a Species of Wit with which the World greatly abounds. This consists entirely in doing various Kinds of Mischief to our Fellow-  
low-

low-creatures; by belying one, deceiving another, exposing a third, and drawing in a fourth to expose himself; in short, by making some the Objects of Laughter, others of Contempt; and indeed not seldom, by subjecting them to very great Inconveniences, perhaps to Ruin, for the Sake of a Jest.

Mrs. *Harris* and the Doctor derived the Letter from this Species of Wit. Miss *Betty*, however, was of a different Opinion, and advised poor *Amelia* to apply to an Officer whom the Governor had sent over in the same Ship, by whom the Report of my Illness was so strongly confirmed, that *Amelia* immediately resolved on her Voyage.

I had a great Curiosity to know the Author of this Letter; but not the least Traces of discovering it. The only Person with whom I lived in any great Intimacy was Captain *James*; and he, Madam, from what I have already told you, you will think to be the last Person I could suspect; besides, he declared upon his Honour, that he knew nothing of the Matter; and no Man's Honour is, I believe more sacred. There was indeed an Ensign of another Regiment who knew my Wife, and who had sometimes visited me in my Illness; but he was a very unlikely Man to interest himself much in any Affairs which did not concern him; and he too declared he knew nothing of it.

And did you never discover this Secret? cried Miss *Mathews*.

Never to this Day, answered *Booth*.

I fancy, said she, I could give a shrewd Guess — What so likely as that Mrs. *Booth*, when you left her, should have given her Foster-brother Orders to send her Word of whatever befel you? — Yet stay — that could not be neither: for then

‘then she would not have doubted whether she  
‘should leave dear *England* on the Receipt of the  
‘Letter.---No, it must have been by some other  
‘Means;---yet that I owned appeared extremely  
‘natural to me: for if I had been left by such a  
‘Husband, I think I should have pursued the same  
‘Method.’

‘No, Madam,’ cried *Booth*, ‘it must have been  
‘conveyed by some other Channel; for my *Amelia*,  
‘I am certain, was entirely ignorant of the  
‘Manner; and as for poor *Atkinson*, I am con-  
‘vinced he would not have ventured to take such a  
‘Step without acquainting me. Besides, the poor  
‘Fellow had, I believe, such a Regard for my  
‘Wife, out of Gratitude for the Favours she hath  
‘done his Mother, that I make no Doubt he was  
‘highly rejoiced at her Absence from my melan-  
‘choly Scene. Well, whoever writ it is a Mat-  
‘ter very immaterial; yet as it seemed so odd and  
‘unaccountable an Incident I could not help men-  
‘tioning it.

‘From the Time of *Amelia*’s Arrival nothing  
‘remarkable happened till my perfect Recovery,  
‘unless I should observe her remarkable Behaviour,  
‘so full of Care and Tenderness that it was per-  
‘haps without a Parallel.

‘O no, Mr. *Booth*,’ cries the Lady.---‘It is  
‘fully equalled, I am sure, by your Gratitude.  
‘There is nothing, I believe, so rare as Gratitude  
‘in your Sex, especially in Husbands. So kind a  
‘remembrance is indeed more than a Return to  
‘such an Obligation: for where is the mighty Ob-  
‘ligation which a Woman confers, who being pos-  
‘sessed of an inestimable Jewel is so kind to herself  
‘as to be careful and tender of it? I do not say  
‘this to lessen your Opinion of Mrs. *Booth*. I  
‘have no Doubt but that she loves you as well as  
‘she



' she is capable. But I would not have you think  
 ' so meanly of our Sex, as to imagine there are  
 ' not a thousand Women susceptible of true Ten-  
 ' derness towards a meritorious Man.—Believe me,  
 ' Mr. Booth, if I had received such an Account of  
 ' an Accident having happened to such a Husband,  
 ' a Mother and a Parson would not have held me  
 ' a Moment. I should have leapt into the first Fish-  
 ' ing-boat I could have found, and bid Defiance to  
 ' the Winds and Waves.——O there is no true  
 ' Tenderness but in a Woman of Spirit. I would  
 ' not be understood all this while to reflect on Mrs.  
 ' Booth: I am only defending the Cause of my  
 ' Sex; for upon my Soul such Compliments to a  
 ' Wife are a Satire on all the rest of Womankind.'  
 ' Sure you jest, Miss Mathews,' answered Booth,  
 with a Smile. ' However, if you please, I will  
 ' proceed in my Story.'

## C H A P. VII.

*The Captain continuing his Story, recounts some Particulars which we doubt not to many good People will appear unnatural.*

' I WAS scarce sooner recovered from my In-  
 ' disposition than *Amelia* herself fell ill. This,  
 ' I am afraid, was occasioned by the Fatigues  
 ' which I could not prevent her from undergoing  
 ' on my Account; for as my Disease went off  
 ' with violent Sweats, during which the Surgeon  
 ' strictly ordered that I should lie by myself, my  
 ' *Amelia* could not be prevailed upon to spend many  
 ' Hours in her own Bed. During my restless Fits  
 ' she would sometimes read to me several Hours  
 ' together; indeed it was not without Difficulty  
 ' that she ever quitted my Bed-side. These Fa-  
 ' tigues, added to the Uneasiness of her Mind, over-  
 ' powered

‘powered her weak Spirits, and threw her into one of the worst Disorders that can possibly attend a Woman. A Disorder very common among the Ladies, and our Physicians have not agreed upon its Name. Some call it the Fever on the Spirits, some a nervous Fever, some the Vapours, and some the Hysterics.’

‘O say no more,’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘I pity you, I pity you from my Soul. A Man had better be plagued with all the Curses of *Egypt* than with a vapourish Wife.’

‘Pity me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*; ‘Pity rather that dear Creature, who, from her Love and Care of my unworthy Self, contracted a Distemper, the Horrors of which are scarce to be imagined. It is indeed a Sort of Complication of all Diseases together, with almost Madness added to them. In this Situation, the Siege being at an End, the Governor gave me Leave to attend my Wife to *Montpelier*, the Air of which was judged to be most likely to restore her to Health. Upon this Occasion she wrote to her Mother to desire a Remittance, and set forth the melancholy Condition of her Health, and her Necessity for Money, in such Terms as would have touched any Bosom not void of Humanity, tho’ a Stranger to the unhappy Sufferer. Her Sister answered it, and I believe I have a Copy of the Answer in my Pocket. I keep it by me as a Curiosity, and you would think it more so, could I shew you my *Amelia’s* Letter.’ He then searched his Pocket-book, and finding the Letter, among many others, he read it in the following Words.

“Dear Sister,

“**M**Y Mamma being much disordered, hath commanded me to tell you, she is both shocked and surpris’d at your extraordinary Request,

“ quest, or, as she chuses to call it, Order for  
“ Money. You know, my Dear, she says, that  
“ your Marriage with this Red-coat Man was en-  
“ tirely against her Consent, and the Opinion of  
“ all your Family, (I am sure I may here include  
“ myself in that Number) and yet after this fatal  
“ Act of Disobedience, she was prevailed on to  
“ receive you as her Child; not, however, nor  
“ are you so to understand it, as the Favourite  
“ which you was before. She forgave you; but  
“ this was as a Christian and a Parent; still preserv-  
“ ing in her own Mind a just Sense of your Dis-  
“ obedience, and a just Resentment on that Ac-  
“ count. And yet, notwithstanding this Resent-  
“ ment, she desires you to remember, that when  
“ you a second time ventured to oppose her Au-  
“ thority, and nothing would serve you but taking  
“ a Ramble (an indecent one I can’t help saying);  
“ after your Fellow, she thought fit to shew the  
“ Excess of a Mother’s Tenderness, and furnish-  
“ ed you with no less than Fifty Pounds for your  
“ foolish Voyage. How can she then be other-  
“ wise than surprised at your present Demand?  
“ Which, should she be so weak to comply with,  
“ she must expect to be every Month repeated, in  
“ order to supply the Extravagance of a young  
“ rakish Officer.—You say she will compassionate  
“ your Sufferings; yes, surely she doth greatly  
“ compassionate them, and so do I too, tho’ you  
“ was neither so kind, nor so civil as to suppose I  
“ should. But I forgive all your Slights to me,  
“ as well now as formerly. Nay, I not only for-  
“ give, but I pray daily for you.—But, dear Sis-  
“ ter, what could you expect less than what hath  
“ happened? You should have believed your Friends,  
“ who were wiser and older than you. I do not  
“ here mean myself, tho’ I own I am eleven  
“ Months and some odd Weeks your Superior;  
“ tho’



“ tho’ had I been younger, I might perhaps have  
“ been able to advise you : for Wisdom and what  
“ some may call Beauty do not always go toge-  
“ ther. You will not be offended at this : for I  
“ know in your Heart you have always held your  
“ Head above some People, whom perhaps other  
“ People have thought better of ; but why do I  
“ mention what I scorn so much ?—No, my dear  
“ Sister, Heaven forbid it should ever be said of  
“ me, that I value myself upon my Face—not but  
“ if I could believe Men perhaps—but I hate and  
“ despise Men—you know I do, my Dear, and I  
“ wish you had despised them as much ; but *jacta est*  
“ *alia*, as the Doctor says.—You are to make the  
“ best of your Fortune. What Fortune I mean  
“ my Mamma may please to give you : for you  
“ know all is in her Power. Let me advise you  
“ then to bring your Mind to your Circumstances,  
“ and remember (for I can’t help writing it, as it  
“ is for your own Good) the Vapours are a Dis-  
“ temper which very ill become a Knapsaek. Re-  
“ member, my Dear, what you have done ; re-  
“ member what my Mamma hath done ; remem-  
“ ber we have something of yours to keep, and  
“ do not consider yourself as an only Child—No,  
“ nor as a favourite Child, but be pleased to re-  
“ member,

“ Dear Sister,

“ Your most affectionate Sister,

“ And most obedient humble Servant.

“ E. HARRIS.”

“ O brave

‘ O brave Miss *Betty*,’ cried Miss *Mathews*,  
‘ I always held her in high Esteem ; but I protest  
‘ she exceeds even what I could have expected from  
‘ her.’

‘ This Letter, Madam, ’ cries *Booth*,’ you will  
‘ believe was an excellent Cordial for my poor  
‘ Wife’s Spirits. So dreadful indeed was the Effect  
‘ it had upon her, that as she had read it in my Ab-  
‘ sence, I found her at my Return home in the most  
‘ violent Fits ; and so long was it before she reco-  
‘ vered her Senses, that I despaired of that blest E-  
‘ vent ever happening, and my own Senses very  
‘ narrowly escaped from being sacrificed to my Des-  
‘ pair. However, she came at last to herself, and I  
‘ began to consider of every Means of carrying her  
‘ immediately to *Montpelier*, which was now be-  
‘ come much more necessary than before.

‘ Tho’ I was greatly shocked at the Barbarity of  
‘ the Letter ; yet I apprehended no very ill Conse-  
‘ quence from it : for as it was believed all over the  
‘ Army that I had married a great Fortune, I had  
‘ received Offers of Money, if I wanted it, from  
‘ more than one. Indeed, I might have easily car-  
‘ ried my Wife to *Montpelier* at any time ; but she  
‘ was extremely averse to the Voyage, being desirous  
‘ of our returning to *England*, as I had Leave to  
‘ do ; and she grew daily so much better, that had  
‘ it not been for the Receipt of that cursed—which  
‘ I have just read to you, I am persuaded she  
‘ might have been able to return to *England* in the  
‘ next Ship.

‘ Among others there was a Colonel in the Gar-  
‘ rison, who had not only offered, but importuned  
‘ me to receive Money of him : I now therefore  
‘ repaired to him ; and as a Reason of altering my  
‘ Resolution, I produced the Letter, and at the same  
‘ time acquainted him with the true State of my  
‘ Affairs. The Colonel read the Letter, shook  
‘ his

‘ his Head, and after some Silence, said, he was  
‘ sorry I had refused to accept his Offer before ; but  
‘ that he had now so ordered Matters, and disposed  
‘ of his Money, that he had not a Shilling left to  
‘ spare from his own Occasions.

‘ Answers of the same Kind I had from several  
‘ others; but not one Penny could I borrow of any ;  
‘ for I have been since firmly persuaded that the  
‘ honest Colonel was not content with denying me  
‘ himself ; but took effectual Means, by spreading  
‘ the Secret I had so foolishly trusted him with, to  
‘ prevent me from succeeding elsewhere : for such  
‘ is the Nature of Men, that whoever denies him-  
‘ self to do you a Favour, is unwilling that it should  
‘ be done to you by any other.

‘ This was the first time I had ever felt that Dis-  
‘ tress which arises from the want of Money ; a  
‘ Distress very dreadful indeed in a married State :  
‘ for what can be more miserable than to see any  
‘ thing necessary to the Preservation of a beloved  
‘ Creature, and not be able to supply it?

‘ Perhaps you may wonder, Madam, that I have  
‘ not mentioned Captain *James* on this Occasion ;  
‘ but he was at that time laid up at *Algiers*, whither  
‘ he had been sent by the Governor, in a Fever.  
‘ However, he returned time enough to supply me,  
‘ which he did with the utmost Readiness, on the  
‘ very first Mention of my Distress ; and the good  
‘ Colonel, notwithstanding his having disposed of  
‘ his Money, discounted the Captain’s Draught.  
‘ You see, Madam, an Instance in the generous  
‘ Behaviour of my Friend *James*, how false are all  
‘ universal Satires against human Kind. He is in-  
‘ deed one of the worthiest Men the World ever  
‘ produced.

‘ But, perhaps, you will be more pleased still  
‘ with the extravagant Generosity of my Serjeant.  
‘ The Day before the Return of Mr. *James*, the  
‘ poor



‘ poor Fellow came to me. with Tears in his Eyes,  
‘ and begged, I would not be offended at what he  
‘ was going to mention. He then pulled a Purse  
‘ from his Pocket, which contained, he said, the  
‘ Sum of Twelve Pounds, and which he begged me  
‘ to accept, crying, he was sorry it was not in his  
‘ Power to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so  
‘ struck with this Instance of Generosity and Friend-  
‘ ship in such a Person, that I gave him an Oppor-  
‘ tunity of pressing me a second Time before I made  
‘ him an Answer. Indeed I was greatly surprised  
‘ how he came to be worth that little Sum, and no  
‘ less at his being acquainted with my own Wants.  
‘ In both which Points he presently satisfied me. As  
‘ to the first, it seems he had plundered a *Spanish*  
‘ Officer of fifteen Pistoles; and as to the second,  
‘ he confessed he had it from my Wife’s Maid, who  
‘ had overheard some Discourse between her Mis-  
‘ tress and me. Indeed People, I believe, always  
‘ deceive themselves who imagine they can conceal  
‘ distress Circumstances from their Servants: for  
‘ these are always extremely quick-sighted on such  
‘ Occasions.’

‘ Good Heaven!’ cries Miss *Mathews*, ‘ how as-  
‘ tonishing is such Behaviour in so low a Fellow!’

‘ I thought so myself,’ answered *Booth*; ‘ and yet  
‘ I know not, on a more strict Examination into  
‘ the Matter, why we should be more surprised to  
‘ see Greatness of Mind discover itself in one De-  
‘ gree, or Rank of Life, than in another. Love,  
‘ Benevolence, or what you will please to call it,  
‘ may be the reigning Passion in a Beggar as well as  
‘ in a Prince; and wherever it is, its Energies will  
‘ be the same.

‘ To confess the Truth, I am afraid, we often  
‘ compliment what we call upper Life, with too  
‘ much Injustice, at the Expence of the lower. As  
‘ it is no rare thing to see Instances which degrade  
‘ human

‘ human Nature, in Persons of the highest Birth  
 ‘ and Education ; so I apprehend, that Examples of  
 ‘ whatever is really great and good, have been some-  
 ‘ times found amongst those who have wanted all  
 ‘ such Advantages. In Reality, Palaces, I make  
 ‘ no Doubt, do sometimes contain nothing but  
 ‘ Dreariness and Darkness, and the Sun of Righte-  
 ‘ ousness hath shone forth with all its Glory in a  
 ‘ Cottage.’

## C H A P. VIII.

*The Story of Booth continued.*

**M**R. Booth thus went on.

‘ We now took Leave of the Garrison, and  
 ‘ having landed at *Marseilles*, arrived at *Montpelier*,  
 ‘ without any thing happening to us worth Remem-  
 ‘ brance, except the extreme Sea-sickness of poor  
 ‘ *Amelia* ; but I was afterwards well repaid for the  
 ‘ Terrors which it occasioned me, by the good  
 ‘ Consequences which attended it : for I believe  
 ‘ it contributed even more than the Air of *Montpe-*  
 ‘ *lier*, to the perfect Re-establishment of her  
 ‘ Health.’

‘ I ask your Pardon for interrupting you,’ cries  
 Miss *Mathews*, ‘ but you never satisfied me whe-  
 ‘ ther you took the Serjeant’s Money.—You have  
 ‘ made me half in Love with that charming Fellow.

‘ How can you imagine, Madam,’ answered  
*Booth*, ‘ I should have taken from a poor Fellow  
 ‘ what was of so little Consequence to me, and at  
 ‘ the same time of so much to him ?——Perhaps  
 ‘ now you will derive this from the Passion of  
 ‘ Pride.’

‘ Indeed,’ says she, ‘ I neither derive it from the  
 ‘ Passion of Pride, nor from the Passion of Folly ;  
 ‘ but methinks you should have accepted the Offer,  
 ‘ and

‘ and I am convinced you hurt him very much  
‘ when you refused it. But pray proceed in your  
‘ Story.’ Then *Booth* went on as follows.

‘ As *Amelia* recovered her Health and Spirits dai-  
‘ ly, we began to pass our Time very pleasantly at  
‘ *Montpellier* : for the greatest Enemy to the *French*  
‘ will acknowledge, that they are the best People in  
‘ the World to live amongst for a little while. In  
‘ some Countries it is almost as easy to get a good  
‘ Estate as a good Acquaintance. In *England*,  
‘ particularly, Acquaintance is of almost as slow  
‘ Growth as an Oak ; so that the Age of Man scarce  
‘ suffices to bring it to any Perfection, and Families  
‘ seldom contract any great Intimacy till the Third  
‘ or at least the Second Generation. So shy indeed  
‘ are we *English* of letting a Stranger into our  
‘ Houses, that one would imagine we regarded all  
‘ such as Thieves. Now the *French* are the very  
‘ Reverse. Being a Stranger among them entitles  
‘ you to the better Place, and to the greater De-  
‘ gree of Civility ; and if you wear but the Ap-  
‘ pearance of a Gentleman, they never suspect you  
‘ are not one. Their Friendship indeed seldom ex-  
‘ tends so far as their Purse ; nor is such Friend-  
‘ ship usual in other Countries. To say the Truth,  
‘ Politeness carries Friendship far enough in the or-  
‘ dinary Occasions of Life, and those who want  
‘ this Accomplishment rarely make Amends for it  
‘ by their Sincerity : for Bluntness, or rather Rude-  
‘ ness, as it commonly deserves to be called, is not  
‘ always so much a Mark of Honesty as it is taken  
‘ to be.

‘ The Day after our Arrival we became acquaint-  
‘ ed with *Monf. L’Abbe Bagillard*. He was a  
‘ *Frenchman* of great Wit and Vivacity, with a  
‘ greater Share of Learning than Gentlemen are  
‘ usually possessed of. As he lodged in the same  
‘ House with us, we were immediately acquainted,  
‘ and



‘ and I liked his Conversation so well, that I never  
‘ thought I had too much of his Company. In-  
‘ deed I spent so much of my Time with him, that  
‘ *Amelia* (I know not whether I ought to mention  
‘ it) grew uneasy at our Familiarity, and complain-  
‘ ed of my being too little with her, from my Vi-  
‘ olent Fondness for my new Acquaintance; for  
‘ our Conversation turning chiefly upon Books, and  
‘ principally *Latin* ones (for we read several of the  
‘ Classics together) she could have but little Enter-  
‘ tainment, by being with us. When my Wife  
‘ had once taken it into her Head that she was  
‘ deprived of my Company by Mr. *Bagillard*,  
‘ it was impossible to change her Opinion; and tho’  
‘ I now spent more of my Time with her than I  
‘ had ever done before, she still grew more and  
‘ more dissatisfied, till, at last, she very earnestly  
‘ desired me to quit my Lodgings, and insisted upon  
‘ it with more Vehemence than I had ever known  
‘ her express before. To say the Truth if that  
‘ excellent Woman could ever be thought unreason-  
‘ able, I think she was so on this Occasion.

‘ But in what Light soever her Desires appeared  
‘ to me, as they manifestly arose from an Affection  
‘ of which I had daily the most endearing Proofs,  
‘ I resolved to comply with her, and accordingly re-  
‘ moved to a distant Part of the Town: For it is  
‘ my Opinion that we can have but little Love for  
‘ the Person whom we will never indulge in an un-  
‘ reasonable Demand. Indeed, I was under a Dif-  
‘ ficulty with Regard to Mons. *Bagillard*; for as  
‘ I could not possibly communicate to him the true  
‘ Reason for quitting my Lodgings; so I found it  
‘ as difficult to deceive him by a counterfeit one;  
‘ besides, I was apprehensive I should have little less  
‘ of his Company than before. I could, indeed,  
‘ have avoided this Dilemma by leaving *Montpeli-*  
‘ *er*; for *Amelia* had perfectly recovered her

Health; but I had faithfully promised Captain James to wait his Return from *Italy*, whither he was gone some Time before from *Gibraltar*; nor was it proper for *Amelia* to take any long Journey, she being now near six Months gone with Child.

This Difficulty, however, proved to be less than I had imagined it; for my *French* Friend, whether he suspected any thing from my Wife's Behaviour, tho' she never, as I observed, shew'd him the least Incivility, became suddenly as cold on his Side. After our leaving the Lodgings he never made above two or three formal Visits; indeed his Time was soon after entirely taken up by an Intrigue with a certain Countess, which blazed all over *Marseilles*.

We had not been long in our new Apartments before an *English* Officer arrived at *Montpelier*, and came to lodge in the same House with us. This Gentleman, whose Name was *Bath*, was of the Rank of a Major, and had so much Singularity in his Character, that, perhaps, you never heard of any like him. He was far from having any of those bookish Qualifications, which had before caused my *Amelia's* Disquiet. It is true, his Discourse generally turned on Matters of no feminine Kind, War and martial Exploits being the ordinary Topics of his Conversation; however, as he had a Sister with whom *Amelia* was greatly pleased, an Intimacy presently grew between us, and we four lived in one Family.

The Major was a great Dealer in the Marvellous, and was constantly the little Hero of his own Tale. This made him very entertaining to *Amelia*, who of all Persons in the World hath the truest Taste and Enjoyment of the Ridiculous; for whilst no one sooner discovers it in the Character of another, no one so well conceals her Knowledge

' Knowledge of it from the ridiculous Person. I  
 ' cannot help mentioning a Sentiment of hers on  
 ' this Head, as I think it doth her great Honour.  
 ' "If I had the same Contempt," said she, "for  
 ' ridiculous People with the Generality of the  
 ' World, I should rather think them the Objects  
 ' of Tears than Laughter; but, in Reality, I  
 ' have known several who in some Parts of their  
 ' Characters have been extremely ridiculous; in  
 ' others have been altogether as amiable. For in-  
 ' stance," said she, "here is the Major who  
 ' tells of many Things which he has never seen,  
 ' and of others which he hath never done, and  
 ' both in the most extravagant Excess; and yet  
 ' how amiable is his Behaviour to his poor Sister,  
 ' whom he hath not only brought over hither for  
 ' her Health, at his own Expence, but is come to  
 ' bear her Company." "I believe, Madam, I  
 ' repeat her very Words; for I am very apt to re-  
 ' member what she says."

' You will easily believe, from a Circumstance  
 ' I have just mentioned in the Major's Favour,  
 ' especially when I have told you that his Sister was  
 ' one of the best of Girls, that it was entirely ne-  
 ' cessary to hide from her all kind of Laughter at  
 ' any Part of her Brother's Behaviour. To say  
 ' the Truth, this was easy enough to do; for the  
 ' poor Girl was so blinded with Love and Gratitude,  
 ' and so highly honoured and revered her Bro-  
 ' ther, that she had not the least Suspicion that  
 ' there was a Person in the World capable of laugh-  
 ' ing at him.

' Indeed, I am certain she never made the least  
 ' Discovery of our Ridicule; for I am well con-  
 ' vinced she would have resented it: For besides the  
 ' Love she bore her Brother, she had a little Family  
 ' Pride, which would sometimes appear. To say the  
 ' Truth, if she had any Fault, it was that of Vanity;



‘but she was a very good Girl upon the whole;  
‘and none of us are entirely free from Faults.’

‘You are a good-natured Fellow, *Will*,’ answered Miss *Mathews*, ‘but Vanity is a Fault of  
‘the first Magnitude in a Woman, and often the  
‘Occasion of many others.’

To this *Booth* made no Answer; but continued his Story.

‘In this Company we passed two or three  
‘Months very agreeably till the Major and I both  
‘betook ourselves to our several Nurseries; my  
‘Wife being brought to Bed of a Girl, and Miss  
‘*Bath* confined to her Chamber by a Surfeit,  
‘which had like to have occasioned her Death.’

Here Miss *Mathews* burst into a loud Laugh, of which when *Booth* asked the Reason, she said she could not forbear at the Thoughts of two such Nurses: ‘And did you really,’ says she, ‘make  
‘your Wife’s Caudle yourself?’

‘Indeed, Madam,’ said he, ‘I did, and do  
‘you think that so extraordinary?’

‘Indeed I do,’ answered she, ‘I thought the  
‘best Husbands had looked on their Wives lying in  
‘as a Time of Festival and Jollity. What did you  
‘not even get drunk in the Time of your Wife’s  
‘Delivery? Tell me honestly how you employ’d  
‘yourself at this Time?’

‘Why then honestly,’ replied he, ‘and in De-  
‘fiance of your Laughter, I lay behind her Bolster,  
‘and supported her in my Arms, and upon my Soul,  
‘I believe I felt more Pain in my Mind than she  
‘underwent in her Body. And now answer me  
‘as honestly: Do you really think it a proper  
‘Time of Mirth, when the Creature one loves to  
‘Distraction is undergoing the most racking Tor-  
‘ments, as well as in the most imminent Danger?  
‘And——but I need not express any more tender  
‘Circumstances.’

‘I am

"I am to answer honestly, cry'd she.—Yes, and sincerely," cries *Booth*.—"Why then honestly and sincerely," says she, "may I never see Heaven, if I don't think you an Angel of a Man."

"Nay, Madam," answered *Booth*—"but, indeed, you do me too much Honour, there are many such Husbands—Nay, have we not an Example of the like Tenderness in the Major? Tho' as to him, I believe, I shall make you laugh. While my Wife lay in, Miss *Bath* being extremely ill, I went one Day to the Door of her Apartment, to enquire after her Health, as well as for the Major, whom I had not seen during a whole Week. I knocked softly at the Door, and being bid open it, I found the Major in his Sister's Antichamber warming her Posset. His Dress was certainly whimsical enough, having on a Woman's Bed-Gown, and a very dirty Flannel Night-Cap, which being added to a very odd Person (for he is a very awkward thin Man near seven Feet high) might have formed, in the Opinion of most Men, a very proper Object of Laughter. The Major started from his Seat at my entring into the Room, and with much Emotion, and a great Oath, cry'd out, "Is it you, Sir? I then enquired after his and his Sister's Health. He answer'd, that his Sister was better, and he was very well," "Tho' I did not expect, Sir," cry'd he, with not a little Confusion, "to be seen by you in this Situation." I told him, I thought it impossible he could appear in a Situation more becoming his Character. "You do not?" answered he. "By G—"  
"I am very much obliged to you for that Opinion; but I believe, Sir, I however my Weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no Man can be more conscious of his own Dignity than myself."

"self." "His Sister then called to him from the  
 "inner Room; upon which he rang the Bell for  
 "her Servant, and then after a Stride or two across  
 "the Room, he said with an elated Aspect, "I  
 "would not have you think, Mr. Booth, because  
 "you have caught me in this Dithamble, by  
 "coming upon me a little too abruptly, I can't  
 "help saying, a little too abruptly, that I am my  
 "Sister's Nurse. I know better what is due to the  
 "Dignity of a Man, and I have shewn it in a Line  
 "of Battle.—I think I have made a Figure  
 "there, Mr. Booth, and becoming my Character;  
 "by G—— I ought not to be despised too much,  
 "if my Nature is not totally without its Weak-  
 "nesses." He utter'd this, and some more of the  
 "same kind, with great Majesty, or as he call'd  
 "it, Dignity. Indeed, he used some hard Words  
 "that I did not understand; for all his Words are  
 "not to be found in a Dictionary. Upon the  
 "whole, I could not easily refrain from Laughter;  
 "however, I conquered myself, and soon after re-  
 "tired from him, astonished that it was possible for  
 "a Man to possess true Goodness, and be, at the  
 "same time, ashamed of it.

"But if I was surprised at what had past at this  
 "Visit, how much more was I surprised the next  
 "Morning, when he came very early to my Cham-  
 "ber, and told me he had not been able to sleep  
 "one Wink at what had past between us! "There  
 "were some Words of yours," says he, "which  
 "must be further explained before we part. You  
 "told me, Sir, when you found me in that Situa-  
 "tion, which I cannot bear to recollect, that you  
 "thought I could not appear in one more becom-  
 "ing my Character; these were the Words, I  
 "shall never forget them. Do you imagine that  
 "there is any of the Dignity of a Man wanting in  
 "my Character? Do you think that I have, during  
 "my Sister's Illness, behaved with a Weakness  
 "that



“ that favours too much of Effeminacy. I know  
“ how much it is beneath a Man to whine and  
“ whimper about a trifling Girl as well as you, or  
“ any Man; and if my Sister had died, I should  
“ have behaved like a Man on the Occasion. I  
“ would not have you think I confined myself  
“ from Company merely upon her Account. I  
“ was very much disorder’d myself. And when  
“ you surpris’d me in that Situation, I repeat again  
“ in that Situation, her Nurse had not left the  
“ Room three Minutes, and I was blowing the  
“ Fire for fear it should have gone out.” In  
“ this Manner he ran on almost a Quarter of an  
“ Hour, before he would suffer me to speak. At  
“ last, looking stedfastly in his Face, I asked him  
“ if I must conclude that he was in earnest.”  
“ In earnest,” says he repeating my Words; “ Do  
“ you then take my Character for a Jest?” “ Look-  
“ ee, Sir, said I, very gravely, I think we know one  
“ another very well; and I have no Reason to sus-  
“ pect you should impute it to fear, when I tell  
“ you, I was so far from intending to affront you,  
“ that I meant you one of the highest Compliments,  
“ Tenderness for Women is so far from lessening,  
“ that it proves a true manly Character. The man-  
“ ly *Brutus* shewed the utmost Tenderness to his  
“ *Percia*; and the great King of *Sweden*, the bravest,  
“ and even fiercest of Men, shut himself up three  
“ whole Days in the midst of a Campaign, and  
“ would see no Company on the Death of a fa-  
“ vourite Sister. At these Words, I saw his Fea-  
“ tures soften; and he cry’d out, D---n me, I  
“ admire the King of *Sweden* of all the Men in the  
“ World; and he is a Rascal that is ashamed of  
“ doing any thing which the King of *Sweden* did.  
“ --- And yet if any King of *Sweden* in *France* was  
“ to tell me that his Sister had more Merit than  
“ mine; by G--- I’d knock his Brains about his  
“ Ears.

“ Ears. Poor little *Betsy*! she is the honestest,  
 “ worthiest Girl that ever was born. Heaven be  
 “ praised, she is recovered; for, if I had lost her,  
 “ I never should have enjoyed another happy Mo-  
 “ ment.”---“ In this Manner he ran on some time,  
 “ till the Tears began to overflow---which when he  
 “ perceived, he stopt; perhaps he was unable to go  
 “ on; for he seemed almost choaked:---after a short  
 “ Silence, however, having wip’d his Eyes with  
 “ his Handkerchief, he fetch’d a deep Sigh, and  
 “ cry’d, “ I am ashamed you should see this, Mr.  
 “ *Booth*; but d---n me, Nature will get the better  
 “ of Dignity,” “ I now comforted him with the  
 “ Example of *Xerxes*, as I had before done with  
 “ that of the King of *Sweden*; and soon after we sat  
 “ down to Breakfast together with much cordial  
 “ Friendship: For I assure you, with all his Od-  
 “ dity there is not a better-natured Man in the  
 “ World than the Major.”

“ Good natured, indeed!” cries Miss *Mathews*,  
 with great Scorn.-----“ A Fool! How can you  
 “ mention such a Fellow with Commendation?”

*Booth* spoke as much as he could in Defence of  
 his Friend; indeed he had represented him in as fa-  
 vourable a Light as possible, and had particularly  
 left out those hard Words, with which, as he hath  
 observed a little before, the Major interlarded his  
 Discourse. *Booth* then proceeded as in the next  
 Chapter.

## C H A P. IX

*Containing extraordinary Matters.*

“ **M**ISS *Bath*,” continued *Booth*, “ now re-  
 “ covered so fast, that she was abroad as soon  
 “ as my Wife. Our little Party Quarrels began to  
 “ grow agreeable again; and we mix’d with the  
 “ Company

‘ Company of the Place more than we had done before. *Monf. Bagillard* now again renewed his Intimacy; for the Countess his Mistress was gone to *Paris*. At which my Wife at first shewed no Dissatisfaction; and I imagined that as she had a Friend and Companion of her own Sex (for Miss *Bath* and she had contracted the highest Fondness for each other) that she would the less miss my Company. However, I was disappointed in this Expectation; for she soon began to express her former Uneasiness, and her Impatience for the Arrival of Captain *James*, that we might entirely quit *Montpelier*.

‘ I could not avoid conceiving some little Displeasure at this Humour of my Wife, which I was forced to think a little unreasonable.’ — ‘ A little, do you call it,’ says Miss *Mathews*, ‘ Good Heavens! what a Husband are you? — How little worthy,’ answered he, ‘ as you will say hereafter of such a Wife as my *Amelia*. One Day as we were sitting together, I heard a violent Scream, upon which my Wife starting up, cry’d out, “ Sure that’s Miss *Bath*’s Voice,” and immediately ran towards the Chamber whence it proceeded. I followed her; and when we arrived, we there beheld the most shocking Sight imaginable; Miss *Bath* lying dead on the Floor, and the Major all bloody kneeling by her, and roaring out for assistance. *Amelia*, tho’ she was herself in little better Condition than her Friend, ran hastily to her, bared her Neck, and attempted to loosen her Stays, while I ran up and down, scarce knowing what I did, calling for Water and Cordials, and dispatching several Servants one after another for Doctors and Surgeons.

‘ Water, Cordials, and all necessary Implements being brought, Miss *Bath* was, at length, recovered, and placed in her Chair, when the Ma-



' jor, seated himself by her. And now the young  
 ' Lady being restored to Life, the Major, who,  
 ' till then, had engaged as little of his own,  
 ' as of any other Person's Attention, became  
 ' the Object of all our Considerations, especially  
 ' his poor Sister's, who had no sooner recovered  
 ' sufficient Strength, than she began to lament her  
 ' Brother, crying out, that he was killed; and bit-  
 ' terly bewailing her Fate, in having revived from  
 ' her Swoon to behold so dreadful a Spectacle.  
 ' While *Amelia* applied herself to sooth the Ago-  
 ' nies of her Friend, I began to enquire into the  
 ' Condition of the Major. In which I was assisted  
 ' by a Surgeon, who now arrived. The Major  
 ' declared with great Chearfulness, that he did not  
 ' apprehend his Wound to be in the least dangerous,  
 ' and therefore begged his Sister to be comforted,  
 ' saying, he was convinced the Surgeon would soon  
 ' give her the same Assurance; but that good Man  
 ' was no so liberal of Assurances as the Major had  
 ' expected; for as soon as he had probed the  
 ' Wound, he afforded no more than Hopes, de-  
 ' claring that it was a very ugly Wound; but ad-  
 ' ded, by Way of Consolation, that he had cured  
 ' many much worse.

' When the Major was dress'd, his Sister seem'd  
 ' to possess his whole Thoughts, and all his Care  
 ' was to relieve her Grief. He solemnly protested;  
 ' that it was no more than a Flesh Wound, and not  
 ' very deep, nor could, as he apprehended, be in  
 ' the least dangerous; and as for the cold Expres-  
 ' sions of the Surgeon, he very well accounted for  
 ' them from a Motive too obvious to be mention'd.  
 ' From these Declarations of her Brother, and the  
 ' Interposition of her Friends; and above all, I be-  
 ' lieve, from that vast Vent which she had given  
 ' to her Fright, Miss *Bath* seem'd a little pacify'd;  
 ' *Amelia* therefore at last prevail'd; and as Ter-

ror

‘ror abated, Curiosity became the superior Passion,  
‘I therefore now began to enquire what had occasioned that Accident, whence all the Uproar  
‘arose.

‘The Major took me by the Hand, and looking very kindly at me,’ said, “My dear Mr. Booth, I must begin by asking your Pardon; for  
“I have done you an Injury, for which nothing  
“but the Height of Friendship in me can be an  
“Excuse; and therefore nothing but the Height  
“of Friendship in you can forgive.” This Pre-  
‘amble, Madam, you will easily believe, greatly  
‘alarmed all the Company, but especially me.—  
‘I answered, dear Major, I forgive you, let it be  
‘what it will; but what is it possible you can have  
‘done to injure me?” “That,” replied he,  
“which I am convinced a Man of your Honour  
“and Dignity of Nature, by G———must con-  
“clude to be one of the highest Injuries. I have  
“taken out of your own Hands the doing yourself  
“Justice. I am afraid I have killed the Man who  
“hath injured your Honour. I mean that Villain  
“*Bagillard*———but I cannot proceed; for you,  
“Madam,” said he to my Wife, “are concern-  
“ed; and I know what is due to the Dignity of  
“your Sex.”———*Amelia*, I observed, turn’d  
‘pale at these Words, but eagerly begg’d him to  
‘proceed.’———“Nay, Madam,” answered he,  
“if I am commanded by a Lady, it is a part of  
“my Dignity to obey.” ‘He then proceeded to  
‘tell us, that *Bagillard* had rallied him upon a  
‘Supposition that he was pursuing my Wife, with  
‘a View of Gallantry; telling him that he could  
‘never succeed; giving Hints that if it had been  
‘possible, he should have succeeded himself; and  
‘ending with calling my poor *Amelia* an accom-  
‘plished Prude; upon which the Major gave *Bagillard* a Box in Ear, and both immediately  
‘drew their Swords.

The Major had scarce ended his Speech, when a Servant came into the Room, and told me there was a Friar below who desired to speak with me in great Haste. I shook the Major by the Hand, and told him I not only forgave him, but was extremely obliged to his Friendship; and then going to the Friar, I found that he was *Bagillard's* Confessor, from whom he came to me, with an earnest Desire of seeing me, that he might ask my Pardon, and receive my Forgiveness before he dy'd, for the Injury he had intended me. My Wife at first oppos'd my going from sudden Fears on my Account; but when she was convinced they were groundless, she consented.

I found *Bagillard* in his Bed; for the Major's Sword had pass'd up to the very Hilt through his Body. After having very earnestly asked my Pardon, he made me many Compliments on the Possession of a Woman, who, join'd to the most exquisite Beauty, was mistress of the most impregnable Virtue; as a Proof of which, he acknowledged the Vehemence as well as ill Success of his Attempts; and to make *Amelia's* Virtue appear the brighter, his Vanity was so predominant, he could not forbear running over the Names of several Women of Fashion who had yielded to his Passion, which, he said, had never rag'd so violently for any other as for my poor *Amelia*; and that this Violence, which he had found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure his Pardon at my Hands. It is unnecessary to mention what I said on the Occasion. I assured him of my entire Forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the Truth, I afterwards thought my self almost obliged to him for a Meeting with *Amelia*, the most luxuriously delicate that can be imagined.

I now



' I now ran to my Wife, whom I embraced  
 ' with Raptures of Love and Tenderness. When  
 ' the first Torrent of these was a little abated,  
 ' Confess to me, my Dear," said she, "could  
 ' your Goodness prevent you from thinking me a  
 ' little unreasonable in expressing so much Uneasi-  
 ' ness at the Loss of your Company, while I ought  
 ' to have rejoiced in the Thoughts of your being so  
 ' well entertained? I know you must; and then  
 ' consider what I must have felt, while I knew I  
 ' was daily lessening myself in your esteem, and  
 ' forced into a Conduct, which I was sensible must  
 ' appear to you, who was ignorant of my Mo-  
 ' tive, to be mean, vulgar, and selfish. And yet  
 ' what other Course had I to take, with a Man  
 ' whom no Denial, no Scorn could abash.—But if  
 ' this was a cruel Task, how much more wretched  
 ' still was the Constraint I was obliged to wear in  
 ' his Presence before you, to shew outward Civi-  
 ' lity to the Man whom my Soul detested, for fear  
 ' of any fatal Consequences from your Suspicion;  
 ' and this too, while I was afraid he would con-  
 ' strue it to be an Encouragement. . . . Do you not  
 ' pity your poor *Amelia* when you reflect on her  
 ' Situation?"—"Pity! cry'd I, my Love, is Rity  
 ' an adequate Expression for Esteem, for Adora-  
 ' tion?—But how, my Love, could he carry this  
 ' on so secretly—by Letters?"—"O no, he offer-  
 ' ed me many; but I never would receive but one,  
 ' and that I return'd him. Good G. . . . I would  
 ' not have such a Letter in my Possession for the  
 ' Universe, I thought my Eyes contaminated with  
 ' reading it."—"O brave," cry'd Miss *Mathews*,  
 ' Heroic, I protest.

' *Had I a Wish that did not bear*

' *The Stamp and Image of my Dear,*

' *Pat*

“*I’d pierce my Heart through every Vein,  
And die to let it out again.*”

“And can you really,” cry’d he, “laugh at so much Tenderness?” “I laugh at Tenderness! O Mr. Booth,” answered she, “Thou knowest but little of *Calista*. I thought formerly,” cry’d he, “I knew a great deal, and thought you of all Women in the World to have the greatest——of all Women!—Take Care, Mr. Booth,” said she. “By Heaven, if you thought so, you thought truly---But what is the Object of my Tenderness—such an Object as”—“Well, Madam,” says he, “I hope you will find one.”—“I thank you for that Hope, however,” says she, “cold as it is; but pray go on with your Story;” which Command he immediately obeyed.

## CHAPTER. X.

*Containing a Letter of a very curious Kind.*

“THE Major’s Wound,” continued Booth, “was really as slight as he believed it; so that in a very few Days he was perfectly well; nor was *Bagillard*, tho’ run through the Body, long apprehended to be in any Danger of his Life. The Major then took me aside, and wishing me heartily joy of *Bagillard*’s Recovery, told me I should now by the Gift of Heaven, have an Opportunity of doing myself Justice. I answered I could not think of any such Thing: For that when I imagined he was on his Death-bed, I had heartily and sincerely forgiven him.” “Very right,” replied the Major, “and consistent with your Honour, when he was on his Death-Bed; but that Forgiveness was only conditional, and is revoked by his Recovery.” “I told him I could

not

‘ not possibly revoke it; for that my Anger was  
 ‘ really gone.’---“What hath Anger,” cry’d he;  
 ‘ to do with the Matter? The Dignity of my Na-  
 ‘ ture hath been always my Reason for drawing  
 ‘ my Sword; and when that is concerned, I can  
 ‘ as readily fight with the Man I love, as with the  
 ‘ Man I hate.”---“I will not tire you with the  
 ‘ Repetition of the whole Argument, in which the  
 ‘ Major did not prevail; and I really believe, I sunk  
 ‘ a little in his Esteem upon that Account, till Cap-  
 ‘ tain *James*, who arrived soon after, again perfect-  
 ‘ ly reinstated me in his Favour.”

‘ When the Captain was come, there remained  
 ‘ no Cause of our longer Stay at *Montpellier*; for  
 ‘ as to my Wife, she was in a better State of Health  
 ‘ than I had ever known her, and Miss *Bath* had  
 ‘ not only recovered her Health, but her Bloom,  
 ‘ and from a pale Skeleton, was become a plump,  
 ‘ handsome, young Woman. *James* was again  
 ‘ my Calhien; for far from receiving any Remit-  
 ‘ tance, it was now a long time since I had re-  
 ‘ ceived any Letter from *England*, tho’ both my-  
 ‘ self and my dear *Amelia* had written several both  
 ‘ to my Mother and Sister; and now at our De-  
 ‘ parture from *Montpellier*, I bethought myself of  
 ‘ writing to my good Friend the Doctor, acquaint-  
 ‘ ing him with our Journey to *Paris*, whither I de-  
 ‘ sired he would direct his Answer.”

‘ At *Paris* we all arrived, without encountering  
 ‘ any Adventure on the Road worth relating; nor  
 ‘ did any thing of Consequence happen here during  
 ‘ the first Fortnight: for as you know neither Cap-  
 ‘ tain *James* nor Miss *Bath*, it is scarce worth  
 ‘ telling you, that an Affection, which afterwards  
 ‘ ended in a Marriage, began now to appear be-  
 ‘ tween them, in which it may appear odd to you  
 ‘ that I made the first Discovery of the Lady’s  
 ‘ Flame, and my Wife of the Captain’s.

‘ The



“ The seventeenth Day after our Arrival at *Paris*,  
 “ I received a Letter from the Doctor, which I  
 “ have in my Pocket-book; and if you please I  
 “ will read it you: for I would not willingly do  
 “ any Injury to his Words.

The Lady, you may easily believe, desired to  
 hear the Letter, and *Booth* read it as follows:

“ My dear Children,  
 “ **F**OR I will now call you so, as you have  
 “ neither of you now any other Parent in  
 “ this World. Of this melancholy News I should  
 “ have sent you earlier Notice, if I had thought  
 “ you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known  
 “ whither to have writ. If your Sister hath re-  
 “ ceived any Letters from you, she hath kept  
 “ them a Secret, and perhaps out of Affection to  
 “ you hath repositied them in the same Place where  
 “ she keeps her Goodness, and, what I am afraid  
 “ is much dearer to her, her Money. The Re-  
 “ ports concerning you have been various; so is  
 “ always the Case in Matters where Men are ig-  
 “ norant: for when no Man knows what the Truth  
 “ is, every Man thinks himself at Liberty to re-  
 “ port what he pleases. Those who wish you  
 “ well, Son *Booth*, say simply that you are dead;  
 “ others that you ran away from the Siege, and  
 “ was cashiered. As for my Daughter, all agree  
 “ that she is a Saint above; and there are not  
 “ wanting those who hint that her Husband sent  
 “ her thither. From this Beginning you will ex-  
 “ pect, I suppose, better News than I am going  
 “ to tell you; but pray, my dear Children, why  
 “ may not I, who have always laughed at my own  
 “ Afflictions, laugh at yours, without the Censure  
 “ of much Malevolence? I wish you could learn  
 “ this Temper from me; for, take my Word for  
 “ it,

“ it, nothing truer ever came from the Mouth of  
“ a Heathen than that Sentence,

“ — *Leve fit quod bene fertur Onus* †.

“ And tho’ I must confess, I never thought  
“ *Aristotle* (whom I do not take for so great a  
“ Blockhead as some who have never read him)  
“ doth not very well resolve the Doubt which he  
“ hath raised in his *Ethics*, viz. How can a Man  
“ in the Midst of King *Priam*’s Misfortunes be  
“ called happy? yet I have long thought there is  
“ no Calamity so great that a Christian Philosopher  
“ may not reasonably laugh at it. If the Heathen  
“ *Cicero*, doubting of Immortality (for so wise a  
“ Man must have doubted of that which had such  
“ slender Arguments to support it) could assert it  
“ as the Office of Wisdom *Humanas res despi-*  
“ *cere atque infra se positas arbitrari* \*.

“ Which Passage, with much more to the same  
“ Purpose, you will find in the Third Book of his  
“ *Tusculan Questions*.

“ With how much greater Confidence may a  
“ good Christian despise and even deride all tem-  
“ porary and even transitory Evils! If the poor  
“ Wretch, who is trudging on to his miserable  
“ Cottage, can laugh at the Storms and Tempests,  
“ the Rain and Whirlwinds which surround him,  
“ while his richest Hope is only that of Rest, how  
“ much more chearfully must a Man pass through  
“ such transient Evils whose Spirits are buoyed  
“ up with the certain Expectation of finding a no-  
“ ble Palace, and the most sumptuous Entertain-  
“ ment ready to receive him? I do not much like  
“ the Simile; but I cannot think of a better. And

† The Burden becomes light by being well born.

\* To look down on all human Affairs as Matters  
below his Consideration.

“ yet

“ yet, inadequate as the Simile is, we may, I  
 “ think, from the Actions of Mankind, conclude  
 “ that they will consider it as much too strong;  
 “ for in the Case I have put of the Entertainment,  
 “ is there any Man so tender or poor-spirited as  
 “ not to despise and often to deride the fiercest of  
 “ those Inclemencies which I have mentioned?  
 “ but in our Journey to the glorious Mansions of  
 “ everlasting Bliss, how severely is every little  
 “ Rub, every trifling Accident lamented; and if  
 “ Fortune showers down any of her heavier Storms  
 “ upon us, how wretched do we presently appear  
 “ to ourselves and to others! The Reason of this  
 “ can be no other than that we are not in Earnest  
 “ in our Faith; at the best we think with too little  
 “ Attention on this our great Concern. While the  
 “ most paultry Matters of this World, even those  
 “ pitiful Trifles, those childish Gewgaws, Riches  
 “ and Honours, are transacted with the utmost  
 “ Earnestness, and most serious Application, the  
 “ grand and weighty Affair of Immortality is post-  
 “ poned and disregarded, nor ever brought into  
 “ the least Competition with our Affairs here. If  
 “ one of my Cloth should begin a Discourse of  
 “ Heaven in the Scenes of Business or Pleasure;  
 “ in the *Court of Requests*, at *Garaway's* or at  
 “ *White's*, would he gain a Hearing, unless per-  
 “ haps of some sorry Jester who would desire  
 “ to ridicule him? Would he not presently ac-  
 “ quire the Name of the mad Parson, and be  
 “ thought by all Men worthy of *Bedlam*? Or  
 “ would he not be treated as the *Romans* treated  
 “ their *Aretalogi*\*, and considered in the Light  
 “ of a Buffoon. But why should I mention those

\* A Set of beggarly Philosophers, who diverted  
 Great Men at their Table with burlesque Discourses on  
 Virtue.

“ Places



“ Places of Hurry and worldly Pursuit? --- What  
“ Attention do we engage, even in the Pulpit?  
“ Here, if a Sermon be prolonged a little beyond  
“ the usual Hour, doth it not set half the Audience  
“ asleep? as I question not I have by this Time  
“ both my Children.---Well then, like a good-  
“ natured Surgeon, who prepares his Patient for  
“ a painful Operation, by endeavouring as much  
“ as he can to deaden his Sensation, I will now  
“ communicate to you, in your slumbring Condi-  
“ tion, the News with which I threatened you.  
“ Your good Mother, you are to know, is dead  
“ at last, and hath left her whole Fortune to her  
“ elder Daughter.---This is all the ill News I  
“ have to tell you. Confess now, if you are a-  
“ wake, did you not expect it was much worse?  
“ Did not you apprehend that your charming  
“ Child was dead? Not in the least so, he is, in  
“ perfect Health, and the Admiration of every  
“ Body; what is more, he will be taken Care of,  
“ with the Tenderness of a Parent, till your Re-  
“ turn. What Pleasure must this give you! If, in-  
“ deed any thing can add to the Happiness of a  
“ married Couple, who are extremely and de-  
“ servedly fond of each other, and as you write  
“ me, in perfect Health. A superstitious Heathen  
“ would have dreaded the Malice of *Nemesis* in  
“ your Situation; but as I am a Christian I shall  
“ venture to add another Circumstance to your  
“ Felicity, by assuring you that you have besides  
“ your Wife a faithful and zealous Friend.---Do  
“ not therefore, my dear Children, fall into that  
“ Fault which the excellent *Thucydides* observes,  
“ is too common in human Nature, to bear heavily  
“ by the being deprived of the smaller Good, without  
“ conceiving at the same time any Gratitude for  
“ the much greater Blessings which we are suffer-  
“ ed to enjoy. I have only farther to tell you,  
“ my

“ my Son, that when you call at Mr. *Morand's*,  
“ *Rue Dauphine*, you will find yourself worth a  
“ hundred Pounds. Good Heaven! how much  
“ richer are you than Millions of People who are  
“ in want of nothing! Farewel, and know me  
“ for

“ Your sincere and affectionate Friend.”

There, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ how do you like  
‘ the Letter ?

‘ Oh ! extremely,’ answered she, ‘ the Doctor  
‘ is a charming Man, I always loved dearly to hear  
‘ him preach. I remember to have heard of Mrs.  
‘ *Harris's* Death above a Year before I left the  
‘ Country ; but never knew the Particulars of her  
‘ Will before. I am extremely sorry for it, upon  
‘ my Honour.’

‘ Oh fy ! Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ have you so  
‘ soon forgot the chief Purport of the Doctor's  
‘ Letter ?’

‘ Ay ay,’ cried she, ‘ these are very pretty  
‘ Things to read, I acknowledge ; but the Loss of  
‘ Fortune is a serious Matter ; and I am sure a Man  
‘ of Mr. *Booth's* Understanding must think so.’  
‘ One Consideration, I must own, Madam,’ an-  
‘ swered he, ‘ a good deal baffled all the Doctor's  
‘ Arguments. This was the Concern for my lit-  
‘ tle growing Family, who must one Day feel the  
‘ Loss ; nor was I so easy upon *Amelia's* Account  
‘ as upon my own, tho' she herself put on the ut-  
‘ most Chearfulness, and stretched her Invention  
‘ to the utmost to comfort me.—But sure, Ma-  
‘ dam, there is something in the Doctor's Letter  
‘ to admire beyond the Philosophy of it ; what  
‘ think you of that easy, generous, friendly Manner  
‘ in which he sent me the hundred Pounds ?’

‘ Very

‘ Very noble and great indeed,’ replied she,  
‘ but pray go on with your Story ; for I long to  
‘ hear the whole.’

## CHAP. XI.

*In which Mr. Booth relates his Return to Eng-  
land.*

‘ **N**OTHING remarkable, as I remember,  
‘ happened during our Stay at *Paris*, which  
‘ we left soon after and came to *London*. Here we  
‘ rested only two Days, and then, taking Leave  
‘ of our Fellow-travellers, we set out for *Wiltshire*,  
‘ my Wife being so impatient to see the Child,  
‘ which she had left behind her, that the Child she  
‘ carried with her was almost killed with the Fa-  
‘ tigue of the Journey.

‘ We arrived at our Inn late in the Evening.  
‘ *Amelia*, tho’ she had no great Reason to be plea-  
‘ sed with any Part of her Sister’s Behaviour, re-  
‘ solved to behave to her, as if nothing wrong had  
‘ ever happened. She therefore sent a kind Note  
‘ to her the Moment of our Arrival, giving her  
‘ her Option whether she would come to us at the  
‘ Inn, or whether we should that Evening wait  
‘ on her. The Servant, after waiting an Hour,  
‘ brought us an Answer, excusing her from com-  
‘ ing to us so late, as she was disordered with a  
‘ Cold, and desiring my Wife by no Means to  
‘ think of venturing out after the Fatigue of her  
‘ Journey, saying, she would on that Account de-  
‘ fer the great Pleasure of seeing her till the Morn-  
‘ ing, without taking any more Notice of your  
‘ humble Servant, than if no such Person had been  
‘ in the World, tho’ I had very civilly sent my  
‘ Compliments to her. I should not mention this  
‘ Trifle, if it was not to shew you the Nature of  
‘ the



‘ the Woman, and that it will be a kind of Key to  
‘ her future Conduct.

‘ When the Servant returned, the good Doctor,  
‘ who had been with us almost all the time of his  
‘ Absence, hurried us away to his House, where  
‘ we presently found a Supper and a Bed prepared  
‘ for us. My Wife was eagerly desirous to see  
‘ her Child that Night; but the Doctor would  
‘ not suffer it; and as he was at Nurse at a di-  
‘ stant Part of the Town, and the Doctor as-  
‘ sured her he had seen him in perfect Health that  
‘ Evening, she suffered herself at last to be dis-  
‘ suaded.

‘ We spent that Evening in the most agreeable  
‘ Manner: for the Doctor’s Wit and Humour,  
‘ joined to the highest Chearfulness and Good-na-  
‘ ture, made him the most agreeable Companion  
‘ in the World; and he was now in the highest  
‘ Spirits, which he was pleased to place to our Ac-  
‘ count. We sat together to a very late Hour:  
‘ for so excellent is my Wife’s Constitution, that  
‘ she declared she was scarce sensible of any Fatigue  
‘ from her late Journies.

‘ *Amelia* slept not a Wink all Night, and in the  
‘ Morning early the Doctor accompanied us to the  
‘ little Infant. The Transports we felt on this  
‘ Occasion are really unspeakable, nor can any but  
‘ a fond Parent conceive, I am certain, the least  
‘ Idea of them. Our Imaginations suggested a  
‘ hundred agreeable Circumstances, none of which  
‘ had perhaps any Foundation. We made Words  
‘ and Meaning out of every Sound, and in every  
‘ Feature found out some Resemblance of *Amelia*,  
‘ as she did to me.

‘ But I ask your Pardon for dwelling on such In-  
‘ cidents; and will proceed to Scenes which to most  
‘ Persons will be more entertaining.

‘ We

‘ We went hence to pay a Visit to Miss *Harris*,  
‘ whose Reception of us was, I think, truly ridi-  
‘ culous ; and as you know the Lady, I will en-  
‘ deavour to describe it particularly. At our first  
‘ Arrival we were ushered into a Parlour, where  
‘ we were suffered to wait almost an Hour. At  
‘ length the Lady of the House appeared in deep  
‘ Mourning, with a Face, if possible, more dismal  
‘ than her Dress, in which, however, there was  
‘ every Appearance of Art. Her Features were  
‘ indeed skrewed up to the very Height of Grief.  
‘ With this Face, and in the most solemn Gait,  
‘ she approached *Amelia*, and coldly saluted her.  
‘ After which she made me a very distant formal  
‘ Courtesy, and we all sat down. A short Silence  
‘ now ensued, which Miss *Harris* at length broke,  
‘ with a deep Sigh, and said, Sister, here is a great  
‘ Alteration in this Place since you saw it last ;  
‘ Heaven hath been pleased to take my poor Mo-  
‘ ther to itself. — (Here she wiped her Eyes, and  
‘ then continued) “ I hope I know my Duty, and  
‘ have learned a proper Resignation to the divine  
‘ Will ; but something is to be allowed to Grief  
‘ for the best of Mothers ; for so she was to us  
‘ both : and if at last she made any Distinction,  
‘ she must have had her Reasons for so doing. I  
‘ am sure I can truly say I never wished, much  
‘ less desired it.” ‘ The Tears now stood in poor  
‘ *Amelia*’s Eyes ; indeed she had paid too many al-  
‘ ready for the Memory of so unnatural a Parent.  
‘ She answered with the Sweetness of an Angel,  
‘ that she was far from blaming her Sister’s Emo-  
‘ tions on so tender an Occasion ; that she heartily  
‘ joined with her in her Grief : for that nothing  
‘ which her Mother had done in the latter Part of  
‘ her Life, could efface the Remembrance of that  
‘ Tenderness which she had formerly shewn her.  
‘ Her Sister caught hold of the Word Efface, and  
‘ rung

“ rung the Changes upon it.——“ Efface !” cried  
“ she, “ O Miss *Emily* (for you must not expect  
“ me to repeat Names that will be for ever odious)  
“ I wish indeed every thing could be effaced.——  
“ Effaced ! O that that was possible ; we might  
“ then have still enjoyed my poor Mother : for I  
“ am convinced she never recovered her Grief on  
“ a certain Occasion.” —— Thus she ran on, and  
“ after many bitter Strokes upon her Sister, at last  
“ directly charged her Mother’s Death on my Mar-  
“ riage with *Amelia*. I could be silent then no long-  
“ er. I reminded her of the perfect Reconciliation  
“ between us before my Departure, and the great  
“ Fondness which she expressed for me ; nor could  
“ I help saying in very plain Terms, that if she had  
“ ever changed her Opinion of me, as I was not  
“ conscious of having deserved such a Change by  
“ my own Behaviour, I was well convinced to  
“ whose good Offices I owed it. Guilt hath very  
“ quick Ears to an Accusation. Miss *Harris* im-  
“ mediately answered to the Charge. She said such  
“ Suspicions were no more than she expected ; that  
“ they were of a Piece with every other Part of my  
“ Conduct, and gave her one Consolation, that they  
“ served to account for her Sister *Emily*’s Unkind-  
“ ness, as well to herself as to her poor deceased  
“ Mother, and in some Measure lessened the Guilt  
“ of it with Regard to her, since it was not easy  
“ to know how far a Woman is in the Power of  
“ her Husband. My dear *Amelia* reddened at this  
“ Reflection on me ; and begged her Sister to name  
“ any single Instance of Unkindness or Disrespect,  
“ in which she had ever offended. To this the o-  
“ ther answered, (I am sure I repeat her Words,  
“ tho’ I cannot mimic either the Voice or Air with  
“ which they were spoken)—“ Pray, Miss *Emily*,  
“ which is to be the Judge, yourself or that Gen-  
“ tleman ? I remember the time when I could  
“ have



“ have trusted to your Judgment in any Affair ;  
“ but you are now no longer Mistress of yourself,  
“ and are not answerable for your Actions. In-  
“ deed it is my constant Prayer that your Actions  
“ may not be imputed to you. — It was the con-  
“ stant Prayer of that blessed Woman, my dear  
“ Mother, who is now a Saint above ; a Saint  
“ whose Name I can never mention without a  
“ Tear, tho’ I find you can hear it without one.  
“ — I cannot help observing some Concern on  
“ so melancholy an Occasion ; it seems due to De-  
“ cency ; but perhaps (for I always wish to excuse  
“ you) you are forbid to cry.” The Idea of be-  
“ ing bid or forbid to cry struck so strongly on my  
“ Fancy, that Indignation only could have prevent-  
“ ed me from laughing. But my Narrative, I am  
“ afraid, begins to grow tedious. — In short, af-  
“ ter hearing, for near an Hour, every malicious In-  
“ sinuation which a fertile Genius could invent, we  
“ took our Leave, and separated as Persons who  
“ would never willingly meet again.

“ The next Morning, after this Interview, *Amelia*  
“ received a long Letter from Miss *Harris* ; in  
“ which, after many bitter Invectives against me,  
“ she excused her Mother, alledging that she had  
“ been driven to do as she did, in order to prevent  
“ *Amelia*’s Ruin, if her Fortune had fallen into my  
“ Hands. She likewise very remotely hinted that  
“ she would be only a Trustee for her Sister’s Chil-  
“ dren, and told her, that on one Condition only  
“ she would consent to live with her as a Sister.  
“ This was, if she could by no Means be sepa-  
“ rated from that Man, as she was pleased to call  
“ me, who had caused so much Mischief in the Fa-  
“ mily.

“ I was so enraged at this Usage that had not  
“ *Amelia* intervened, I believe I should have appli-  
“ ed to a Magistrate for a Search-warrant for that

Picture, which there was so much Reason to suspect she had stolen; and which, I am convinced, upon a Search, we should have found in her Possession.

Nay, it is possible enough, cries Miss Mathews; for I believe there is no Wickedness of which the Lady is not capable.

This agreeable Letter was succeeded by another of the like comfortable kind, which informed me that the Company in which I was, being an additional one raised in the Beginning of the War, was reduced; so that I was now a Lieutenant on half-pay.

Whilst we were meditating on our present Situation, the good Doctor came to us. When we related to him the Manner in which my Sister had treated us, he cried out, "Poor Soul! I pity her heartily;" for this is the severest Repentment he ever expresses; indeed I have often heard him say, that a wicked Soul is the greatest Object of Compassion in the World. — A Sentiment which we shall leave the Reader a little time to digest.

## C H A P. XII.

*In which Mr. Booth concludes his Story.*

THE next Day the Doctor set out for his Parsonage, which was about thirty Miles distant, whither *Amelia* and myself accompanied him, and where we stayed with him all the Time of his Residence there, being almost three Months.

The Situation of the Parish under my good Friend's Care is very pleasant. It is placed among Meadows washed by a clear Trout Stream, and flanked on both Sides with Downs. His House

House indeed would not much attract the Admiration of the Virtuoso. He built it himself, and it is remarkable only for its Plainness; with which the Furniture so well agrees, that there is no one thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except Books, and the Prints of Mr. *Hogarth*, whom he calls a moral Painter, and says no Clergyman should be without all his Works, in the Knowledge of which he would have him instruct his Parishioners, as he himself often doth.

Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable than the Life that the Doctor leads in this homely House, which he calls his earthly Paradise. All his Parishioners, whom he treats as his Children, regard him as their common Father. Once in a Week he constantly visits every House in the Parish, examines, commends, and rebukes, as he finds Occasion. This is practised likewise by his Curate in his Absence; and so good an Effect is produced by this their Care, that no Quarrels ever proceed either to Blows or Law suits; no Beggar is to be found in the whole Parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane Oath all the Time I lived in it.

But to return, from so agreeable a Digression, to my own Affairs, that are much less worthy your Attention. In the midst of all the Pleasures I tasted in this sweet Place, and in the most delightful Company, the Woman and Man whom I loved above all Things, melancholy Reflections concerning my unhappy Circumstances would often steal into my Thoughts. My Fortune was now reduced to less than Forty Pounds a Year; I had already two Children, and my dear *Amelia* was again with Child.

One Day the Doctor found me sitting by myself, and employed in melancholy Contemplations



“ on this Subject. He told me he had observed me  
“ growing of late very serious ; that he knew the  
“ Occasion, and neither wondered at, nor blamed  
“ me. He then asked me if I had any Prospect of  
“ going again into the Army ; if not, what Scheme  
“ of Life I proposed to myself.

“ I told him, that as I had no powerful Friends,  
“ I could have but little Expectations in a military  
“ Way ; that I was as incapable of thinking of any  
“ other Scheme, as all Business required some Know-  
“ ledge or Experience, and likewise Money to set  
“ up with ; of all which I was destitute.

“ You must know then,” Child, said the Doctor,  
“ that I have been thinking on this Subject as well  
“ as you : for I can think, I promise you, with  
“ a pleasant Countenance.” “ These were his  
“ Words. “ As to the Army, perhaps Means might  
“ be found of getting you another Commission ;  
“ but my Daughter seems to have a violent Objec-  
“ tion to it ; and to be plain, I fancy you your-  
“ self will find no Glory make you amends for your  
“ Absence from her. And for my Part,” said he,  
“ I never think those Men wise who for any  
“ worldly Interest forego the greatest Happiness  
“ of their Lives. If I mistake not,” said he,  
“ a Country Life, where you could be always to-  
“ gether, would make you both much happier Peo-  
“ ple.”

“ I answered, that of all Things I preferred it  
“ most ; and I believed *Amelia* was of the same O-  
“ pinion.

“ The Doctor, after a little Hesitation, pro-  
“ posed to me to turn Farmer, and offered to  
“ let me his Parsonage, which was then become  
“ vacant. He said, it was a Farm which required  
“ but little Stock, and that little should not be  
“ wanting.

“ I embraced

‘ I embraced this Offer very eagerly, and with great Thankfulness, and immediately repaired to *Amelia* to communicate it to her, and to know her Sentiments.

‘ *Amelia* received the News with the highest Transports of Joy; she said that her greatest Fear had always been of my entering again into the Army. She was so kind as to say, that all Stations of Life were equal to her, unless as one afforded her more of my Company than another.’ ‘ And as to our Children,’ said she, ‘ let us breed them up to an humble Fortune; and they will be contented with it: For none,’ added my Angel, ‘ deserve Happiness, or indeed, are capable of it, who make any particular Station a necessary Ingredient.’

‘ Thus, Madam, you see me degraded from my former Rank in Life; no longer Captain *Booth*, but Farmer *Booth* at your Service.

‘ During my first Year’s Continuance in this new Scene of Life, nothing, I think, remarkable happened; the History of one Day would, indeed, be the History of the whole Year.’

‘ Well, pray then,’ said Miss *Matthews*, ‘ do let us hear the History of that Day; I have a strange Curiosity to know how you could kill your Time; and do, if possible, find out the very best Day you can.’

‘ If you command me, Madam,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ you must yourself be accountable for the Dulness of the Narrative. Nay, I believe, you have imposed a very difficult Task on me; for the greatest Happiness is incapable of Description.’

‘ Nay, nay,’ replied she, ‘ I can guess at your greatest Happiness, but describe as much as you can.’

‘ I arose then, Madam,’ cry’d *Booth*, —

‘ O the Moment you waked, undoubtedly,’  
‘ said Miss *Mathews*. —

‘ Perhaps not so, Madam,’ said he, ‘ but usually  
I rose between Five and Six.’

‘ I will have no *usually*,’ cry’d Miss *Mathews*,  
‘ you are confined to a Day, and it is to be the best  
and happiest in the Year.’

‘ Nay, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ then I must tell  
you the Day in which *Amelia* was brought to Bed,  
after a painful and dangerous Labour; for that I  
think was the happiest Day of my Life.’

‘ I protest,’ said she, ‘ you are become Farmer  
*Booth*, indeed. What a Happiness have you  
painted to my Imagination! You put me in  
Mind of a News-Paper, where my Lady such-a-  
one is delivered of a Son, to the great Joy of  
some illustrious Family.

‘ Why then, I do assure you, Miss *Mathews*,’  
cries *Booth*, ‘ I scarce know a Circumstance that  
distinguished one Day from another. The whole  
was one continued Series of Love, Health, and  
Tranquillity. Our Lives resembled a calm Sea.’

‘ The dullest of all Ideas,’ cries the Lady.

‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ it must appear dull in De-  
scription; for who can describe the Pleasures  
which the Morning Air gives to one in perfect  
Health; the Flow of Spirits which springs up  
from Exercise; the Delights which Parents feel  
from the Prattle, and innocent Follies of their  
Children; the Joy with which the tender Smile  
of a Wife inspires a Husband; or lastly, the  
cheerful, solid Comfort which a fond Couple en-  
joy in each other’s Conversation. — All these  
Pleasures, and every other of which our Situa-  
tion was capable, we tasted in the highest De-  
gree. Our Happiness was, perhaps, too great;  
for Fortune seemed to grow envious of it, and  
interposed one of the most cruel Accidents that  
could



‘ could have befallen us, by robbing us of our dear Friend the Doctor.’

‘ I am sorry for it,’ said Miss *Mathews*. ‘ He was indeed a valuable Man, and I never heard of his Death before.’

‘ Long may it be before any one hears of it,’ cries *Tooth*. ‘ He is, indeed, dead to us ; but will, I hope, enjoy many happy Years of Life. You know, Madam, the Obligations he had to his Patron the Earl ; indeed, it was impossible to be once in his Company without hearing of them ; I am sure you will neither wonder that he was chosen to attend the young Lord in his Travels as his Tutor, nor that the good Man, however disagreeable it might be (as in Fact it was) to his Inclinations, should comply with the earnest Request of his Friend and Patron.

‘ By this Means I was bereft not only of the best Companion in the World, but of the best Counsellor ; a Loss of which I have since felt the bitter Consequence : For no greater Advantage, I am convinced, can arrive to a young Man who hath any Degree of Understanding, than an intimate Converse with one of riper Years, who is not only able to advise, but who knows the Manner of advising. By this means alone Youth can enjoy the Benefit of the Experience of Age, and that at a time of Life when such Experience will be of more Service to a Man, than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it of himself.

‘ From Want of my sage Counsellor I now fell into many Errors. . . The first of these was in enlarging my Business, by adding a Farm of 100*l*. a Year to the Parsonage ; in renting which I had also as bad a Bargain as the Doctor had before given me a good one. . . The Consequence of which was, that whereas at the End of the first Year, I was worth upwards of Fourscore Pounds,

at the End of the Second, I was near half that Sum worfe (as the Phrase is) than nothing.

A second Folly I was guilty of, in uniting Families with the Curate of the Parish, who had just married, as my Wife and I thought, a very good Sort of a Woman. We had not, however, lived one Month together before I plainly perceived this good Sort of Woman had taken a great Prejudice against my *Amelia*; for which, if I had not known something of the human Passions, and that high Place which Envy holds among them, I should not have been able to account: For so far was my Angel from having given her any Cause of Dislike, that she had treated her not only with Civility but Kindness.

Besides Superiority in Beauty, which, I believe, all the World would have allowed to *Amelia*, there was another Cause of this Envy, which I am almost ashamed to mention, as it may well be called my greatest Folly. You are to know then, Madam, that from a Boy I had been always fond of driving a Coach, in which I valued myself on having some Skill. This perhaps, was an innocent, but I allow it to have been a childish Vanity. As I had an Opportunity, therefore, of buying an old Coach and Harness very cheap, (indeed they cost me but Twelve Pound) and as I considered that the same Horses which drew my Waggons, would likewise draw my Coach, I resolved on indulging myself in the Purchase.

The Consequence of setting up this poor old Coach is inconceivable. Before this, as my Wife and myself had very little distinguished ourselves from the other Farmers and their Wives, either in our Dress, or our Way of Living, they treated us as their Equals; but now they began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a State of

of Superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, and declare War against us. The neighbouring little Squires too were uneasy to see a poor Renter become their Equal in a Matter in which they placed so much Merit; and not doubting but it arose in me from the same Ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and to turn my Equipage into Ridicule; asserting that my Horses, which were as well matched as any in the Kingdom, were of different Colours and Sizes; with much more of that Kind of Wit, the only Basis of which is lying.

But what will appear most surprizing to you, Madam; was, that the Curate's Wife, who being lame, had more Use of the Coach than my *Amelia*, (indeed, she seldom went to Church in any other Manner) was one of my bitterest Enemies on the Occasion. If she had ever any Dispute with *Amelia*, which all the Sweetness of my poor Girl could not sometimes avoid, she was sure to introduce with a malicious Snar, *Tho' my Husband doth not keep a Coach, Madam.* Nay, she took this Opportunity to upbraid my Wife with the Loss of her Fortune, alledging, *That some Folks might have had as good Pretensions to a Coach as other Folks; and a better too, as they brought a better Fortune to their Husbands. But that all People had not the Art of making Brick without Straw.*

You will wonder, perhaps, Madam, how I can remember such Stuff, which, indeed, was a long time only Matter of Amusement to both *Amelia* and myself; but we, at last, experienced the mischievous Nature of Envy, and that it tends rather to produce tragical than comical Events. My Neighbours now began to conspire, against me. They Nick-named me in Derision, *THE SQUIRE FARMER.* What ever I bought,



‘ I was sure to buy dearer ; and when I sold, I was  
‘ obliged to sell cheaper than any other. In Fact,  
‘ they were all united ; and while they every Day  
‘ committed Trespasses on my Lands with Impu-  
‘ nity, if any of my Cattle escaped into their Fields,  
‘ I was either forced to enter into a Law-suit, or  
‘ to make amends four-fold for the Damage suf-  
‘ tained.

‘ The Consequences of all this could be no c-  
‘ ther than that Ruin which ensued. Without tir-  
‘ ing you with Particulars, before the End of four  
‘ Years, I became involved in Debt near 300l.  
‘ more than the Value of all my Effects. My  
‘ Land-lord seized my Stock for Rent ; and to a-  
‘ void immediate Confinement in Prison, I was  
‘ forced to leave the Country, with all that I hold  
‘ dear in the World, my Wife, and my poor lit-  
‘ tle Family.

‘ In this Condition, I arrived in Town five or  
‘ six Days ago. I had just taken a Lodging in the  
‘ Verge of the Court, and had writ my dear *Amelia*  
‘ Word where she might find me, when she had ser-  
‘ tled her Affairs in the best Manner she could. That  
‘ very Evening, as I was returning Home from a  
‘ Coffee-house, a Fray happening in the Street, I  
‘ endeavoured to assist the injured Party, when I  
‘ was seized by the Watch, and after being con-  
‘ fined all Night in the Round-house, was convey-  
‘ ed in the Morning before a Justice of Peace, who  
‘ committed me hither ; where I should probably  
‘ have starved, had I not, from your Hands, found  
‘ a most unaccountable Preservation. — And here,  
‘ give me leave to assure you, my dear Miss *Ma-*  
‘ *thews*, that whatever Advantage I may have reap-  
‘ ed from your Misfortune, I sincerely lament it ;  
‘ nor would I have purchased any Relief to myself  
‘ at the Price of seeing you in this dreadful Place.’

He

He spake these last Words with great Tenderneſs: For he was a Man of conſummate Good-nature, and had formerly had much Affection for this young Lady; indeed, more than the Generality of People are capable of entertaining for any Perſon whatſoever.

## C H A P. I.

Containing the Story of the young Lady's

**M**rs. Amelia was the daughter of a Gentleman of a good Family, and was born in the year 1712. She was educated in the most liberal manner, and was very well acquainted with the French Language, and the History of France. She was also very fond of Music, and was particularly expert in the Violin. She was a very sensible and virtuous young Lady, and was very much beloved by all who knew her. She was married to a young Gentleman of a good Family, and they lived happily together for many years. She was a very good Mother, and her children were all well educated and virtuous. She died in the year 1745, and was buried in the Church of St. James's.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

[180]  
**A M E L I A.**  
**B O O K IV.**

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**C H A P. I.**

*Containing very mysterious Matter.*

**M**ISS Mathews did not in the least fall short of Mr. Booth in Expressions of Tenderness. Her Eyes, the most eloquent Orators on such Occasions, exerted their utmost Force; and at the Conclusion of his Speech, *she cast a Look as languishingly sweet, as ever Cleopatra gave to Anthony.* In real fact, this Mr. Booth had been her first Love, and had made those Impressions on her young Heart, which the Learned in this Branch of Philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

When Booth had finished his Story, a Silence ensued of some Minutes; an Interval which the Painter would describe much better than the Writer. Some Readers may however be able to make pretty pertinent Conjectures, by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss Mathews broke the Silence by a Sigh, and cried, 'why is Mr. Booth unwilling to allow me the Happiness of thinking my Misfortunes have been of some little Advantage to him? Sure the happy Amelia would not be so selfish to envy me that Pleasure. No; not if she was as much the fondest as she is the happiest of Women. Good Heavens! Madam,' said he, 'do you call my poor Amelia the  
'happiest.



‘happiest of Women?’ ‘Indeed I do,’ answered she briskly. — ‘O Mr. Booth, there is a speck of White in her Fortune, which when it falls to the Lot of a sensible Woman, makes her full Amends for all the Crosses which can attend her — Perhaps she may be sensible of it; but if it had been my blest Fate — O Mr. Booth, could I have thought when we were first acquainted, that the most agreeable Man in the World had been capable of making the kind, the tender, the affectionate Husband — the happy *Amelia* in those Days was unknown; Heaven had not then given her a Prospect of the Happiness it intended her — but yet it did intend it her: For sure there is a Fatality in the Affairs of Love; and the more I reflect on my own Life, the more I am convinced of it. O Heavens! how a thousand little Circumstances crowd into my Mind. When you first marched into our Town, you had then the Colours in your hand; as you passed under the Window where I stood, my Glove by accident dropt into the Street; you stopt, took up my Glove, and putting it upon the Spike belonging to your Colours, lifted it up to the Window. Upon this, a young Lady, who stood by, said, So, Miss, the young Officer hath accepted your Challenge. I blush’d then, and I blush now, when I confess to you, I thought you the prettiest young Fellow I had ever seen; and, upon my Soul, I believe you was then the prettiest Fellow in the World! — Booth here made a low Bow, and cried — ‘O dear Madam, how ignorant was I of my own Happiness! Would you really have thought so?’ answered she; ‘however, there is some Politeness, if there be no Sincerity in what you say.’ Here the Governor of the enchanted Castle interrupted, and entering the Room without any Ceremony, acquainted the Lady and Gentleman

Gentleman, that it was locking-up time; and addressing *Booth* by the Name of Captain, asked him if he would not please to have a Bed; adding, that he might have one in the next Room to the Lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a Bed in that Room under a Guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his Father.

No Answer was made to this Proposal; but Miss *Mathews*, who had already learnt some of the Ways of the House, said, she believed Mr. *Booth* would like to drink a Glass of something; upon which, the Governor immediately trumpeted forth the Praises of his Rack-Punch, and without waiting for any farther Commands, presently produced a large Bowl of that Liquor.

The Governor having recommended the Goodness of his Punch by a hearty Draught began to revive the other Matter, saying that he was just going to Bed, and must first lock up. — But suppose, said Miss *Mathews*, with a Smile, the Captain and I should have a Mind to sit up all Night —

With all my Heart said the Governor; but I expect a Consideration for those Matters. For my Part, I don't enquire into what doth not concern me; but single and double are two things. If I lock up double, I expect half a Guinea; and I'm sure the Captain cannot think that out of the way — It is but the Price of a Bagno.

Miss *Mathews*'s Face became of the Colour of Scarlet at those Words — However, she mustered up her Spirits, and turning to *Booth*, said, what say you, Captain? for my own Part, I had never less Inclination to Sleep, which hath the greater Charms for you, the Punch or the Pillow? I hope, Madam, answered *Booth*, you have a better Opinion of me, than to doubt my preferring Miss *Mathews*'s Conversation to either. I

assure

“assure you,” replied she, it is no Compliment to you, to say I prefer yours to Sleep at this Time.”

The Governor, then, having received his Fee, departed: and turning the Key, left the Gentleman and the Lady to themselves.

In Imitation of him, we lock up likewise a Scene which we do not think proper to expose to the Eyes of the Public. If any over curious Readers should be disappointed on this Occasion, we will recommend such Readers to the Apologies with which certain gay Ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the World, where they will possibly find every thing recorded, that past at this Interval.

But tho’ we decline painting the whole Scene, it is not our Intention to conceal from the World the Frailty of Mr. Booth; or of his fair Partner, who certainly past that Evening, in a Manner inconsistent with the strict Rules of Virtue and Chastity.

To say the Truth, we are much more concerned for the Behaviour of the Gentleman, than of the Lady, not only for his Sake, but for the Sake of the best Woman in the World, whom we should be sorry to consider as yoked to a Man of no Worth nor Honour.

We desire therefore the good-natured and candid Reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky Circumstances which concurred so critically, that Fortune seemed to have used her utmost Endeavours to ensnare poor Booth’s Constancy. Let the Reader set before his Eyes a fine young Woman, in a manner a first Love, conferring obligations, and using every Art to soften, to allure, to win, and to enflame; let him consider the Time and Place; let him remember that Mr. Booth was a young Fellow, in the highest Vigour of Life; and lastly, let him add one single Circumstance, that the Parties were alone together; and then if he will not



not acquit the Defendant, he must be convicted; for I have nothing more to say in his Defence.

## C H A P. II.

*The latter Part of which we expect will please our Reader better than the former.*

**A** Whole Week did our Lady and Gentleman live in this criminal Conversation, in which the Happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for tho' the Charms of Miss *Mathews*, and her excessive Endearments, sometimes lulled every Thought in the sweet Lethargy of Pleasure; yet in the Intervals of his Fits, his Virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the Image of poor injured *Amelia* to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this World only, it is the Interest of every Man to be either perfectly good, or completely bad. He had better destroy his Conscience, than gently wound it. The many bitter Reflections which every bad Action costs a Mind in which there are any Remains of Goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest Pleasures which such an Action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. *Booth*. Repentance never failed to follow his Transgressions; and yet so perverse is our Judgment, and so slippery is the Descent of Vice, when once we are entered into it; the same Crime which he now repented of, became a Reason for doing that which was to cause his future Repentance; and he continued to sin on, because he had begun. His Repentance however returned still heavier and heavier, till at last it flung him into a Melancholy, which Miss *Mathews* plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some Resentment in obscure Hints, and ironical Compliments on *Amelia's* Superiority to her whole

whole Sex, who could not cloy a gay young Fellow by many Years Possession. She would then repeat the Compliments which others had made to her own Beauty—and could not forbear once crying out : ‘ Upon my Soul ! my dear *Billy*, I believe the chief Disadvantage on my Side, is in my superior Fondness ; for Love, in the Minds of Men, hath one Quality at least of a Fever, which is to prefer Coldness in the Object. Confess, dear *Will*, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool Air of a Prude’——*Booth* fetched a deep Sigh, and begged her never more to mention *Amelia*’s Name——‘ O *Will*,’ cries she, ‘ did that Request proceed from the Motive I could wish, I should be the happiest of Womankind. —— You would not sure, Madam,’ said *Booth*, ‘ desire a Sacrifice, which I must be a Villain to make to any ? Desire !’ answered she, ‘ are there any Bounds to the Desires of Love ! Have not I been sacrificed ? Hath not my first Love been torn from my bleeding Heart ?——I claim a prior Right——As for Sacrifices, I can make them too ; and would sacrifice the whole World at the least Call of my Love.’

Here she delivered a Letter to *Booth*, which she had received within an Hour, the Contents of which were these :

‘ Dearest Madam,

‘ Those only who truly know what Love is, can have any Conception of the Horrors I felt at hearing of your Confinement at my Arrival in Town, which was this Morning. I immediately sent my Lawyer to enquire into the Particulars, who brought me the agreeable News that the Man, whose Heart’s Blood ought not to be valued at the Rate of a single Hair of yours, is entirely out of all Danger, and that you might be

‘ admitted

‘admitted to Bail. I presently ordered him to go  
 ‘with two of my Tradesmen, who are to be bound  
 ‘in any Sum for your Appearance, if he should  
 ‘be mean enough to prosecute you. Tho’ you  
 ‘may expect my Attorney with you soon, I would  
 ‘not delay sending this, as I hope the News will  
 ‘be agreeable to you. My Chariot will attend at  
 ‘the same time to carry you where ever you please.  
 ‘You may easily guess what a Violence I have  
 ‘done to myself in not waiting on you in Person;  
 ‘but I who know your Delicacy, feared it might  
 ‘offend, and that you might think me ungenerous  
 ‘enough to hope from your Distresses that Happi-  
 ‘ness, which I am resolved to owe to your free  
 ‘Gift alone, when your Good-nature shall induce  
 ‘you to bestow on me what no Man living can  
 ‘merit. I beg you will pardon all the Contents of  
 ‘this hasty Letter, and do me the honour of be-  
 ‘lieving me,

“Dearest Madam,

“Your most passionate Admirer,

‘and most obedient humble Servant,

D A M O N.

*Booth* thought he had somewhere before seen the  
 same Hand; but in his present Hurry of Spirits could  
 not recollect whose it was; nor did the Lady give  
 him any Time for Reflection; for he had scarce  
 read the Letter when she produced a little Bit of  
 Paper, and cried out, ‘here, Sir, here are the  
 ‘Contents which he fears will offend me.’ She  
 then put a Bank-Bill of 100 l. into Mr. *Booth*’s  
 Hands, and asked him with a Smile, if he did not  
 think



think she had Reason to be offended with so much Insolence.

Before *Booth* could return any Answer the Governor arrived and introduced Mr. *Rogers* the Attorney, who acquainted the Lady that he had brought her Discharge from her Confinement, and that a Chariot waited at the Door to attend her where-ever she pleased.

She received the Discharge from Mr. *Rogers*, and said she was very much obliged to the Gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the Chariot, as she had no Notion of leaving that wretched Place in a triumphant Manner; in which Resolution when the Attorney found her obstinate, he withdrew, as did the Governor with many Bows, and as many Ladyships.

They were no sooner gone, than *Booth* asked the Lady why she would refuse the Chariot of a Gentleman who had behaved with such excessive Respect. She looked earnestly upon him, and cry'd, 'How unkind is that Question! Do you imagine I would go and leave you in such a Situation?' 'Thou knowest but little of *Calista*. Why do you think I would accept this hundred Pound from a Man I dislike, unless that it was to be serviceable to the Man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own, and using whatever you want of it.'

*Booth* protested in the solemnest Manner, that he would not touch a Shilling of it, saying, he had already received too many Obligations at her Hands, and more than ever he should be able, he feared, to repay. 'How unkind,' answered she, 'is every Word you say? Why, will you mention Obligations? Love never confers any. It doth every thing for its own sake. I am not therefore obliged to the Man whose Passion makes him generous: for I feel how inconsiderable the whole World would appear

‘ appear to me, if I could throw it after my Heart.’

Much more of this Kind past, she still pressing the Bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, ‘till *Booth* left the Lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the Area of the Prison.

*Miss Mathews* now applied to the Governor to know by what Means she might procure the Captain his Liberty. The Governor answered, ‘ as he cannot get Bail, it will be a difficult Matter ; and Money to be sure there must be : for People no doubt expect to touch on these Occasions. When Prisoners have not wherewithal as the Law requires to entitle themselves to Justice, why they must be beholden to other People, to give them their Liberty ; and People will not to be sure suffer others to be beholden to them for nothing, whereof there is good Reason : for how should we all live if it was not for these things !——’ Well, well,’ said she, ‘ and how much will it cost.’—— ‘ How much !’ answered he,—— ‘ How much !—— why, let me see.’——Here he hesitated some time, and then answered, ‘ that for five Guineas he would undertake to procure the Captain his Discharge.’ That being the Sum which he computed to remain in the Lady’s Pocket ; for as to the Gentleman’s, he had long been acquainted with the Emptiness of it.

*Miss Mathews*, to whom Money was as Dirt, (indeed she may be thought not to have known the Value of it) delivered him the Bank-Bill, and bid him get it changed : for if the whole, says she, will procure him his Liberty, he shall have it this Evening.

‘ The whole, Madam,’ answered the Governor, as soon as he had recovered his Breath : for it almost forsook him at the Sight of the black Word Hundred. ‘ No, no.——There might be People indeed

‘ deed—but I am not one of those. A hundred !  
‘ no, nor nothing like it.—As for myself, as I  
‘ said, I will be content with five Guineas, and I  
‘ am sure that’s little enough. What other People  
‘ will expect, I can’t exactly say.—To be sure his  
‘ Worship’s Clerk will expect to touch pretty hand-  
‘ somely ; as for his Worship himself he never  
‘ touches any thing, that is, not to speak of ; but  
‘ then the Constable will expect something, and  
‘ the Watchmen must have something, and the  
‘ Lawyers on both Sides they must have their  
‘ Fees for finishing.’——‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ I  
‘ leave all to you. If it costs me 20 *l*. I will have  
‘ him discharged this Afternoon.—But you must  
‘ give his Discharge into my Hands, without let-  
‘ ting the Captain know any thing of the Matter.’

The Governor promised to obey her Commands in every Particular ; nay, he was so very industrious, that tho’ Dinner was just then coming upon the Table, at her earnest Request, he set out immediately on the Purpose, and went, as he said, in Pursuit of the Lawyer.

All the other Company assembled at Table as usual, where poor *Booth* was the only Person out of Spirits. This was imputed by all present to a wrong Cause ; nay, *Miss Mathews* herself either could not, or would not, suspect that there was any thing deeper than the Despair of being speedily discharged, that lay heavy on his Mind.

However, the Mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal Quantity of Punch, which he swallowed after Dinner (for *Miss Mathews* had ordered a very large Bowl at her own Expence, to entertain the good company at her Farewell) so far exhilarated his Spirits, that when the young Lady and he retired to their Tea, he had all the Marks of Gayety in his Countenance, and his Eyes sparkled with good Humour.

The



The Gentleman and Lady had spent about two Hours in Tea and Conversation, when the Governor returned, and privately delivered to the Lady the Discharge for her Friend, and the Sum of eighty-two Pounds five Shillings; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the Business, of which he was ready at any Time to render an exact Account.

Miss *Mathews* being again alone with Mr. *Booth*, she put the Discharge into his Hands, desiring him to ask her no Questions; and adding, 'I think, Sir, we have neither of us now any thing more to do at this Place.' She then summoned the Governor, and ordered a Bill of that Day's Expence, for long Scores were not usual there; and at the same time ordered a Hackney Coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was wherever she went, to take Mr. *Booth* with her.

The Governor was now approaching with a long Roll of Paper, when a faint Voice was heard to cry out hastily, where is he? — and presently a female Spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the Room, and fell into Mr. *Booth's* Arms, where she immediately fainted away.

*Booth* made a shift to support his lovely Burthen; tho' he was himself in a Condition very little different from hers. Miss *Mathews* likewise, who presently recollected the Face of *Amelia*, was struck motionless with the Surprize; nay, the Governor himself, tho' not easily moved at Sight of Horror, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for *Amelia*, the Governess of the Mansion had out of Curiosity followed her into the Room, and was the only useful Person present on this Occasion; she immediately called for Water, and ran to the Lady's Assistance, fell to loosening her Stays, and performed all the Offices proper at such a Season; which had so good an Effect, that

*Amelia*

*Amelia* soon recovered the Disorder which the violent Agitation of her Spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her Husband's Arms.

Some tender Caresses, and a soft Whisper or two past privately between *Booth* and his Lady; nor was it without great Difficulty, that poor *Amelia* put some Restraint on her Fondness, in a Place so improper for a tender Interview. She now cast her Eyes round the Room, and fixing them on Miss *Mathews*, who stood like a Statue; she soon recollected her, and addressing her by her Name, said, 'sure, Madam, I cannot be mistaken in those Features; tho' meeting you here might almost make me suspect my Memory.'

Miss *Mathews*'s Face was now all covered with Scarlet. The Reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with *Amelia*'s Presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those Insults, of which virtuous Women are generally so liberal to a frail Sister; but she was mistaken, *Amelia* was not one,

*Who thought the Nation ne'er would thrive,  
'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.*

Her Virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic Worth, without borrowing any Assistance from the Vices of other Woman; and she considered their natural Infirmities as the Objects of Pity, not of Contempt or Abhorrence.

When *Amelia* therefore perceived the visible Confusion in Miss *Mathews*, she presently called to Remembrance some Stories which she had imperfectly heard; for as she was not naturally attentive to Scandal, and had kept very little Company since her Return to *England*, she was far from being a Mistress of the Lady's whole History. However she had heard enough to impute her Confusion to the

the right Cause; she advanced to her, and told her she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a Place, but hoped that no very great Misfortune was the Occasion of it.

Miss *Mathews* began, by degrees, to recover her Spirits. She answered with a reserved Air, 'I am much obliged to you, Madam, for your Concern; we are all liable to Misfortunes in this World. Indeed I know not why I should be much ashamed of being in any Place where I am in such good Company.'

Here *Booth* interposed. He had before acquainted *Amelia* in a Whisper, that his Confinement was at an end. The unfortunate Accident, my Dear, said he, 'which brought this young Lady to this melancholy Place, is entirely determined; and she is now as absolutely at her Liberty as myself.'

*Amelia* imputing the extreme Coldness and Reserve of the Lady to the Cause already mentioned, advanced still more and more in proportion as she drew back; till the Governor, who had withdrawn some time, returned, and acquainted Miss *Mathews* that her Coach was at the Door; upon which the Company soon separated. *Amelia* and *Booth* went together in *Amelia's* Coach, and poor Miss *Mathews* was obliged to retire alone, after having satisfied the Demands of the Governor, which in one Day only had amounted to a pretty considerable Sum: for he with great Dexterity proportioned his Bills to the Abilities of his Guests.

It may seem perhaps wonderful to some Readers, that Miss *Mathews* should have maintained that cold Reserve towards *Amelia*, so as barely to keep within the Rules of Civility, instead of embracing an Opportunity which seemed to offer, of gaining some Degree of Intimacy with a Wife, whose Husband she was so fond of; but besides that her  
Spirits



Spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected a Disappointment ; and besides the extreme Horrors which she conceived at the Presence of her Rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the Nature of all Vice, especially when joined with any great Degree of Pride, that the Eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our Failings, are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their Opinions to our Disadvantage far beyond the Reality.

## C H A P. III.

*Containing wise Observations of the Author, and other Matters.*

**T**HERE is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain Rules for Happiness ; or indeed to judge with any Precision of the Happiness of others, from the Knowledge of external Circumstances. There is sometimes a little Speck of Black in the brightest and gayest Colours of Fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret Ray of Light within the Mind, which turns every thing to real Joy and Gladness.

I have in the Course of my Life seen many Occasions to make this Observation ; and Mr. Booth was at present a very pregnant Instance of its Truth. He was just delivered from a Prison, and in the Possession of his beloved Wife and Children ; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his Joy) Fortune had done all this for him within an Hour, without giving him the least Warning or reasonable Expectation of this strange Reverse in his Circumstances ; and yet it is certain, that there were very few Men in the World, more seriously

miserable than he was at this Instant. A deep Melancholy seized his Mind, and cold damp Sweats over-spread his Person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor *Amelia*, instead of a fond warm Husband, bestowed her Caresses on a dull lifeless Lump of Clay. He endeavoured however at first as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted what is the hardest of all Tasks, to act the Part of a happy Man; but he found no supply of Spirits to carry on this Deceit, and would have probably sunk under his Attempt, had not poor *Amelia's* Simplicity helped him to another Fallacy, in which he had much better Success.

This worthy Woman very plainly perceived the Disorder in her Husband's Mind; and having no Doubt of the Cause of it, especially when she saw the Tears stand in his Eyes at the Sight of his Children, threw her Arms round his Neck, and embracing him with rapturous Fondness, cried out, 'my dear *Billy*, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will, I doubt not, provide for us and these poor Babes. Great Fortunes are not necessary to Happiness. For my own Part, I can level my Mind with any State; and for those poor little Things, whatever Condition of Life we breed them to, that will be sufficient to maintain them in. How many Thousands abound in Affluence, whose Fortunes are much lower than ours! for it is not from Nature, but from Education and Habit, that our Wants are chiefly derived. Make yourself easy therefore, my dear Love; for you have a Wife who will think herself happy with you, and endeavour to make you so in any Situation: Fear nothing, *Billy*, Industry will always provide us a wholesome Meal; and I will take care, that Neatness and Cheerfulness shall make it a pleasant one.'

*Booth* presently took the Cue, which she had given him. He fixed his Eyes on her for a Minute, with great Earnestness and inexpressible Tenderness; and then cried, 'O my *Amelia*, how much are you my Superior in every Perfection! How wise, how great, how noble are your Sentiments! Why can I not imitate what I so much admire? Why can I not look with your Constancy, on those dear little Pledges of your Loves. All my Philosophy is baffled with the Thought, that my *Amelia's* Children are to struggle with a cruel hard unfeeling World, and to buffet those Waves of Fortune, which have overwhelmed their Father—Here I own I want your Firmness, and am not without an Excuse for wanting it; for am I not the cruel Cause of all your Wretchedness? Have I not stood between you and Fortune, and been the cursed Obstacle to all your Greatness and Happiness.'

'Say not so, my Love, answered she. Great I might have been, but never happy with any other Man. Indeed, dear *Billy*, I laugh at the Fears you formerly raised in me; what seemed so terrible at a Distance, now it approaches nearer, appears to have been a mere Bugbear—and let this comfort you, that I look on myself, at this Day as the happiest of Women; nor have I done any thing which I do not rejoice in, and would, if I had the Gift of Prescience, do again.'

*Booth* was so overcome with this Behaviour, that he had no Words to answer. To say the Truth, it was difficult to find any worthy of the Occasion. He threw himself prostrate at her Feet, whence poor *Amelia* was forced to use all her Strength as well as Entreaties to raise, and place him in his Chair.

Such is ever the Fortitude of perfect Innocence, and such the Depression of Guilt in Minds not ut-



terly abandoned. *Booth* was naturally of a sanguine Temper ; nor would any such Apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restrained his Joy, at meeting with his *Amelia*. In fact, a Reflection on the Injury he had done her was the sole Cause of his Grief. This it was that enervated his Heart, and threw him into Agonies, which all that Profusion of heroic Tenderness that the most excellent of Women intended for his Comfort, served only to heighten and aggravate ; as the more she rose in his Admiration, the more she quickened his Sense of his own Unworthiness.

After a disagreeable Evening, the first of that Kind that he had ever past with his *Ameila*, in which he had the utmost Difficulty to force a little Cheerfulness, and in which her Spirits were at length over-powered by discerning the Oppression on his, they retired to Rest, or rather to Misery, which need not be described.

The next Morning at Breakfast, *Booth* began to recover a little from his Melancholy, and to taste the Company of his Children. He now first thought of enquiring of *Amelia*, by what Means she had discovered the Place of his Confinement. *Amelia*, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it, informed him, that it was known all over the Country, and that she had traced the Original of it to her Sister ; who had spread the News with a malicious Joy, and added a Circumstance, which would have frightened her to Death, had not her Knowledge of him made her give little Credit to it, which was, that he was committed for Murder. But tho' she had discredited this Part, she said, the not hearing from him during several successive Posts made her too apprehensive of the rest. That she got a Conveyance therefore for herself and Children to *Salisbury* ; from whence the Stage-Coach had brought them

to Town, and having deposited the Children at his Lodgings of which he had sent her an Account on his first Arrival in Town, she took a Hack, and came directly to the Prison where she heard he was, and where she found him.

*Booth* excused himself, and with Truth as to his not having writ : For in fact, he had writ twice from the Prison, tho' he had mentioned nothing of his Confinement ; but as he sent away his Letters after Nine at Night, the Fellow, to whom they were entrusted, had burnt them both for the sake of putting the two Pence in his own Pocket, or rather in the Pocket of the Keeper of the next Gin-Shop.

As to the Account which *Amelia* gave him, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his Curiosity. He began to suspect, that some Person had seen both him and Miss *Mathews* together in the Prison, and had confounded her Case with his ; and this the Circumstance of Murder made the more probable. But who this Person should be, he could not guess. After giving himself therefore some Pains in forming Conjectures to no Purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his Ignorance of the real Truth.

Two or three Days now past without producing any thing remarkable ; unless it were, that *Booth* more and more recovered his Spirits, and had now almost regained his former Degree of Cheerfulness, when the following Letter arrived again to torment him.

“ Dear *Billy*,

“ To convince you I am the most reasonable of Women, I have given you up three whole Days to the unmolested Possession of my fortunate Rival ; I can refrain no longer from letting you know that I lodge in *Dean-Street*, not far from

the Church, at the Sign of the *Pelican and Trumpet* ; where I expect this Evening to see you—  
Believe me, I am with more Affection than any  
other Woman in the World can be,

My dear *Billy*,

Your affectionate, fond, doating

F. MATHEWS.

*Booth* tore the Letter with Rage, and threw it into the Fire ; resolving never to visit the Lady more, unless it was to pay her the Money she had lent him, which he was determined to do the very first Opportunity : for it was not at present in his Power.

This Letter threw him back into his Fit of Dejection, in which he had not continued long, when a Packet from the Country brought him the following from his Friend *Dr. Harrifon*.

SIR,

*Lyons, January 21. N. S.*

Tho' I am now on my Return home, I have taken up my Pen to communicate to you some News I have heard from *England*, which gives me much Uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed deliver my Sentiments with much more Ease this way than any other. In my Answer to your last I very freely gave you my Opinion, in which it was my Misfortune to disapprove of every Step you had taken ; but those were all pardonable Errors. Can you be so partial to yourself, upon cool and sober Reflexion, to think what I am going to mention so, when you hear it ? I promise you, it appears to me a Folly of so monstrous a Kind, that had I heard it from any but a Person of the highest Honour, I should have rejected it as utterly incredible. I hope you  
already



' already guess what I am about to name; since  
 ' Heaven forbid your Conduct should afford you  
 ' any Choice of such gross Instances of Weakness.  
 ' In a word then you have set up an Equipage.  
 ' What shall I invent in your Excuse, either to o-  
 ' thers, or to myself? In truth, I can find no Ex-  
 ' cuse for you, and what is more, I am certain you  
 ' can find none for yourself. I must deal therefore  
 ' very plainly and sincerely with you. Vanity is  
 ' always contemptible; but when joined with  
 ' Dishonesty, it becomes odious and detestable. At  
 ' whose Expence are you to support this Equi-  
 ' page? It is not entirely at the Expence of others;  
 ' and will it not finally end in that of your poor  
 ' Wife and Children? You know you are two  
 ' Years in Arrears to me. If I could impute this  
 ' to any extraordinary or common Accident, I  
 ' think I should never have mentioned it; but I  
 ' will not suffer my Money to support the ridicu-  
 ' lous, and I must say, criminal Vanity of any one.  
 ' I expect therefore to find at my Return, that you  
 ' have either discharged my whole Debt, or your  
 ' Equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider  
 ' your Circumstances and Condition in Life, and  
 ' to remember that your Situation will not justify  
 ' any the least unnecessary Expence. *Simply to be*  
 ' *poor, says my favourite Greek Historian, was not*  
 ' *held scandalous by the wise Athenians, but highly*  
 ' *so, to owe that Poverty to our own Indiscretion.*  
 ' Present my Affections to Mrs. Booth, and be as-  
 ' sured, that I shall not without great Reason, and  
 ' great Pain too, ever cease to be,

' Your most faithful Friend,

' R. HARRISON.

Had this Letter come at any other time, it  
 would have given Booth the most sensible Afflic-

tion; but so totally had the Affair of Miss *Matthews* possessed his Mind, that like a Man in a most raging Fit of the Gout, he was scarce capable of any additional Torture; nay, he even made a use of this latter Epistle, as it served to account to *Amelia* for that Concern which he really felt on another Account. The poor deceived Lady therefore applied herself to give him Comfort where he least wanted it. She said he might easily perceive that the Matter had been misrepresented to the Doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least Anger against him, when he knew the real Truth.

After a short Conversation on this Subject, in which *Booth* appeared to be greatly consoled by the Arguments of his Wife, they parted. He went to take a Walk in the Park, and she remained at home to prepare him his Dinner.

He was no sooner departed than his little Boy, not quite six Years old, said to *Amelia*, ‘La! Ma-ma, what is the Matter with poor Papa, what makes him look so as if he was going to cry? He is not half so merry as he used to be in the Country.’ *Amelia* answered, ‘Oh! my dear! your Papa is only a little thoughtful, he will be merry again soon.’—Then looking fondly on her Children, she burst into an Agony of Tears, and cried, ‘Oh Heavens! what have these poor little Infants done? why will the barbarous World endeavour to starve them, by depriving us of our only Friend?—O my dear, your Father is ruined, and we are undone.’ The Children presently accompanied their Mother’s Tears, and the Daughter cried—‘Why, will any body hurt poor Papa? Hath he done any harm to any body?’—‘No, my dear Child,’ said the Mother, ‘he is the best Man in the World, and therefore they hate him.’ Upon which the Boy, who was extremely sensible

At his Years, answered, 'Nay, Mamma, how can that be? Have not you often told me, that if I was good, every body would love me?' 'All good People will,' answered she. 'Why don't they love Papa then?' replied the Child, 'for I am am sure he is very good.' 'So they do, my dear,' said the Mother, 'but there are more bad in the World, and they will hate you for your Goodness.' 'Why then bad People,' cries the Child, 'are loved by more than the Good'---'No Matter for that, my Dear,' said she, 'the Love of one good Person is more worth having, than that of a thousand wicked ones; nay, if there was no such Person in the World, still you must be a good Boy; for there is one in Heaven who will love you; and his Love is better for you than that of all Mankind.'

This little Dialogue we are apprehensive will be read with Contempt by many; indeed we should not have thought it worth recording, was it not for the excellent Example which *Amelia* here gives to all Mothers. This admirable Woman never let a Day pass, without instructing her Children in some Lesson of Religion and Morality. By which Means, she had in their tender Minds so strongly annexed the Ideas of Fear and Shame to every Idea of Evil of which they were susceptible, that it must require great Pains and Length of Habit to separate them. Tho' she was the tenderest of Mothers, she never suffered any Symptom of Malevolence to shew itself in their most trifling Actions without Discouragement, without Rebuke; and if it broke forth with any Rancour, without Punishment. In which she had such Success, that not the least Marks of Pride, Envy, Malice, or Spite discovered itself in any of their little Words or Deeds.



## CHAPTER IV.

*In which Amelia appears in no untamable Light.*

AMELIA, with the Assistance of a little Girl, who was their only Servant, had dress'd her Dinner; and she had likewise dress'd herself as neat as any Lady who had a regular Set of Servants could have done; when Booth returned, and brought with him his Friend James, whom he had met with in the Park; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his Wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that poultry Pride, which possesses so many of her Sex, and which disconcerts their Tempers, and gives them the Air and Looks of Furies, if their Husbands bring in an unexpected Guest, without giving them timely Warning to provide a Sacrifice to their own Vanity. Amelia received her Husband's Friend with the utmost Complaisance and good Humour: She made indeed some Apology for the Homeliness of her Dinner; but it was politely turned as a Compliment to Mr. James's Friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least Hint how magnificently she would have provided, had she expected the Favour of so much good Company. A Phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an Apology for the Lady of the House, but a tacit Satir on her Guests for their Intrusion, and is at least a strong Insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to enquire very earnestly after her old Friend Mrs. James, formerly Miss Bath, and was very sorry to find that she was not in Town. The Truth was, as James had married out of a violent Liking of, or Appetite to her Person, Pos-  
session

session had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his Wife, that she had very little of his Company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the Mistress of a large House and Equipage in the Country, ten Months in the Year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the Diversions of the Town; but then, tho' they lodged under the same Roof, she had little more of her Husband's Society, than if they had been 100 Miles a-part. With all this, as she was a Woman of calm Passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent Affection for *James*; the Match was of the prudent Kind, and to her Advantage: for his Fortune, by the Death of an Uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained every thing by the Bargain but a Husband, which her Constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When *Amelia* after Dinner retired to her Children, *James* began to talk to his Friend concerning his Affairs. He advised *Booth* very earnestly to think of getting again into the Army, in which he himself had met with such Success, that he had obtained the Command of a Regiment, to which his Brother-in-Law was Lieutenant Colonel. These Preferments they both owed to the Favour of Fortune only: for tho' there was no Objection to either of their military Characters; yet neither of them had any extraordinary Desert; and if Merit in the Service was a sufficient Recommendation, *Booth*, who had been twice wounded in the Siege, seemed to have the fairest Pretensions; but he remained a poor half-pay Lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a Lieutenant-Colonel, and the other had a Regiment. Such Rises we often see in Life, without being able to give any satisfactory Account of the Means, and therefore

therefore ascribe them to the good Fortune of the Person.

Both Colonel *James* and his Brother-in-Law were Members of Parliament : for as the Uncle of the former had left him together with his Estate, an almost certain Interest in a Borough, so he chose to confer this Favour on Colonel *Booth* ; a Circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here ; but as it serves to set forth the Goodness of *James*, who endeavoured to make up in Kindness to the Family, what he wanted in Fondness for his Wife.

Col. *James* then endeavoured all in his Power to persuade *Booth* to think again of a military Life, and very kindly offered him his Interest towards obtaining him a Company in the Regiment under his Command. *Booth* must have been a Madman in his present Circumstances to have hesitated one Moment at accepting such an Offer, and he well knew *Amelia*, notwithstanding her Aversion to the Army, was much too wise to make the least Scruple of giving her Consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his Opinion of his Wife's Understanding : for she made not the least Objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express Stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go (for the Regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

*Booth* therefore accepted his Friend's Proposal with a Profusion of Acknowledgments ; and, it was agreed, that *Booth* should draw up a Memorial of his Pretensions, which Col. *James* undertook to present to some Man of Power, and to back it with all the Force he was able.

Nor did the Friendship of the Colonel stop here. ' You will excuse me, dear *Booth*,' said he, ' if after what you have told me (for he had been very explicate in revealing his Affairs to him) ' I suspect



‘suspect you must want Money at this Time. If that be the Case, as I am certain it must be, I have fifty Pieces at your Service.’ This Generosity brought the Tears into *Booth’s* Eyes; and he at length confest, that he had not five Guineas in the House; upon which *James* gave him a Bank-bill for 20*l.* and said he would give him thirty more the next Time he saw him.

Thus did this generous Colonel (for generous he really was to the highest Degree) restore Peace and Comfort to this little Family; and by this Act of Beneficence make two of the worthiest People, two of the happiest that Evening.

Here Reader give me leave to stop a minute, to lament that so few are to be found of this benign Disposition; that while Wantonness, Vanity, Avarice, and Ambition are every Day rioting and triumphing in the Follies and Weakness, the Ruin and Desolation of Mankind, scarce one Man in a thousand is capable of tasting the Happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder that Pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself to gain some little Pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another Man, and that is by becoming his Benefactor.

#### CHAP. V.

Containing an Eulogium upon Innocence, and other grave Matters.

**B**OOOTH past that Evening, and all the succeeding Day with his *Amelia*, without the Interruption of almost a single Thought concerning Miss *Mowthens*, after having determined to go on the Sunday, the only Day he could venture without the Verge in the present State of his Affairs, and pay her

her what she had advanced for him in the Prison. But she had not so long Patience; for the third Day, while he was sitting with *Amelia*, a Letter was brought to him. As he knew the Hand, he immediately put it in his Pocket unopened, not without such an Alteration in his Countenance, that had *Amelia*, who was then playing with one of the Children, cast her Eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This Accident however luckily gave him Time to recover himself: for *Amelia* was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the Delivery of the Letter. The Maid soon after returned into the Room, saying the Chairman desired to know if there was any answer to the Letter.—‘What Letter?’ cries *Booth*.—‘The Letter I gave you just now,’ answered the Girl.—‘Sure,’ cries *Booth*, ‘the Child is mad, you gave me no Letter.’—‘Yes, indeed I did Sir,’ said the poor Girl. ‘Why then, as sure as Fate,’ cries *Booth*, ‘I threw it into the Fire in my Reverence; why, Child, why did you not tell me it was a Letter? Bid the Chairman come up—stay, I will go down myself; for he will otherwise dirt the Stairs with his Feet.’

*Amelia* was gently chiding the Girl for her Carelessness, when *Booth* returned, saying, it was very true that she had delivered him a Letter from Col. *James*, and that perhaps it might be of Consequence. However,’ says he, ‘I will step to the Coffee-house, and send him an Account of this strange Accident, which I know he will pardon in my present Situation.’

*Booth* was overjoyed at this Escape which poor *Amelia*’s total Want of all Jealousy and Suspicion, made it very easy for him to accomplish: but his Pleasure was considerably abated, when upon opening the Letter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong Expressions of Love, some pret-

ty warm ones of the upbraiding Kind; but what most alarmed him was a Hint, that it was in her Power (Miss *Mathews's*) Power, to make *Amelia* as miserable as herself. Besides the general Knowledge of

-----*Fureus quid Fœmina possit,*

he had more particular Reasons to apprehend the Rage of a Lady who had given so strong an Instance how far she could carry her Revenge. She had already sent a Chairman to his Lodgings, with a positive Command not to return without an Answer to her Letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a Discovery; and he thought he had great Reason to fear, that if she did not carry Matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the Secret to *Amelia*, her indiscretion would at least effect the Discovery of that which he would at any Price have concealed. Under these Fœtours he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human Beings.

O Innocence, how glorious and happy a Portion art thou to the Breast that possesses thee! Thou fearest neither the Eyes nor the Tongues of Men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest Friend; and the brighter the Light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent Beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base Thief, suspects every Eye that beholds him to be privy to his Transgressions, and every Tongue that mentions his Name to be proclaiming them. Fraud and Falshood are his weak and treacherous Allies; and he lurks trembling in the Dark, dreading every Ray of Light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to Shame and Punishment.

While *Booth* was walking in the Park with all these Horrors in his Mind, he again met his Friend

Col.



Col. *James*, who soon took notice of that deep Concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little Conversation, *Booth* said, 'my dear Colonel, I am sure I must be the most insensible of Men, if I did not look on you as the best and truest Friend; I will therefore without Scruple repose a Confidence in you of the highest Kind. I have often made you privy to my Necessities, I will now acquaint you with my Shame, provided you have Leisure enough to give me a Hearing: for I must open to you a long History, since I will not reveal my Fault, without informing you, at the same time, of those Circumstances, which, I hope, will in some measure excuse it.'

The Colonel very readily agreed to give his Friend a patient Hearing. So they walked directly to a *Coffee-house* at the Corner of *Spring-Garden*, where being in a Room by themselves, *Booth* opened his whole Heart, and acquainted the Colonel with his Amour with *Miss Mathews* from the very Beginning, to his receiving that Letter which had caused all his present Uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his Friend's Hand.

The Colonel read the Letter very attentively twice over; (he was silent indeed long enough to have read it oftener) and then turning to *Booth* said, 'Well, Sir; and is it so grievous a Calamity to be the Object of a young Lady's Affection; especially of one whom you allow to be so extremely handsome?' 'Nay, but my dear Friend,' cries *Booth*, 'do not jest with me; you who know my *Amelia*.' Well, my dear Friend,' answered *James*, 'and you know *Amelia*, and this Lady too.' 'But what would you have me do for you?' 'I would have you give me your Advice,' says *Booth*, 'by what Method I shall get rid of this dreadful Woman without a Discovery.' 'And do you really,' cries the other, 'desire to get rid of

‘ of her.’ Can you doubt it,’ said *Booth*, ‘ after what I have communicated to you, and after what you yourself have seen in my Family? for I hope, notwithstanding this fatal Slip, I do not appear to you in the Light of a Profligate.’ Well,’ answered *James*, ‘ and whatever Light I may appear to you in, if you are really tired of the Lady, and if she be really what you have represented her, I’ll endeavour to take her off your Hands; but I insist upon it that you do not deceive me in any Particular.’ *Booth* protested in the most solemn manner that every Word which he had spoken was strictly true? and being asked whether he would give his Honour never more to visit the Lady, he assured *James* that he never would. He then, at his Friend’s Request, delivered him *Miss Mathews’s* Letter, in which was a second Direction to her Lodgings, and declared to him, that if he could bring him safely out of this terrible Affair, he should think himself to have a still higher Obligation to his Friendship, than any which he had already received from it.

*Booth* pressed the Colonel to go home with him to Dinner, but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the Afternoon to do all in his Power, that *Booth* should receive no more Alarms from the Quarter of *Miss Mathews*, whom the Colonel undertook to pay all the Demands she had on his Friend. They then separated. The Colonel went to Dinner at the *King’s Arms*, and *Booth* returned in high Spirits to meet his *Amelia*.

The next Day early in the Morning, the Colonel came to the Coffee-house, and sent for his Friend, who lodged but at a little Distance. The Colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the Lady’s beauty; however, he said, he excused that; ‘ for you might think perhaps,’ cries he, ‘ that your Inconstancy  
“ to.

to the finest Woman in the World, might want some Excuse. Be that as it will,' said he, 'you may make yourself easy, as it will be, I am convinced, your own Fault, if you have ever any further Molestation from Miss *Mathews*.'

*Booth* poured forth very warmly a great Profusion of Gratitude on this Occasion; and nothing more any-wise material past at this Interview, which was very short, the Colonel being in a great Hurry, as he had, he said, some Business of very great Importance to transact that Morning.

The Colonel had now seen *Booth* twice, without remembering to give him the thirty Pound. This the latter imputed intirely to Forgetfulness; for he had always found the Promises of the former to be equal in Value with the Notes or Bonds of other People. He was more surprized at what happened the next Day, when meeting his Friend in the Park, he received only a cold Salute from him; and tho' he past him five or six times, and the Colonel was walking with a single Officer of no great Rank, and with whom he seemed in no earnest Conversation; yet could not *Booth*, who was alone, obtain any further Notice from him.

This gave the poor Man some Alarm; tho' he could scarce persuade himself there was any Design in all this Coldness or Forgetfulness. Once he imagined that he had lessened himself in the Colonel's Opinion, by having discoverest his Inconstancy to *Amelia*; but the known Character of the other, presently cured him of this Suspicion, for he was a perfect Libertine with regard to Women; that being indeed the principal Blemish in his Character, which otherwise might have deserved much Commendation for Good-nature, Generosity, and Friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable Height; and made no Scruple of openly declaring, that if he ever liked a Woman well enough to be uneasy



on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the Consequence.

*Booth* could not therefore be persuaded that the Colonel would so highly resent in another a Fault, of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much Consideration, he could derive this Behaviour from nothing better than a Capriciousness in his Friend's Temper, from a kind of Inconstancy of Mind, which makes Men grow weary of their Friends, with no more Reason than they often are of their Mistresses. To say the Truth, there are Jilts in Friendship as well as in Love; and by the Behaviour of some Men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain the Affections of others, with a View only of making the Parties miserable.

This was the Consequence of the Colonel's Behaviour to *Booth*. Former Calamities had afflicted him; but this almost distracted him; and the more so, as he was not able well to account for such Conduct, nor to conceive the Reason of it.

*Amelia* at his Return, presently perceived the Disturbance in his Mind, tho' he endeavoured with his utmost Power to hide it; and he was at length prevailed upon by her Entreaties to discover to her the Cause of it; which she no sooner heard, than she applied as judicious a Remedy to his disordered Spirits, as either of those great mental Physicians, *Tully* or *Aristotle*, could have thought of. She used many Arguments to persuade him that he was in an Error; and had mistaken Forgetfulness and Carelessness for a design'd Neglect.

But as this Physic was only eventually good, and as its Efficacy depended on her being in the right, a Point in which she was not apt to be too positive; she thought fit to add some Consolation of a more certain and positive kind. 'Admit,' said she, 'my  
' Dear,

" Dear, that Mr. *James* should prove the unaccount-  
 " able Person you have suspected, and should, with-  
 " out being able to alledge any Cause, withdraw his  
 " Friendship from you, (for surely the Accident of  
 " burning his Letter is too trifling and ridiculous to  
 " mention) why should this grieve you? The O-  
 " bligations he hath confer'd on you, I allow, ought  
 " to make his Misfortunes almost your own; but  
 " they should not, I think, make you see his Faults  
 " so very sensibly, especially when by one of the  
 " greatest Faults in the World committed against  
 " yourself, he hath considerably lessened all Obliga-  
 " tions: For sure, if the same Person who hath con-  
 " tributed to my Happiness at one time, doth every  
 " thing in his Power maliciously and wantonly to  
 " make me miserable at another, I am very little o-  
 " bliged to such a Person. And let it be a Comfort  
 " to my dear *Billy*, that however other Friends may  
 " prove false and fickle to him, he hath one Friend,  
 " whom no Inconstancy of her own, nor any Change  
 " of his Fortune, nor Time, nor Age, nor Sickness,  
 " nor any Accident can ever alter; but who will  
 " esteem, will love, and deat on him for ever." So  
 saying, she flung her snowy Arms about his Neck;  
 and gave him a Carefs so tender, that it seemed  
 almost to balance all the Malice of his Fate.

And, indeed, the Behaviour of *Amelia* would have  
 made him completely happy, in defiance of all ad-  
 verse Circumstances, had it not been for those bitter  
 Ingredients which he himself had thrown into his  
 Cup; and which prevented him from truly re-  
 lishing his *Amelia's* Sweetness, by cruelly remind-  
 ing him how unworthy he was of this excellent  
 Creature.

*Booth* did not long remain in the dark as to the  
 Conduct of *James*, which at first appeared to him  
 to be so great a Mystery; for this very Afternoon  
 he received a Letter from Miss *Mathews*, which  
 unravelled.

unravelled the whole Affair. By this Letter, which was full of Bitterness and Upbraiding, he discovered that *James* was his Rival with that Lady, and was indeed the identical Person who had sent the 100*l.* Note to Miss *Mathews*, when in the Prison. He had Reason to believe likewise, as well by the Letter as by other Circumstances, that *James* had hitherto been an unsuccessful Lover: for the Lady, tho' she had forfeited all Title to Virtue, had not yet so far forfeited all Pretensions to Delicacy, as to be, like the Dirt in the Street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her Favours only to those she liked, in which Number that Gentleman had not the Happiness of being included.

When *Booth* had made this Discovery, he was not so little versed in human Nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true Motive to the Colonel's Conduct; for he well knew how odious a Sight a happy Rival is to an unfortunate Lover. I believe he was in reality glad to assign the cold Treatment he had received from his Friend, to a Cause which, however unjustifiable, is at the same time highly natural; and to acquit him of a Levity, Fickleness, and Caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse Light.

He now resolved to take the first Opportunity of accosting the Colonel, and of coming to a perfect Explanation upon the whole Matter. He debated likewise with himself, whether he should not throw himself at *Amelia's* Feet, and confess a Crime to her which he found so little Hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many Difficulties and Terrors to endeavour to conceal. Happy had it been for him, had he wisely pursued this Step; since in great Probability he would have received immediate Forgiveness from that best of Women; but he had not sufficient Resolution; or to speak, perhaps, more truly, he had too much Pride.



to confess his Guilt, and preferred the Danger of the highest Inconveniences to the Certainty of being put to the Blush.

# CHAP. VI.

*In which may appear that Violence is sometimes done to the Name of Love.*

WHEN that happy Day came, in which unhallowed Hands are forbidden to contaminate the Shoulders of the unfortunate, Booth went early to the Colonel's House, and being admitted to his Presence, began with great Freedom, though with great Gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more Openness. 'Why, my dear Colonel,' said he, 'would you not acquaint me with that Secret which this Letter hath disclosed?' James read the Letter, at which his Countenance changed more than once, and then after a short Silence, said, 'Mr. Booth, I have been to blame, I own it; and you upbraid me with Justice. The true Reason was, that I was ashamed of my own Folly. D—n me, Booth, if I have not been a most consummate Fool, a very Dupe to this Woman; and she hath a particular Pleasure in making me so. I know what the Impertinence of Virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated thus by a Whore. You must forgive me, dear Booth; but your Success was a Kind of Triumph over me which I could not bear. I own I have not the least Reason to conceive any Anger against you; and yet, curse me, if I should not have been less displeased at your lying with my own Wife; nay I could almost have parted with half my Fortune to you more willingly, than have suffered you to receive that Trifle of my Money, which you received at her Hands. However, I ask

ask your Pardon, and I promise you, I will never more think of you with the least Ill-will, on the account of this Woman; but as for her, d—n me, if I do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it costs me; for I am already above 200*l.* out of Pocket, without having scarce had a Smile in return.

*Booth* expect much Astonishment at this Declaration; he said, he could not conceive how it was possible to have such an Affection for a Woman, who did not shew the least Inclination to return it.

—*James* gave her a hearty Curse; and said, Pox of her Inclination; I want only the Possession of her Person; and that you will allow is a very fine one. But, besides my Passion for her, she hath now piqued my Pride; for how can a Man of my Fortune brook being refused by a Whore? Since you are so set on the Business, cries *Booth*; you will excuse my saying so; I fancy you had better change your Method of applying to her: for, as she is perhaps the vainest Woman upon Earth, your Bounty may probably do you little Service, nay, may rather actually disoblige her. Vanity is plainly her predominant Passion, and, if you will administer to that, it will infallibly throw her into your Arms. To this I attribute my own unfortunate Success. While she relieved my Wants and Distresses, she was daily feeding her own Vanity; whereas as every Gift of yours asserted your Superiority, it rather offended than pleased her. Indeed Women generally love to be of the obliging Side; and if we examine their Favourites, we shall find them to be much oftner such as they have conferred Obligations on, than such as they have received them from.

There was something in this Speech which pleased the Colonel; and he said with a Smile, 'I don't know how it is, *Will*; but you know Women  
' better

‘better than I.’ ‘Perhaps Colonel,’ answered *Booth*, ‘I have studied their Minds more.’ ‘I don’t however much envy you your Knowledge,’ reply’d the other: ‘for I never think their Minds worth considering. However, I hope I shall profit a little by your Experience with Miss *Mathews*.’ ‘Damnation seize the proud insolent Harlot! The Devil take me if I don’t love her more than I ever loved a Woman!’

The Rest of their Conversation turned on *Booth’s* Affairs. The Colonel again reassumed the Part of a Friend, gave him the Remainder of the Money, and promised to take the first Opportunity of laying his Memorial before a great Man.

*Booth* was greatly overjoyed at this Success. Nothing now lay on his Mind, but to conceal his Frailty from *Amelia*, to whom he was afraid Miss *Mathews* in the Rage of her Resentment would communicate it. This Apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every Knock at the Door. His Fear moreover betrayed him into a Meanness, which he would have heartily despised on any other Occasion. This was to order the Maid to deliver him any Letter directed to *Amelia*, at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her Mistress with her having received any such Orders.

A Servant of any Acuteness would have formed strange Conjectures from such an Injunction; but this poor Girl was of perfect Simplicity; so great indeed was her Simplicity, that had not *Amelia* been void of all Suspicion of her Husband, the Maid would have soon after betrayed her Master.

One Afternoon while they were drinking Tea, little *Betty*, so was the Maid called, came into the Room; and calling her Master forth, delivered him a Card which was directed to *Amelia*. *Booth* having read the Card, on his Return into the Room,

chid



chid the Girl for calling him, saying, if you can read, Child, you must see it was directed to your Mistress. — To this the Girl answered per-ly enough. I am sure, Sir, you ordered me to bring every Letter first to you. This Hint with many Women would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole Affair; but *Amelia* who heard what the Girl said, through the Medium of Love and Confidence, saw the Matter in a much better Light than it deserved; and looking tenderly on her Husband, said, ‘Indeed, my Love, I must blame you for a Conduct, which perhaps I ought rather to praise, as it proceeds only from the extreme Tenderness of your Affection. But why will you endeavour to keep any Secrets from me? Believe me, for my own sake you ought not: for as you cannot hide the Consequences, you make me always suspect ten times worse than the Reality. While I have you and my Children well before my Eyes, I am capable of facing any News which can arrive: for what ill News can come (unless indeed it concerns my little Babe in the Country) which doth not relate to the Badness of our Circumstances? and those, I thank Heaven, we have now a fair Prospect of retrieving. Besides, dear *Billy*, though my Understanding be much inferior to yours, I have sometimes had the Happiness of luckily hitting on some Argument which hath afforded you Comfort. This you know, my dear, was the Case with regard to Colonel *James*, whom I persuaded you to think you had mistaken, and you see the Event proved me in the right.’ So happily, both for herself and Mr. *Booth*, did the Excellence of this good Woman’s Disposition deceive her, and force her to see every thing in the most advantageous Light to her Husband.

The Card being now inspected was found to contain the Compliments of Mrs. *James* to Mrs. *Booth*,

with an Account of her being arrived in Town, and having brought with her a very great Cold. *Amelia* was overjoyed at the News of her Arrival; and having drest herself in the utmost Hurry, left her Children to the Care of her Husband, and ran away to pay her Respects to her Friend, whom she loved with a most sincere Affection. But how was she disappointed, when eager with the utmost Impatience, and exulting with the Thoughts of presently seeing her beloved Friend, she was answered at the Door that the Lady was not at home? nor could she, upon telling her Name, obtain any Admission. This, considering the Account she had received of the Lady's Cold, greatly surprized her; and she returned home very much vexed at her Disappointment.

*Amelia*, who had no Suspicion that Mrs. *James* was really at home, and, as the Phrase is, was denied, would have made a second Visit the next Morning, had she not been prevented by a Cold, which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight Fever. This confined her several Days to her House, during which *Booth* officiated as her Nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this Time she heard not a Word from Mrs. *James*, which gave her some Uneasiness, but more Astonishment. The tenth Day when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the Evening, when she and her Husband were just going to Supper, she heard a most violent Thundering at the Door, and presently after a Rustling of Silk upon her Stair-Case, at the same time a female Voice cried out pretty loud——‘ Bless me! what am I to climb up another Pair of Stairs?’ Upon which, *Amelia*, who well knew the Voice, presently ran to the Door, and ushered in Mrs. *James* most splendidly drest; who put on as formal a Countenance, and made as formal

formal a Courtesie to her old Friend, as if she had been her very distant Acquaintance.

Poor *Amelia*, who was going to rush into her Friend's Arms, was struck motionless by this Behaviour, but recollecting her Spirits, as she had an excellent Presence of Mind, she presently understood what the Lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the Company sat, and Silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. *James* surveyed the Room with more Attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the Conversation began, in which the Weather and the Diversions of the Town, were well canvassed. *Amelia*, who was a Woman of great Humour, performed her Part to Admiration; so that a By-stander would have doubted, in every other Article than Dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine Lady.

After a Visit of twenty Minutes, during which not a Word of any former Occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed any Subject of Discourse started, except only those two above-mentioned, Mrs. *James* rose from her Chair, and retired in the same formal Manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her, for the sake of the Contrast, during the rest of the Evening. She went from *Amelia* directly to a Rout, where she spent two Hours in a Croud of Company, talked again and again over the Diversions and News of the Town, played two Rubbers at Whiske, and then retired to her own Apartment, where having past another Hour in undressing herself, she went to Bed by herself.

*Booth* and his Wife, the Moment their Companion was gone, sat down to Supper on a Piece of cold Meat, the Remains of their Dinner. After which, over a Pint of Wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous Behaviour of their Visitant. But *Amelia* declaring she rather



saw her as the Object of Pity than Anger, turned the Discourse to pleasanter Topics. The little Actions of their Children, the former Scenes, and future Prospects of their Life, furnished them with many pleasant Ideas, and the Contemplation of *Amelia's* Recovery threw *Booth* into Raptures. At length they retired, and with mutual Desires, and equal Warmth, flew into each others Arms.

It is possible some Readers may be no less surprized at the Behaviour of Mrs *James*, than was *Amelia* herself, since they may have perhaps received so favourable an Impression of that Lady from the Account given of her by Mr. *Booth*, that her present Demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former Character. But they will be pleased to consider the great Alteration in her Circumstances, from a State of Dependency on a Brother, who was himself no better than a Soldier of Fortune, to that of being Wife to a Man of a very large Estate, and considerable Rank in Life. And what was her present Behaviour more than that of a fine Lady, who considered Form and Show as essential Ingredients of human Happiness, and imagined all Friendship to consist in Ceremony, Curt'ies, Messages and Visits? In which Opinion she hath the Honour of the Concurrence of much the larger Part of one Sex, and no small Number of the other.

## CHAP. VII.

Containing a very extraordinary and pleasant Incident.

THE next Evening *Booth* and *Amelia* went to walk in the Park with their Children. They were now on the Verge of the Parade, and *Booth* was describing to his Wife the several Buildings round

ing it, when on a sudden Amelia missing her little Boy, cried, 'Where's my little Billy?' upon which Booth casting his Eyes over the Grass saw a Foot-Soldier shaking the Boy at a little Distance. At this Sight, without making any Answer to his Wife, he leapt over the Rails, and running directly up to the Fellow, who had a Pistol fixed in his Hand, he seized him by the Collar, and tript up his Heels, and at the same time wrested his Arms from him. A Serjeant upon Duty seeing the Affray at some Distance ran presently up, and being told what had happened, gave the Centinel a hearty Curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A By-stander gave this Information; for Booth was returned with his little Boy to meet Amelia, who staggered towards him as fast as she could, all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering Limbs. The Serjeant now came up to Booth, to make an Apology for the Behaviour of the Soldier, when of a sudden he turned almost as pale as Amelia herself. He stood silent whilst Booth was employed in comforting and recovering his Wife; and then addressing himself to him, said, 'bless me! Lieutenant, could I imagine it had been your Honour; and was it my little Master that the Rascal used so well?—I am glad I did not know it, for I should certainly have run my Halbert into him.' Booth presently recognized his old faithful Servant Atkinson, and gave him a hearty Greeting; saying he was very glad to see him in his present Situation. 'Whatever I am,' answered the Serjeant, 'I shall always think I owe it to your Honour.' Then taking the little Boy by the Hand he cried, 'what a vast fine young Gentleman Master is grown!' and cursing the Soldier's Inhumanity swore heartily he would make him pay for it.

As *Amelia* was much disorder'd with her fright, she did not recollect her Koster Brother, till he was introduced to her by *Booth*; but she no sooner knew him, than she bestow'd a most obliging smile on him; and calling him by the Name of *Honest*, for said she, was heartily glad to see him in my Land. — *See, my Dear*, cries *Booth*, *what a Friend for me!* your old Friend is come to — *Oh*, you will soon know him, I believe, in his present State of Finery? — *A* — I am very well pleas'd to see it, answered *Amelia*, and I wish him Joy of being made an Officer, with all my Heart. — In fact, from what *Mr. Booth* said, join'd to the Sergeant's laced Coat, she believ'd that he had obtain'd a Commission. — *So weak and absurd a human Vanity*, that this Mistake of *Amelia's* possibly put poor *Atkinson* out of Countenance; for he look'd at this Instant more silly than he had ever done in his Life; and making her a most respectful Bow, mutter'd something about Obligations, in a scarce intelligible manner. — He then he turn'd and hid himself. — The Sergeant had indeed found many other Faults, than the Modesty which in *Latin* *Amelia* thought by the Name of ingratitude: Nature had given him this, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Birth; and six Years Conversation in the Army, had not taken it away. — To say the Truth, this was a noble Fellow; and *Amelia*, supposing her had a Commission in the Guards had been guilty of no affront to that honourable Body, had she not given him a look. — *Booth* had a real Affection for *Atkinson*, tho' in fact he knew not half his Merit. — He acquainted him with his Lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him. — Then taking the little Boy by the hand, — *Amelia*, who was far from being recovered from the Terrorists to which the seeing her Husband engag'd with the Soldier had thrown her, desired to go home; nor was she well able to walk without



some Assistance. While she supported herself therefore on her Husband's Arm, she told *Atkinson*, she should be obliged to him, if he would take care of the Children. He readily accepted the Office; but upon offering his Hand to Miss, she refused, and burst into Tears. Upon which the tender Mother resigned *Booth* to her Children, and put herself under the Serjeant's Protection; who conducted her safe home, tho' she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way. The Fear of which so affected the Serjeant, (for besides the Honour which he himself had for the Lady, he knew how tenderly his Friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and had not his Nerves been so strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his Mind to have set him a trembling equally with the Lady.

When they arrived at the Lodgings, the Mistress of the House opened the Door, who, seeing *Amelia's* Condition, threw open the Parlour, and begged her to walk in; upon which she immediately flung herself into a Chair; and all present thought she would have fainted away—However she escaped that Misery, and having drank a Glass of Water with a little white Wine mixed in it, she began in a little time to regain her Complexion, and at length assured *Booth* that she was perfectly recovered; but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little Boy, and gently chid him; saying, you must never do so any more, *Billy*; you see what Mischief you might have brought upon your Father; and what you have made me suffer.' 'Lat Mamma,' said the Child, 'what Harm did I do?' 'I did not know that People might not walk in the green Fields in *London*. I am sure if I did a Fault, the Man punished me enough for it; for he pinched me almost through my slender Arm.'

He then bared his little Arm, which was greatly discoloured by the Injury it had received—*Booth* uttered a most dreadful Execration at this Sight; and the Serjeant, who was now present, did the like.

*Atkinson* now returned to his Guard, and went directly to the Officer to acquaint him with the Soldier's Inhumanity; but he who was about fifteen Years of Age, gave the Serjeant a great Curse, and said the Soldier had done very well; for that idle Boys ought to be corrected. This however did not satisfy poor *Atkinson*, who the next Day, as soon as the Guard was relieved, beat the Fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the Regiment.

Thus ended this trifling Adventure, which some Readers will perhaps be pleased with seeing related at full Length. None, I think, can fail drawing one Observation from it; namely, how capable the most insignificant Accident is of disturbing human Happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful Events. A Reflection which may serve to many moral and religious Uses.

This Accident produced the first Acquaintance between the Mistress of the House, and her Lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a Word together. But the great Concern which the good Woman had shewn on *Amelia's* account at this Time, was not likely to pass unobserved, or unthanked either by the Husband or Wife. *Amelia* therefore, as soon as she was able to go up Stairs, invited Mrs. *Ellison* (for that was her Name) to her Apartment, and desired the Favour of her to stay to supper. She readily complied; and they past a very agreeable Evening together, in which the two Women seemed to have conceived a most extraordinary Liking to each other.

Tho' Beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one Woman to another, as it is too apt to  
create

create Envy; yet in Cases where this Passion doth not interfere, a fine Woman is often a pleasing Object even to some of her own Sex; especially when her Beauty is attended with a certain Air of Affability, as was that of *Amelia* in the highest Degree.

Mrs. *Ellison* therefore was as much charmed with the Loveliness of her fair Lodger, as with all her other engaging Qualities. She was indeed so taken with *Amelia's* Beauty, that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of Transport of Admiration, 'upon my Word, Captain *Booth*, you are the happiest Man in the World. Your Lady is so extremely handsome, that one cannot look at her without Pleasure.'

This good Woman herself had none of these attractive Charms to the Eye. Her Person was short, and immoderately fat; her Features were none of the most regular; and her Complexion (if indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by Time.

Her good Humour and Complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to *Amelia*. Nay, why should we conceal the secret Satisfaction which that Lady felt from the Compliments paid to her Person? since such of my Readers as like her best will not be sorry to find that she was a Woman.

#### C H A P. VIII.

*Containing various Matters.*

A Fortnight had now past, since *Booth* had seen or heard from the Colonel; which did not a little surprize him, as they had parted so good Friends, and as he had so cordially undertaken his Cause concerning the Memorial, on which all his Hopes depended.



The Uneasiness which this gave him, further increased on finding that his Friend refused to see him: for he had paid the Colonel a Visit at Nine in the Morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his Return back an Hour afterwards, the Servant said his Master was gone out; of which *Booth* was certain of the Falseness: for he had, during that whole Hour, walked backwards and forwards within Sight of the Colonel's Door, and must have seen him, if he had gone out within that Time.

The good Colonel however did not long suffer his Friend to continue in the deplorable State of Anxiety; for the very next Morning *Booth* received his Memorial inclosed in a Letter, acquainting him that Mr. *James* had mentioned his Affair to the Person he proposed; but that the great Man had so many Engagements on his Hands, that it was impossible for him to make any further Promises at this Time.

The cold and distant Style of this Letter, and indeed the whole Behaviour of *James*, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor *Booth*; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the Reader's Curiosity will perhaps be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this Matter. The true Reason then of the Colonel's Conduct was this: His unbounded Generosity, together with the unbounded Extravagance, and consequently the great Necessity of Miss *Mathews*, had at length overcome the Cruelty of that Lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no Rival. Above all, the Desire of being revenged on *Booth*, with whom she was to the highest Degree enraged, had perhaps contributed not a little to his Success: for she had no sooner condescended to a Familiarity with her new Lover, and discovered

vered that Captain *James*, of whom she had heard so much from *Booth*, was no other than the identical Colonel, than she employed every Art of which she was Mistress, to make an utter Breach of Friendship between these two. For this Purpose she did not scruple to insinuate, that the Colonel was not at all obliged to the Character given of him by his Friend; and to the Account of this latter she placed most of the Cruelty which she had shewn to the former.

Had the Colonel made a proper Use of his Reason, and fairly examined the Probability of the Fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a Matter so inconsistent with all he knew of *Booth*, and in which that Gentleman must have sinned against all the Laws of Honour without any visible Temptation. But in solemn fact, the Colonel was so intoxicated with his Love, that it was in the Power of his Mistress to have persuaded him of any thing; besides, he had an Interest in giving her Credit: for he was not a little pleased with finding a Reason for hating the Man, whom he could not help hating without any Reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth therefore he abandoned all Friendship for *Booth*, and was more inclined to put him out of the World, than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

*Booth* communicated this Letter to his Wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her Power to console him under one of the greatest Afflictions which, I think, can befall a Man, namely, the Unkindness of a Friend; but he had luckily at the same time the greatest Blessing in his Possession, the Kindness of a faithful and beloved Wife. A Blessing however, which tho' it compensates most of the Evils of Life, rather serves to aggravate the

Misfortune of distress'd Circumstances, from the Consideration of the Share which she is to bear in them.

This Afternoon *Amelia* received a second Visit from Mrs. *Ellison*, who acquainted her that she had a Present of a Ticket for the Oratorio, which would carry two Persons into the Gallery; and therefore begged the Favour of her Company thither.

*Amelia* with many Thanks acknowledged the Civility of Mrs. *Ellison*; but declined accepting her Offer; upon which *Booth* very strenuously insisted on her going, and said to her, 'my Dear, if you knew the Satisfaction I have in any of your Pleasures, I am convinced you would not refuse the Favour Mrs. *Ellison* is so kind to offer you; for as you are a Lover of Music, you, who have never been at an Oratorio, cannot conceive how you will be delighted.' I well know your Goodness, my Dear,' answered *Amelia*, 'but I cannot think of leaving my Children without some Person more proper to take care of them than this poor Girl.' Mrs. *Ellison* removed this Objection, by offering her own Servant, a very discreet Matron, to attend them; but notwithstanding this, and all she could say with the Assistance of *Booth*, and of the Children themselves, *Amelia* still persisted in her Refusal; and the Mistress of the House, who knew how far good Breeding allows Persons to be pressing on these Occasions, took her Leave.

She was no sooner departed, than *Amelia* looking tenderly on her Husband said, 'how can you, my dear Creature, think that Music hath any Charms for me at this Time---Or indeed do you believe that I am capable of any Sensation worthy the Name of Pleasure, when neither you nor my Children are present, or bear any part of it?'

An Officer of the Regiment to which *Booth* had formerly belonged, hearing from *Atkinson* where he lodged,



lodged, now came to pay him a Visit. He told him that several of their old Acquaintance were to meet the next *Wednesday* at a Tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be one of the Company. *Booth* was in truth what is called a hearty Fellow, and loved now and then to take a cheerful Glass with his Friends; but he excused himself at this Time. His Friend declared he would take no Denial, and he growing very importunate, *Amelia* at length seconded him. Upon this *Booth* answered, 'well, my Dear, since you desire me, I will comply, but on one Condition, that you go at the same time to the Oratorio.' *Amelia* thought this Request reasonable enough, and gave her Consent; of which Mrs. *Ellison* presently received the News, and with great Satisfaction.

It may perhaps be asked why *Booth* could go to the Tavern, and not to the Oratorio with his Wife. In truth then, the Tavern was within hallowed Ground, that is to say, in the Verge of the Court: for of five Officers that were to meet there, three besides *Booth* were confined to that Air, which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a broken military Constitution. And here if the good Reader will pardon the Pun, he will scarce be offended at the Observation; since how is it possible that without running in Debt, any Persons should maintain the Dress and Appearance of a Gentleman, whose Income is not half so good as that of a Porter? It is true, that this Allowance, small as it is, is a great Expence to the Public; but if several more unnecessary Charges were spared, the Public might perhaps bear a little Encrease of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal Reason to complain at contributing to the Maintenance of a Set of brave Fellows, who, at the Hazard of their Health, their Limbs and their Lives, have maintained the Safety and Honour of

of their Country; as when they find themselves taxed to the Support of a Set of Drones, who have not the least Merit or Claim to their Favour; and who, without contributing in any manner to the Good of the Hive, live luxuriously on the Labours of the industrious Bee.

### CHAP. IX.

*In which Amelia, with her Friend, goes to the Oratorio.*

**N**OTHING happened between the *Monday* and the *Wednesday* worthy a Place in this History. Upon the Evening of the latter the two Ladies went to the Oratorio, and were there time enough to get a first Row in the Gallery. Indeed there was only one Person in the House when they came: for *Amelia's* Inclinations, when she gave a Loose to them, were pretty eager for this Diversion, she being a great Lover of Music, and particularly of Mr. *Handel's* Compositions. Mrs. *Ellison* was, I suppose, a great Lover likewise of Music, for she was the more impatient of the two; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these Entertainments were not such Novelties to her as they were to poor *Amelia*.

Tho' our Ladies arrived full two Hours before they saw the Back of Mr. *Handel*; yet this Time of Expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their Hands; for besides their own Chat, they had the Company of the Gentleman, whom they found at their first Arrival in the Gallery; and who, though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the Women happened to be not only well-bred, but a Person of very lively Conversation. The Gentleman on his part seemed highly charmed with *Amelia*, and in fact was so: for, though he

restrained

restrained himself entirely within the Rules of Good-Breeding, yet was he in the highest Degree officious to catch at every Opportunity of shewing his Respect, and doing her little Services. He procured her a Book and Wax-Candle, and held the Candle for her himself during the whole Entertainment.

At the End of the Oratorio, he declared he would not leave the Ladies till he had seen them safe into their Chairs or Coach; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the Honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. Ellifon, who was a very good-humoured Woman, answered, 'Ay sure, Sir, if you please; you have been very obliging to us; and a Dish of Tea shall be at your Service at any time; and then told him where she lived.'

The Ladies were no sooner seated in their Hackney-coach, than Mrs. Ellifon burst into a loud Laughter, and cried, 'I'll be hanged, Madam, if you have not made a Conquest to night; and what is very pleasant, I believe the poor Gentleman takes you for a single Lady.' 'Nay,' answered Amelia very gravely, 'I protest I began to think at last he was rather too particular, though he did not venture at a Word that I could be offended at; but if you fancy any such thing, I am sorry you invited him to drink Tea.' 'Why so?' replied Mrs. Ellifon, 'Are you angry with a Man for liking you? If you are, you will be angry with almost every Man that sees you. If I was a Man myself, I declare I should be in the Number of your Admirers. Poor Gentleman, I pity him heartily; he little knows that you have not a Heart to dispose of. For my own part, I should not be surprized at seeing a serious Proposal of Marriage: for I am convinced he is a Man of Fortune, not only by the Politeness



ness of his Address, but by the Fineness of his Linen, and that valuable Diamond-Ring on his Finger. But you will see more of him when he comes to Tea.' Indeed I shall not,' answered *Amelia*, 'tho' I believe you only rally me; I hope you have a better Opinion of me, than to think I would go willingly into the Company of a Man, who had an improper Liking for me.' Mrs. *Ellison*, who was one of the gayest Women in the World, repeated the Words, improper Liking, with a Laugh; and cried, 'My dear Mrs. *Booth*, believe me, you are too handsome and too goodhumour'd for a Prude. How can you affect being offended at what I am convinced is the greatest Pleasure of Womankind, and chiefly I believe of us virtuous Women? for I assure you, notwithstanding my Gaiety, I am as virtuous as any Prude in *Europe*.' 'Far be it from me, Madam,' said *Amelia*, 'to suspect the contrary of abundance of Women, who indulge themselves in much greater Freedoms than I should take, or have any Pleasure in taking: for I solemnly protest, if I know my own Heart, the liking of all Men, but of one, is a Matter quite indifferent to me, or rather would be highly disagreeable.'

This Discourse brought them home, where *Amelia* finding her Children asleep, and her Husband not returned, invited her Companion to partake of her homely Fare, and down they sat to Supper together. The Clock struck twelve; and no News being arrived of *Booth*, Mrs. *Ellison* began to express some Astonishment at his Stay, whence she launched into a general Reflexion on Husbands, and soon past to some particular Invectives on her own. 'Ah, my dear Madam,' says she, 'I know the present State of your Mind by what I have myself often felt formerly. I am no Stranger to the melancholy Tone of a-midnight Clock.'

'It

‘It was my Misfortune to drag on a heavy Chain  
‘above fifteen Years with a tortish Yoke-fellow.  
‘But how can I wonder at my Fate; since I see  
‘even your superior Charms can’t confine a Hus-  
‘band from the bewitching Pleasures of a Bottle.  
‘Indeed, Madam,’ says *Amelia*, ‘I have no Rea-  
‘son to complain, Mr. *Booth* is one of the soberest of  
‘Men; but now and then to spend a late Hour with  
‘his Friend, is, I think, highly excusable.’ ‘O,  
‘no doubt,’ cries *Mrs. Ellison*, ‘if he can excuse  
‘himself; but if I was a Man.’—Here *Booth* came  
in and interrupted the Discourse. *Amelia’s* Eyes  
flashed with Joy the Moment he appeared; and he  
discovered no less Pleasure in seeing her. His Spi-  
rits were indeed a little elevated with Wine, so as  
to heighten his Good-humour, without in the least  
disordering his Understanding, and made him such  
delightful Company, that though it was past one in  
the Morning, neither his Wife, nor *Mrs. Ellison*,  
thought of their Beds during a whole Hour.

Early the next Morning the Serjeant came to  
Mr. *Booth’s* Lodgings, and with a melancholy  
Countenance acquainted him, that he had been the  
Night before at an Alehouse, where he heard one  
Mr. *Murphy* an Attorney declare, that he would  
get a Warrant backed against one Capt. *Booth* at  
the next Board of Green-Cloth. ‘I hope, Sir,’  
‘said he, ‘your Honour will pardon me; but by  
‘what he said, I was afraid he meant your Honour;  
‘and therefore I thought it my Duty to tell you;  
‘for I knew the same thing happen to a Gentle-  
‘man here t’other Day.’

*Booth* gave Mr. *Atkinson* many Thanks for his  
Information. ‘I doubt not,’ said he, ‘but I am  
‘the Person meant; for it would be foolish in me  
‘to deny that I am liable to Apprehensions of that  
‘sort.’ ‘I hope, Sir,’ said the Serjeant, ‘your  
‘Honour will soon have Reason to fear no Man  
‘living;

filings; but in the mean time, if any Accident should happen, my Bail is at your Service as far as it will go; and I am a Housekeeper, and can swear myself worth root.' Which hearty and friendly Declaration received all those Acknowledgments from *Bath*, which it really deserved. The poor Gentleman was greatly alarmed at this News; but he was altogether as much surprized at *Murphy's* being the Attorney employed against him, as all his Debts, except only to Capt. *James*, arose in the Country, where he did not know that Mr. *Murphy* had any Acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the Person intended, and resolved to remain a close Prisoner in his own Lodgings, till he saw the Event of a Proposal which had been made him the Evening before at the Tavern, where an honest Gentleman, who had a Post under the Government, and who was one of the Company, had promised to serve him with the Secretary at War, telling him, that he made no doubt of procuring him whole Pay in a Regiment abroad, which in his present Circumstances was very highly worth his Acceptance; when indeed that, and a Goal, seemed to be the only Alternatives that offered themselves to his Choice.

Mr. *Bath* and his Lady spent that Afternoon with Mrs. *Ellison*. An Incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had it not been that *Amelia* gave, on this Occasion, an Instance of that Prudence which can never be too circumspect in married Women of Delicacy: for before she would consent to drink Tea with Mrs. *Ellison*, she made Conditions, that the Gentleman who had met them at the Oratorio should not be let in. Indeed this Circumspection proved unnecessary in the present Instance; for no such Visitor ever came; a Circumstance which gave great Content to *Amelia*: for

that



that Lady had been a little merry at the Rally of Mrs. Ellison, and had upon Reflection magnified every little Compliment made her, and every little Civility shown her by the unknown Gentleman, far beyond the Truth. These Imaginations, now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. Ellison had said, either to Rallery or Mistake.

A young Lady made acquaintance with them at Whilam, and likewise stayed the whole Evening. Her Name was Bennet. She was about the Age of five and twenty; but Sickness had given her an older Look, and had a good deal diminished her Beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the Remains in her present Possession. She was in one particular the very Reverse of Mrs. Ellison, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This Gravity was not however attended with any Sourness of Temper. On the contrary, she had much Sweetness in her Countenance, and was perfectly well-bred. In short, she had imputed her grave Deportment to her ill Health, and began to entertain a Compassion for her, which in good Minds, that is to say, in Minds capable of Compassion, is certain to introduce some little Degree of Love or Friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the Conversation of this Lady, that, though a Woman of no impetuous Curiosity, she could not help taking the first Opportunity of enquiring who she was. Mrs. Ellison said, that she was an unhappy Lady, who had married a young Clergyman for Love, who, dying of a Consumption, had left her a Widow in very indifferent Circumstances. This Account made Amelia still pity her more, and consequently added to the liking which she had already conceived for her. Amelia therefore desired Mrs. Ellison to bring her acquainted with Miss Bennet, and said she would

would go any Day with her to make this Lady  
 living. There need be no Ceremony, cried Mrs.  
*Ellison*, she is a Woman of no Form; and as I  
 saw plainly she was extremely pleased with Mrs.  
*Booth*, I am convinced I can bring her to drink  
 Tea with you any Afternoon you please.

The two next Days *Booth* continued at home,  
 highly to the Satisfaction of his *Amelia*, who really  
 knew no Happiness out of his Company, nor feared  
 any Misery in it. She had indeed at all times so  
 much of his Company when in his Power, that she  
 had no occasion to assign any particular Reason for  
 his staying with her, and consequently it could give  
 her no Cause of Suspicion. The Saturday one of  
 her Children was a little disordered with a feverish  
 Complaint, which confined her to her Room, and  
 prevented her drinking Tea in the Afternoon with  
 her Husband in Mrs. *Ellison*'s Apartment, where a  
 noble Lord, a Cousin of Mrs. *Ellison*'s happened to  
 be present: for though that Lady was reduced in  
 her Circumstances, and obliged to let out Part of  
 her House in Lodgings, she was born of a good  
 Family, and had some considerable Relations.

His Lordship was not himself in any Office of  
 State; but his Fortune gave him great Authority  
 with those who were. Mrs. *Ellison* therefore  
 very bluntly took an Opportunity of recommending  
*Booth* to his Consideration. She took the first  
 Hint from my Lord's calling the Gentleman  
 Captain. To which she answered, 'Ay, I  
 ' wish your Lordship would make him so. It  
 ' would be but an Act of Justice, and I know  
 ' it is in your Power to do much greater things.'  
 She then mentioned *Booth*'s Services, and the  
 Wounds he had received at the Siege, of which  
 she had heard a faithful Account from *Amelia*.  
*Booth* blushed, and was as silent as a young Virgin  
 at the hearing her own Praises. His Lordship an-

swered,

swered, 'Cousin *Ellison*, you know you may command my Interest; nay, I shall have a Pleasure in serving one of Mr. *Booth's* Character: for my part, I think Merit in all Capacities ought to be encouraged; but I know the Ministry are greatly pestered with Solicitations at this time. However, Mr. *Booth* may be assured I will take the first Opportunity; and in the mean time I shall be glad of seeing him any Morning he pleases.' For all these Declarations, *Booth* was not wanting in Acknowledgments to the generous Peer, any more than he was in secret Gratitude to the Lady, who had shewn so friendly and uncommon a Zeal in his Favour.

The Reader, when he knows the Character of this Nobleman, may perhaps conclude that his seeing *Booth* alone was a lucky Circumstance; for he was so passionate an Admirer of Women, that he could scarce have escaped the Attraction of *Amelia's* Beauty. And few Men, as I have observed, have such disinterested Generosity as to serve a Husband the better, because they are in Love with his Wife, unless she will condescend to pay a Price beyond the Reach of a virtuous Woman.

*Booth's* Affairs now put on a better Aspect than they had ever worn before, and he returned with great Pleasure to his *Amelia*, to communicate to her the good News; which she was not at present very capable of enjoying, as her little Girl was grown worse, and her Fears on that account had absorbed the whole Attention of the Mother.



# AMELIA.

## BOOK V.

### CHAP. I.

*In which the Reader will meet with an old Acquaintance.*

**W**E left *Amelia*, at the End of our last Book, nursing her sick Child; and tho' our Reader is no doubt very desirous of knowing the Event of so tender a Concern to that amiable Woman, we must desire him to suspend his Curiosity till the Return of Mr. *Booth*, who was willing to make use of the Opportunity of one Day in seven to taste the fresh Air.

At Nine in the Morning he went to pay a Visit to his old Friend Colonel *James*, resolving, if possible, to have a full Explanation of that Behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the Colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended Fortrefs; and it was as impossible for *Booth* to pass beyond his Entry, as the *Spaniards* found it to take *Gibraltar*. He received the usual Answers; first, that the Colonel was not stirring, and an Hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further Questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder Answers; by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in: for the Porter at a great Man's Door is a kind of Barometer, by which you may discover the Warmth or Coldness

Coldness of his Master's Friendship. Nay, in the highest Stations of all, as the great Man himself hath his different kinds of Salutation, from an hearty Embrace with a Kiss, and my dear Lord, or dear Sir Charles, down to, well Mr. ——— what would you have me do? So the Porter to some bows with Respect, to others with a Smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great Man and his Porter had compared their Lists together, and like two Actors concerned to act different Parts in the same Scene, had rehearsed their Parts privately together, before they ventured to perform in Public.

Tho' Booth did not perhaps see the whole Matter in this just Light, for that in reality it is; yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the Behaviour of the Servant, especially when he considered that of the Master likewise, that he had entirely lost the Friendship of James; and this Conviction gave him a Concern, that not only the flattering Prospect of his Lordship's Favour was not able to compensate; but which even obliterated, and made him for a while forget the Situation in which he had left his *Amelia*; and he wandered about almost two Hours, scarce knowing where he went, 'till at last he dropt into a Coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his Dish of Coffee, before he heard a young Officer of the Guards cry to another, 'Od d—m me *Jaek*, here he comes — here's old Honour and Dignity, faith.' Upon which he saw a Chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately Figure indeed, with a vast Perriwig on his Head, and a vast Hat under his Arm. This august Personage having entered the Room walked directly up  
to

to the upper End, where having paid his Respects to all present of any Note, to each according to Seniority, he at last cast his Eyes on *Booth*, and very civilly, tho' somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

*Booth*, who had long recognized the Features of his old Acquaintance Major *Bath*, returned the Compliment with a very low Bow; but did not venture to make the first Advance to Familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that Quality which the *Greeks* considered in the highest Light of Honour, and which we term *Modesty*; tho' indeed neither ours nor the *Latin* Language hath any Word adequate to the Idea of the Original.

The Colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three Articles of News, and made his Comments upon them, when the next Chair to him became vacant, called upon *Booth* to fill it. He then asked him several Questions relating to his Affairs; and when he heard he was out of the Army, advised him earnestly to use all Means to get in again, saying, that he was a pretty Lad, and they must not lose him.

*Booth* told him in a Whisper, that he had a great deal to say to him on that Subject, if they were in a more private Place; upon this the Colonel proposed a Walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their Walk, *Booth* opened his Heart, and among other Matters acquainted Colonel *Bath* that he feared he had lost the Friendship of Col. *James*; 'tho' I am not,' said he, 'conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it.'

*Bath* answered, 'You are certainly mistaken, Mr. *Booth*. I have indeed scarce seen my Brother since my coming to Town: for I have been here but two Days; however I am convinced he is a Man of too nice Honour to do any thing inconsistent



‘sistent with the true Dignity of a Gentleman.’ *Booth* answered, ‘he was far from accusing him of any thing dishonourable.’ — ‘D—n me,’ said *Bath*, ‘if there is a Man alive can, or dare accuse him : If you have the least Reason to take any thing ill, why don’t you go to him? you are a Gentleman, and his Rank doth not protect him from giving you Satisfaction.’ ‘The Affair is not of any such kind,’ says *Booth*, ‘I have great Obligations to the Colonel, and have more reason to lament than complain ; and if I could but see him, I am convinced I should have no cause for either, but I cannot get within his House ; it was but an Hour ago, a Servant of his turned me rudely from the Door.’ ‘Did a Servant of my Brother use you rudely?’ said the Colonel, with the utmost Gravity. ‘I do not know, Sir, in what Light you see such things ; but to me the Affront of a Servant is the Affront of the Master ; and if he doth not immediately punish it, by all the Dignity of Man, I would see the Master’s Nose between my Fingers.’ *Booth* offered to explain, but to no Purpose ; the Colonel was got into his Stilts, and it was impossible to take him down, nay, it was as much as *Booth* could possibly do to part with him without an actual Quarrel ; nor would he perhaps have been able to have accomplished it, had not the Colonel by Accident turned at last to take *Booth*’s Side of the Question ; and before they separated, he swore many Oaths that *James* should give him proper Satisfaction.

## CHAP. II.

*Containing a Brace of Doctors, and much physical Matter.*

SUCH was the End of this present Interview, so little to the Content of *Booth*, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a Syllable of the Matter. He now returned with all his Uneasiness to his *Amelia*, whom he found in a Condition very little adapted to relieve or comfort him. That poor Woman was now indeed under very great Apprehensions for her Child, whose Fever now began to rage very violently : and what was worse, an Apothecary had been with her, and frightened her almost out of her Wits. He had indeed represented the Case of the Child to be very desperate, and had prevailed on the Mother to call in the Assistance of a Doctor.

*Booth* had been a very little time in the Room before this Doctor arrived, with the Apothecary close at his Heels, and both approached the Bed, where the former felt the Pulse of the Sick, and performed several other physical Ceremonies. He then began to enquire of the Apothecary what he had already done for the Patient ; all which, as soon as informed, he greatly approved. The Doctor then sat down, called for a Pen and Ink, filled a whole Side of a Sheet of Paper with Physic, then took a Guinea, and took his Leave ; the Apothecary waiting upon him down Stairs, as he had attended him up.

All that Night both *Amelia* and *Booth* sat up with their Child, who rather grew worse than better. In the Morning Mrs. *Ellison* found the Infant in a raging Fever, burning hot, and very light-headed, and the Mother under the highest Dejection : for the

Distemper

Distemper had not given the least Ground to all the Efforts of the Apothecary and Doctor, but seemed to defy their utmost Power, with all that tremendous Apparatus of Phials and Gallypots, which were ranged in Battle-array all over the Room.

Mrs. *Ellison* seeing the distressed, and indeed distracted Condition of *Amelia's* Mind, attempted to comfort her by giving her Hopes of the Child's Recovery. 'Upon my Word, Madam,' says she, 'I saw a Child of much the same Age with Miss, who, in my Opinion was much worse, restored to Health in a few Days by a Physician of my Acquaintance; nay, I have known him cure several others of very bad Fevers; and, if Miss was under his Care, I dare swear she would do very well.' Good Heavens! Madam, answered *Amelia*, 'why would you not mention him to me? for my part, I have no Acquaintance with any London Physicians, nor do I know whom the Apothecary hath brought me.' 'Nay, Madam,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'it is a tender thing you know, to recommend a Physician: and as for my Doctor, there are abundance of People who give him an ill Name; indeed it is true, he hath cured me twice of Fevers, and so he hath several others to my Knowledge; nay, I never heard of any more than one of his Patients that died; and yet as the Doctors and Apothecaries all give him an ill Character, one is fearful, you know, dear Madam.'—*Booth* enquired the Doctor's Name, which he no sooner heard, than he begged his Wife to send for him immediately, declaring he had heard the highest Character imaginable of him at the Tavern, from an Officer of very good Understanding. *Amelia* presently complied, and a Messenger was dispatched accordingly.

But before the second Doctor could be brought, the first returned with the Apothecary attending



him, as before. He again surveyed and handled the Sick ; and when *Amelia* begged him to tell her, if there was any Hopes, he shook his Head, and said, ' To be sure, Madam, Miss is in a very dangerous Condition, and there is no Time to lose. If the Blisters, which I shall now order her, should not relieve her, I fear——we can do no more.'—— ' Would not you please, Sir,' says the Apothecary, ' to have the Powders and the Draught repeated ?'—— ' How often were they ordered ?' cries the Doctor—— ' Only *tertia quaq. Hora*,' says the Apothecary—— ' Let them be taken every Hour, by all means,' cries the Doctor ; ' and——let me see, pray get me a Pen and Ink.——' ' If you think the Child in such imminent Danger,' said *Booth*, ' would you give me leave to call in another Physician to your Assistance——Indeed my Wife——' ' O by all means,' said the Doctor, ' it is what I very much wish. ' Let me see, Mr. *Arsenic*, whom shall we call'—— ' what do you think of Dr. *Dosewell* ?' said the Apothecary—— ' no body better,' cries the Physician—— ' I should have no Objection to the Gentleman,' answered *Booth*, ' but another hath been recommended to my Wife.' He then mentioned the Physician, for whom they had just before sent. ' Who, Sir,' cries the Doctor, dropping his Pen ; and when *Booth* repeated the Name of *Thompson*, ' Excuse me, Sir,' cries the Doctor hastily, ' I shall not meet him'—— ' why so, Sir ?' answered *Booth*. ' I will not meet him,' replied the Doctor, ' shall I meet a Man who pretends to know more than the whole College, and would overturn the whole Method of Practice, which is so well established, and from which no one Person hath pretended to deviate ?' ' Indeed, Sir,' cries the Apothecary, ' you do not know what you are about, asking your Pardon ; why, he kills every body he comes near.'

‘near.’ ‘That is not true,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘I have been his Patient twice, and I am alive yet.’——‘You have had good Luck then, Madam,’ answered the Apothecary; ‘for he kills every body he comes near’——‘Nay, I know above a dozen others of my own Acquaintance,’ replied, Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘who have been all cured by him’——‘That may be, Madam,’ cries *Arsenic*, ‘but he kills every body for all that’——‘why, Madam, did you never hear of Mr.——’ ‘I can’t think of the Gentleman’s Name, tho’ he was a Man of great Fashion, but every body knows whom I mean.’ ‘Every body indeed must know whom you mean,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘for I never heard but of one, and that many Years ago.’

Before the Dispute was ended, the Doctor himself entered the Room. As he was a very well-bred and a very good-natured Man, he addressed himself with much Civility to his Brother Physician, who was not quite so courteous on his side. However, he suffered the new Comer to be conducted to the sick Bed, and at *Booth*’s earnest Request to deliver his Opinion.

The Dispute which ensued between the two Physicians would perhaps be unintelligible to any but to those of the Faculty, and not very entertaining to them. The Character which the Officer and Mrs. *Ellison* had given of the second Doctor, had greatly preposessed *Booth* in his Favour; and indeed his Reasoning seemed to be the juster. *Booth* therefore declared he would abide by his Advice; upon which the former Operator, with his Zany the Apothecary, quitted the Field, and left the other in full Possession of the Sick.

The first thing the new Doctor did was (to use his own Phrase) to blow up the physical Magazine. All the Powders and Potions instantly disappeared

at his Command : for he said there was a much readier and nearer way to convey such Stuff to the Vault, than by first sending it through a human Body. He then ordered the Child to be blooded, gave it a Clyster, and some cooling Physic ; and, in short, (that I may not dwell too long on so unpleasing a Part of History) within three Days cured the little Patient of her Distemper, to the great Satisfaction of Mrs. *Ellisau*, and to the vast Joy of *Amelia*.

Some Readers will perhaps think this whole Chapter might have been omitted ; but though it contains no great Matter of Amusement, it may at least serve to inform Posterity concerning the present State of Physic.

### C H A P. III.

*In which Booth pays a Visit to the noble Lord.*

**W**HEN that Day of the Week returned in which Mr. *Booth* chose to walk abroad, his Child being now perfectly recovered, and *Amelia*'s Chearfulness returned, he went to wait on the noble Peer according to his kind Invitation.

*Booth* now found a very different Reception with this great Man's Porter, from what he had met with at his Friend the Colonel's. He no sooner told his Name, than the Porter with a Bow told him his Lordship was at home ; the Door immediately flew wide open ; and he was conducted to an Anti-chamber, where a Servant told him he would acquaint his Lordship with his Arrival. Nor did he wait many Minutes before the same Servant returned, and ushered him to his Lordship's Apartment.

He found my Lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous Manner imaginable.

After



After the first Ceremonials were over, his Lordship began in the following Words. ‘ Mr. Booth, I do assure you you are very much obliged to my Cousin *Ellison*. She hath given you such a Character that I shall have a Pleasure in doing any thing in my Power to serve you.——But it will be very difficult, I am afraid, to get you a Rank at home. In the *West-Indies* perhaps, or in some Regiment abroad it may be more easy; and when I consider your Reputation as a Soldier, I make no doubt of your Readiness to go to any Place where the Service of your Country shall call you.’ *Booth* answered, ‘ that he was highly obliged to his Lordship, and assured him, he would with great Chearfulness attend his Duty in any Part of the World. The only thing grievous in the Exchange of Countries,’ said he, ‘ in my Opinion is to leave those I love behind me, and I am sure, I shall never have a second Trial equal to my first. It was very hard, my Lord, to leave a young Wife big with her first Child; and so affected with my Absence, that I had the utmost Reason to despair of ever seeing her more. After such a Demonstration of my Resolution to sacrifice every other Consideration to my Duty, I hope your Lordship will honour me with some Confidence, that I shall make no Objection to serve in any Country.’ ‘ My dear Mr. Booth,’ answered the Lord, ‘ you speak like a Soldier, and I greatly honour your Sentiments. Indeed I own the Justice of your Inference from the Example you have given: For, to quit a Wife as you say, in the very Infancy of Marriage, is, I acknowledge, some Trial of Resolution.’ *Booth* answered with a low Bow, and then after some immaterial Conversation, his Lordship promised to speak immediately to the Minister, and appointed Mr. *Booth* to come to him again on the *Wednesday*

Morning, that he might be acquainted with his Patron's Success. The poor Man now blushed and looked silly, till after some time, he summoned up all his Courage to his Assistance, and relying on the other's Friendship, he opened the whole Affair of his Circumstances, and confessed that he did not dare to stir from his Lodgings above one Day in Seven. His Lordship expressed great Concern at this Account, and very kindly promised to take some Opportunity of calling on him at his Cousin *Ellison's*, when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortable Tidings.

*Booth* soon afterwards took his Leave with the most profuse Acknowledgments for so much Goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his *Ameia* with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a Friend, towards whom both their Bosoms burnt with the warmest Sentiments of Gratitude. She was not however contented, till she had made *Booth* renew his Promise in the most solemn Manner of taking her with him. After which they sat down with their little Children to a Scrag of Mutton and Broth, with the highest Satisfaction, and very heartily drank his Lordship's Health in a Pot of Porter.

In the Afternoon this happy Couple, if the Reader will allow me to call poor People happy, drank Tea with Mrs. *Ellison*, where his Lordship's Praises being again repeated by both the Husband and Wife, were very loudly echoed by Mrs. *Ellison*. While they were here, the young Lady, whom we have mentioned at the End of the last Book to have made a Fourth at Whist, and with whom *Amelia* seemed so much pleased, came in; she was just returned to Town from a short Visit in the Country, and her present Visit was unexpected. It was however very agreeable to *Amelia*, who liked her still  
better

better upon a second Interview, and was resolved to solicit her further Acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet still maintained some little Reserve, but was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared moreover to be as little ceremonious as Mrs. Ellison had reported her, and very readily accepted *Amelia's* Apology for not paying her the first Visit, and agreed to drink Tea with her the very next Afternoon.

Whilst the above-mentioned Company were sitting in Mrs. Ellison's Parlour, Serjeant *Atkinson* passed by the Window, and knocked at the Door. Mrs. Ellison no sooner saw him, than she said, 'pray, Mr. Booth, who is that genteel young Serjeant? He was here every Day last Week, to enquire after the Health of Miss, and at the Time of her Danger shewed almost as much Concern for her as you did yourself.' This was indeed a Fact; but as the poor Fellow had received all his Answers from the Maid or Mrs. Ellison, Booth had never heard a Word of the Matter. He was however greatly pleased with what he was now told, and burst forth into great Praises of the Serjeant, which were seconded by *Amelia*, who added that he was her Foster-brother, and she believed one of the honestest Fellows in the World.

'And I'll swear,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'he is one of the prettiest—Do, Mr. Booth, desire him to walk in. A Serjeant of the Guards is a Gentleman, and I had rather give such a Man as you describe a Dish of Tea, than any Beau Fribble of them all.'

Booth wanted no great Solicitation to shew any kind of Regard to *Atkinson*; and accordingly the Serjeant was ushered in, tho' not without some Reluctance on his Side. There is perhaps nothing more uneasy than those Sensations which the *French* call the



*mauvaise Honte*, nor any more difficult to conquer; and poor *Atkinson* would, I am persuaded, have mounted a Breach with less Concern, than he walked into a Room before three Ladies, two of whom were his avowed well Wishers.

Tho' I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. *Essex* the celebrated Dancing-Master's Opinion, that Dancing is the Rudiments of polite Education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other Art and Science; yet is it certain, that Persons whose Feet have never been under the Hands of the Professors of that Art, are apt to discover this Want in their Education in every Motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem indeed to be over-burthened with Limbs, which they know not how to use, as if when Nature hath finished her Work, the Dancing-Master still is necessary to put it in Motion.

*Atkinson* was at present an Example of this Observation, which doth so much Honour to a Profession for which I have a very high Regard. He was handsome and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learnt to dance, he made so awkward an Appearance in Mrs. *Ellison's* Parlour, that the good Lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from Laughter at his Behaviour.

He had not however been long in the Room, before Admiration of his Person got the better of such risible Ideas. So great is the Advantage of Beauty in Men as well as Women, and so sure is this Quality in either Sex of procuring some Regard from the Beholder.

The exceeding courteous Behaviour of Mrs. *Ellison*, joined to that of *Amelia* and *Booth*, at length dissipated the Uneasiness of *Atkinson*; and he gained sufficient Confidence to tell the Company some entertaining Stories of Accidents, that had happened

happened in the Army within his Knowledge; which tho' they greatly pleased all present, are not however of Consequence enough to have a Place in this History.

Mrs. *Elifon* was so very importunate with her Company to stay Supper, that they all consented. As for the Serjeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome Guests. She was indeed so pleased with what she had heard of him, and what she saw of him, that when a little warmed with Wine, for she was no Flischer at the Bottle, she began to indulge some Freedoms in her Discourse towards him, that a little offended *Amelia's* Delicacy. nay, they did not seem to be highly relished by the other Lady. Tho' I am far from insinuating that these exceeded the Bounds of Decency, or were indeed greater Liberties than Ladies of the middle Age, and especially Widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Relating principally to the Affairs of Serjeant Atkinson.*

**T**H E next Day, when all the same Company, *Atkinson* only excepted, assembled in *Amelia's* Apartment, Mrs. *Elifon* presently began to discourse of him, and that in Terms not only of Approbation, but even of Affection. She called him her clever Serjeant, and her dear Serjeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest Fellow in the Army, and said it was a thousand Pities he had not a Commission; for that if he had, she was sure he would become a General.

'I am of your Opinion, Madam, answered, *Booth*; 'and he hath got 100l. of his own already, if he could find a Wife now to help him to two or three hundred more, I think he might easily

‘ sily get a Commission in a Marching Regiment;  
 ‘ for I am convinced there is no Colonel in the  
 ‘ Army would refuse him.

‘ Refuse him indeed !’ said *Mrs. Ellison*; no.  
 ‘ He would be a very pretty Colonel that did. And  
 ‘ upon my Honour, I believe there are very few  
 ‘ Ladies who would refuse him, if he had but a  
 ‘ proper Opportunity of soliciting them. The  
 ‘ Colonel and the Lady both would be better off,  
 ‘ than with one of those pretty Masters that I see  
 ‘ walking about, and dragging their long Swords  
 ‘ after them, when they should rather drag their  
 ‘ Leading-Strings.’

‘ Well said,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ and spoken like a  
 ‘ Woman of Spirit.—Indeed, I believe, they  
 ‘ would be both better served.’

‘ True Captain,’ answered *Mrs. Ellison*, ‘ I would  
 ‘ rather leave the two first Syllables out of the  
 ‘ Word Gentleman, than the last.’

‘ Nay I assure you,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ there is not  
 ‘ a quieter Creature in the World. Tho’ the Fel-  
 ‘ low hath the Bravery of a Lion, he hath the  
 ‘ Meekness of a Lamb. I can tell you Stories  
 ‘ enow of that Kind, and so can my dear *Amelia*  
 ‘ when he was a Boy.’

‘ O if the Match sticks there,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I  
 ‘ positively will not spoil his Fortune by my Silence.  
 ‘ I can answer for him from his Infancy, that he  
 ‘ was one of the best natured Lads in the World.  
 ‘ I will tell you a Story or two of him, the Truth  
 ‘ of which I can testify from my own Knowledge.  
 ‘ When he was but six Years old, he was at Play  
 ‘ with me at my Mother’s House, and a great  
 ‘ Pointing-dog bit him through the Leg. The  
 ‘ poor Lad in the Midst of the Anguish of his  
 ‘ Wound, declared he was overjoyed it had not  
 ‘ happened to Miss, (for the same Dog had just  
 ‘ before snapt at me, and my Petticoats had been  
 ‘ my



‘ my Defence.) Another Instance of his Good-  
‘ ness which greatly recommended him to my Fa-  
‘ ther, and which I have loved him for ever since,  
‘ was this. My Father was a great Lover of  
‘ Birds, and strictly forbid the spoiling of their  
‘ Nests. Poor Joe was one Day caught upon a  
‘ Tree, and being concluded guilty, was severely  
‘ lashed for it; but it was afterwards discovered  
‘ that another Boy, a Friend of Joe’s, had rob-  
‘ bed the Nest of its young ones, and poor Joe had  
‘ climbed the Tree in order to restore them, not-  
‘ withstanding which he submitted to the Punish-  
‘ ment rather than he would impeach his Compani-  
‘ on. But if these Stories appear childish and  
‘ trifling, the Duty and Kindness he hath shewn to  
‘ his Mother, must recommend him to every one.  
‘ Ever since he hath been fifteen Years old, he hath  
‘ more than half supported her; and when my  
‘ Brother died, I remember particularly Joe at his  
‘ Desire, for he was much his Favourite, had one  
‘ of his Suits given him, but instead of his becom-  
‘ ing finer on that Occasion, another young Fel-  
‘ low came to Church in my Brother’s Cloaths,  
‘ and my old Nurse appeared the same Sunday in  
‘ a new Gown, which her Son had purchased for  
‘ her with the Sale of his Legacy.’

‘ Well, I protest, he is a very worthy Creature,’  
said Mrs. Bennet.

‘ He is a charming Fellow,’ cries Mrs. Ellison,  
—‘ but then the Name of Serjeant, Capt. Booth,  
‘ tho’ as the Play says, my Pride brings me off  
‘ again.’

*And whatsoever the Sages charge on Pride,  
The Angels fall, and twenty other good Faults  
beside;*

*On Earth I’m sure—I’m sure—something—cal-  
ling*

*Pride saves Man and our Sex too from falling.*  
Here

Here a Footman's Rap at the Door shook the Room. Upon which Mrs. *Ellison* running to the Window, cry'd out, let me die if it is not my Lord, what shall I do? I must be at home to him, but suppose he should enquire for you, Captain, what shall I say? or will you go down with me?

The Company were in some Confusion at this Instant, and before they had agreed on any thing, *Booth's* little Girl came running into the Room, and said, 'there was a prodigious great Gentleman coming up Stairs.' She was immediately followed by his Lordship, who, as he knew *Booth* must be at home, made very little or no Enquiry at the Door.

*Amelia* was taken somewhat at a Surprize, but she was too polite to shew much Confusion: for though she knew nothing of the Town, she had had a genteel Education, and kept the best Company the Country afforded. The Ceremonies therefore pass as usual, and they all sat down.

His Lordship soon addressed himself to *Booth*, saying, 'As I have what I think good News for you, Sir, I could not delay giving myself the Pleasure of communicating it to you. I have mentioned your Affair where I promised you, and I have no doubt of my Success. One may easily perceive, you know, from the Manner of Peoples behaving upon such Occasions; and indeed, when I related your Case I found there was much Inclination to serve you. Great Men, Mr. *Booth*, must do things in their own Time; but I think you may depend on having something done very soon.'

*Booth* made many Acknowledgments for his Lordship's Goodness, and now a second time paid all the Thanks which would have been due, even had the Favour been obtained. This Art of promising

missing is the Oeconomy of a great Man's Pride, a sort of good Husbandry in conferring Favours, by which they receive ten-fold in Acknowledgments for every Obligation, I mean among those who really intend the Service: for there are others who cheat poor Men of their Thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This Matter being sufficiently discussed, the Conversation took a gayser Turn; and my Lord began to entertain the Ladies with some of that elegant Discourse, which tho' most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read. Such Conversation indeed, as it extremely resembles brisk bottled Ale in its Liveliness, so doth it in this, that it is as impossible to transfuse the one from the Lips to Paper, as to decant the other. Both by such Operations lose all their Spirit, and nothing but Froth remains.

His Lordship was so highly pleased with *Amelia*, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this Particularity distinguished itself only in a higher Degree of Respect, and was so very polite and so very distant, that she herself was pleased, and at his Departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the Length of a common Visit, declared he was the finest Gentleman she had ever seen, with which Sentiment her Husband and Mrs. *Ellison* both entirely concurred.

Mrs. *Bennet* on the contrary express'd some little Dislike to my Lord's Complaisance, which she called excessive. 'For my own Part,' said she, 'I have not the least Relish for those very fine Gentlemen; what the World generally calls Politeness, I term Insincerity; and I am more charmed with the Stories which Mrs. *Booth* told us of the honest Serjeant, than with all that the finest Gentlemen in the World ever said in their Lives.'

'O to be sure,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'All for Love



‘ *Love, or the World well Lost*, is a Motto very proper for some Folks to wear in their Coat of Arms; but the Generality of the World will, I believe, agree with that Lady’s Opinion of my Cousin, rather than with Mrs. Bennet.’

Mrs. Bennet seeing Mrs. Ellison took Offence at what she said, thought proper to make some Apology, which was very readily accepted, and so ended the Visit.

We cannot however put an End to the Chapter without observing, that such is the ambitious Temper of Beauty, that it may always apply to itself that celebrated Passage in *Lucan*.

*Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Casarve priorum Pompeiusve parem.*——

Indeed, I believe, it may be laid down as a general Rule, that no Woman who hath any great Pretensions to Admiration, is over-well pleased in a Company, where she perceives herself to fill only the second Place. This Observation however I humbly submit to the Judgment of the Ladies, and hope it will be considered as retracted by me, if they shall dissent from my Opinion.

#### C H A P. V.

*Containing Matters that Require no Preface.*

WHEN Booth and his Wife were left alone together, they both extremely exulted in their good Fortune, in having found so good a Friend as his Lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm Expressions of their Gratitude towards Mrs. Ellison. After which they began to lay down Schemes of Living when Booth should have his Commission of Captain, and after the exactest Computation, concluded that with OEconomy, they should be able to save, at least, fifty Pounds a Year out of their Income, in order to pay their Debts.

These Matters being well settled, Amelia asked Booth what he thought of Mrs. Bennet. ‘ I think, my

‘ my Dear,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ that she hath been  
‘ formerly a very pretty Woman.’ ‘ I am mis-  
‘ taken,’ replied she, ‘ if she be not a very good  
‘ Creature. I don’t know I ever took such a Lik-  
‘ ing to any one on so short an Acquaintance. I  
‘ fancy she hath been a very spritely Woman: For  
‘ if you observe, she discovers by starts a great  
‘ Vivacity in her Countenance.’ ‘ I made the same  
‘ Observation,’ cries *Booth*: ‘ sure some strange  
‘ Misfortune hath befallen.’ ‘ A Misfortune in-  
‘ deed!’ answered *Amelia*, ‘ sure Child, you for-  
‘ got what Mrs. *Ellison* told us, that she had lost a  
‘ beloved Husband. A Misfortune which I have  
‘ often wondered at any Woman’s surviving,—  
‘ at which Words, she cast a tender Look at *Booth*,  
‘ and presently afterwards throwing herself upon  
‘ his Neck, cried——O Heavens! what a happy  
‘ Creature am I; when I consider the Dangers  
‘ you have gone through, how I exult in my Bliss!’  
The good natured Reader will suppose that *Booth*  
was not deficient in returning such Tenderness, af-  
ter which the Conversation became too fond to be  
here related.

The next Morning Mrs. *Ellison* addressed herself  
to *Booth* as follows: ‘ I shall make no Apology, Sir,  
‘ for what I am going to say, as it proceeds from  
‘ my Friendship to yourself and your dear Lady.  
‘ I am convinced then, Sir, there is something  
‘ more than Accident in your going Abroad only  
‘ one Day in the Week. Now, Sir, if, as I am  
‘ afraid, Matters are not altogether as well as I wish  
‘ them, I beg, since I do not believe you are pro-  
‘ vided with a Lawyer, that you will suffer me to  
‘ recommend one to you. The Person I shall  
‘ mention is, I assure you, of much Ability in his  
‘ Profession, and I have known him do great Ser-  
‘ vices to Gentlemen under a Cloud. Do not be  
‘ ashamed of your Circumstances, my dear Friend.  
They

‘ They are a much greater Scandal to those, who  
‘ have left so much Merit unprovided for.’

*Booth* gave *Mrs. Ellison* abundance of Thanks for her Kindness, and explicitly confest to her that her Conjectures were right, and without Hesitation accepted the Offer of her Friend’s Assistance.

*Mrs. Ellison* then acquainted him with her Apprehensions on his Account. She said she had both Yesterday and this Morning seen two or three very ugly suspicious Fellows pass several times by her Window. ‘ Upon all Accounts,’ said she, ‘ my dear Sir, I advise you to keep yourself close confined till the Lawyer hath been with you. I am sure he will get you your Liberty, at least of walking about within the Verge—There’s something to be done with the Board of Green Cloth, I don’t know what; but this I know, that several Gentlemen have lived here a long Time very comfortably, and have defied all the Vengeance of their Creditors. However, in the mean time you must be a close Prisoner with your Lady; and I believe there is no Man in England but would exchange his Liberty for the same Goal.’

She then departed, in order to send for the Attorney, and presently afterwards the Serjeant arrived with News of the like Kind. He said he had scraped an Acquaintance with *Murphy*. ‘ I hope your Honour will pardon me,’ cries *Atkinson*, ‘ but I pretended to have a small Demand upon your Honour myself, and offered to employ him in the Business. Upon which he told me, that if I would go with him to the Marshal’s Court, and make Affidavit of my Debt, he should be able very shortly to get it me; for I shall have the Captain in Hold,’ cries he, ‘ within a Day or two. I wish,’ said the Serjeant, ‘ I could do your Honour any Service. Shall I walk about all Day before the Door? or shall I be Porter and watch it



‘ it in the Inside, till your Honour can find some  
‘ means of securing yourself? I hope you will not  
‘ be offended at me, but I beg you would take  
‘ care of falling into *Murphy’s* Hands; for he hath  
‘ the Character of the greatest Villain upon Earth.  
‘ I am afraid you will think me too bold, Sir; but  
‘ I have a little Money, if it can be of any Ser-  
‘ vice, do, pray your Honour command it. It  
‘ can never do me so much Good any other way.  
‘ Consider, Sir, I owe all I have to yourself, and  
‘ my dear Mistress.

*Booth* stood a Moment, as if he had been Thun-  
der-struck, and then, the Tears bursting from his  
Eyes, he said: ‘ Upon my Soul, *Atkinson*, you over-  
‘ come me. I scarce ever heard of so much Good-  
‘ ness, nor do I know how to express my Senti-  
‘ ments of it. But be assured, as for your Money,  
‘ I will not accept it, and let it satisfy you, that in  
‘ my present Circumstances it would do me no es-  
‘ sential Service; but this be assured of likewise,  
‘ that whilst I live, I shall never forget the Kind-  
‘ ness of the Offer——However, as I apprehend  
‘ I may be in some Danger of Fellows getting into  
‘ the House, for a Day or two, as I have no Guard  
‘ but a poor little Girl, I will not refuse the Good-  
‘ ness you offer to shew in my Protection. And I  
‘ make no doubt but Mrs. *Ellison* will let you sit in  
‘ her Parlour for that Purpose.’

*Atkinson* with the utmost Readiness undertook the  
Office of Porter; and Mrs. *Ellison* as readily allot-  
ted him a Place in her Back-parlour, where he con-  
tinued three Days together, from Eight in the  
Morning till Twelve at Night; during which Time  
he had sometimes the Company of Mrs. *Ellison*,  
and sometimes of *Booth*, *Amelia*, and Mrs. *Bennet*  
too; for this last had taken as great a Fancy to  
*Amelia*, as *Amelia* had to her, and therefore as Mr.  
*Booth’s* Affairs were now no Secret in the Neigh-  
bourhood,

bourhood, made her frequent Visits during the Confinement of her Husband, and consequently her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this Interval of Time, more worthy Notice than the following Card, which *Amelia* received from her old Acquaintance Mrs. *James*. ‘ Mrs. *James* sends her Compliments to Mrs. *Booth*, and desires to know how she does; for as she hath not had the Favour of seeing her at her own House, or of meeting her in any public Place, in so long Time, fears it may be owing to ill Health.’

*Amelia* had long given over all Thoughts of her Friend, and doubted not but that she was entirely given over by her; she was very much surprized at this Message, and under some Doubt whether it was not meant as an Insult, especially from the mention of public Places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present Circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. *James* was well apprized. However, at the Entreaty of her Husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his friend *James*, *Amelia* undertook to pay the Lady a Visit, and to examine into the Mystery of this Conduct, which appeared to her to unaccountable.

Mrs. *James* received her with a Degree of Civility that amazed *Amelia*, no less than her Coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an Eclaircissement, and having sat out some Company that came in, when they were alone together, *Amelia*, after some Silence, and many Offers to speak, at last said, ‘ my dear *Jenny*, (if you will now suffer me to call you by so familiar a Name,) have you entirely forgot a certain young Lady who had the Pleasure of being your intimate Acquaintance at *Montpelier*?’ — ‘ Whom do you mean, dear Madam?’ cries Mrs. *James*, with great Concern. ‘ I mean myself,’ answered *Amelia* — ‘ You surprise

‘surprize me, Madam,’ replied Mrs. *James*. ‘How can you ask me that Question?’ ‘Nay, my Dear, I do not intend to offend you,’ cries *Amelia*? ‘but I am really desirous to solve to myself the Reason of that Coldness which you shewed me, when you did me the Favour of a Visit. Can you think, my Dear, I was not disappointed when I expected to meet an intimate Friend, to receive a cold formal Visitant? I desire you to examine your own Heart, and answer me honestly if you do not think I had some little Reason to be dissatisfied with your Behaviour?’ ‘Indeed, Mrs. *Booth*,’ answered the other Lady, ‘you surprize me very much; if there was any thing displeasing to you in my Behaviour, I am extremely concerned at it. I did not know I had been defective in any of the Rules of Civility, but if I was, Madam, I ask your Pardon.’ ‘Is Civility then my Dear,’ replied *Amelia*, ‘a synonymous Term with Friendship? Could I have expected when I parted the last Time with Miss *Jenny Bath*, to have met her the next Time in the Shape of a fine Lady, complaining of the Hardship of climbing up two Pair of Stairs to visit me, and then approaching me with the distant Air of a new or a slight Acquaintance? Do you think, my dear Mrs. *James*, if the Tables had been turned, if my Fortune had been as high in the World as yours, and you in my Distrest and abject Condition, that I would not have climbed as high as the Monument to visit you?’ ‘Sure, Madam,’ cried Mrs. *James*, ‘I mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken me. Can you complain of my not visiting you, who have owed me a Visit almost these three Weeks. Nay, did I not even then send you a Card, which sure was doing more than all the Friendship and good Breeding in the World required; but indeed as I had met you in

no



‘no public Place, I really thought you was ill?’  
 ‘How can you mention public Places to me,’ said *Amelia*, ‘when you can hardly be a Stranger to my present Situation? Did you not know, Madam, that I was ruined.’ ‘No indeed, Madam, did I not,’ replied Mrs. *James*, ‘I am sure I should have been highly concerned if I had.’ ‘Why sure, my Dear,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘you could not imagine that we were in affluent Circumstances, when you found us in such a Place, and in such a Condition.’ ‘Nay, my Dear, answered Mrs. *James*, ‘since you are pleased to mention it first yourself, I own I was a little surprized to see you in no better Lodgings; but I concluded you had your own Reasons for liking them; and for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive Rule, never to enquire into the private Affairs of any one, especially of my Friends. I am not of the Humour of some Ladies, who confine the Circle of their Acquaintance to one Part of the Town, and would not be known to visit in the City for the World. For my part, I never drop an Acquaintance with any one, while it was reputable to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare, I have not a Friend in the World for whom I have a greater Esteem than I have for Mrs. *Booth*.’

At this instant the Arrival of a new Visitant put an end to the Discourse, and *Amelia* soon after took her Leave without the least Anger, but with some little unavoidable Contempt for a Lady, in whose Opinion, as we have hinted before, outward Form and Ceremony constituted the whole Essence of Friendship; who valued all her Acquaintance alike, as each Individual served equally to fill up a Place in her visiting Roll, and who in reality had not the least Concern for the good Qualities or Well-being of any of them.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing much heroic Matter.*

**A**T the End of three Days Mrs. Ellifon's Friend had so far purchased Mr. Booth's Liberty, that he could walk again abroad within the Verge, without any Danger of having a Warrant backed against him by the Board before he had Notice. As for the ill looked Persons that had given the Alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy Gentleman, and not Booth was the Object of their Pursuit.

Mr. Booth now being delivered from his Fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his Morning-walk in the Park. Here he met Colonel Bath in Company with some other Officers, and very civilly paid his Respects to him. But instead of returning the Salute, the Colonel looked him full in the Face with a very stern Countenance; and if he could be said to take any Notice of him, it was in such a Manner as to inform him he would take no Notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt than surprized at this Behaviour, and resolved to know the Reason of it. He therefore watched an Opportunity till the Colonel was alone, and then walked boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any Offence,—the Colonel answered haughtily, 'Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do I think it consistent with my Dignity to make you any Answer.' Booth replied, 'I don't know, Sir, that I have done any thing to deserve this Treatment.' --- 'Look'ee, Sir,' cries the Colonel, 'if I had not formerly had some Respect for you, I should not think you worth my Resentment. However, as you are a Gentleman born and an Officer, and as I have had an Esteem for you, I will give you some Marks of it by putting it in your Power to do yourself Justice. I will tell you therefore, Sir,

‘ Sir, that you have acted like a Scoundrel --- ‘ If we were not in the Park,’ answered *Booth* warmly, ‘ I would thank you very properly for that Compliment.’ --- ‘ O Sir!’ cries the Colonel, ‘ we can be soon in a convenient Place.’ Upon which *Booth* answered he would attend him wherever he pleased.---The Colonel then bid him come along, and strutted forward directly up *Constitution-Hill* to *Hyde-Park*, *Booth* following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that Place which may be properly called the Field of Blood, being that Part a little to the Left of the Ring, which Heroes have chosen for the Scene of their Exit out of this World.

*Booth* reached the Ring some Time before the Colonel; for he mended not his Pace any more than a *Spaniard*. To say Truth, I believe it was not in his Power; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same Strut, that as a Horse used always to Trotting can scarce be forced into a Gallop, so could no Passion force the Colonel to alter his Pace.

At length, however, both Parties arrived at the Lists, where the Colonel very deliberately took off his Wig and Coat, and laid them on the Grass, and then drawing his Sword, advanced to *Booth*, who had likewise his drawn Weapon in his Hand, but had made no other Preparation for the Combat.

The Combatants now engaged with great Fury, and after two or three Passes, *Booth* run the Colonel through the Body and threw him on the Ground, at the same Time possessing himself of the Colonel’s Sword.

As soon as the Colonel was become Master of his Speech, he called out to *Booth* in a very kind Voice, and said, ‘ you have done my Business, and satisfied me that you are a Man of Honour, and that my Brother *James* must have been mistaken; For I

am



' am convinced, that no Man who will draw his  
' Sword in so gallant a Manner, is capable of be-  
' ing a Rascal, d--n me, give me a Buss, my dear  
' Boy, I ask your Pardon for that infamous Ap-  
' pellation I dishonoured your Dignity with; but,  
' d--n me, if it was not purely out of Love, and  
' to give you an Opportunity of doing yourself  
' Justice, which I own you have done like a Man  
' of Honour. What may be the Consequence I  
' know not, but, I hope, at least I shall live to re-  
' concile you with my Brother.'

*Booth* shewed great Concern and even Horror in  
his Countenance. ' Why, my dear Colonel,'  
said he, ' would you force me to this? For Hea-  
' ven's Sake, tell me, what I have ever done to  
' offend you.'

' Me!' cried the Colonel. ' Indeed, my dear  
' Child, you never did any Thing to offend me.  
' Nay, I have acted the Part of Friend to you in  
' the whole Affair. I maintained your Cause with  
' my Brother as long as Decency would permit, I  
' could not flatly contradict him, tho' indeed I  
' scarce believed him. But what could I do, if I  
' had not fought with you, I must have been obliged  
' to have fought with him? However, I hope,  
' what is done will be sufficient, and that Mat-  
' ters may be *discomodated* without your being put  
' to the Necessity of Fighting any more on this  
' Occasion.

Never regard me, cried *Booth* eagerly, for Hea-  
ven's Sake think of your own Preservation. Let  
me put you into a Chair, and get you a Surgeon.

' Thou art a noble Lad,' cries the Colonel, who  
was now got on his Legs, and I am glad the Busi-  
ness is so well over. For tho' your Sword went  
quite through, it slanted so, that I apprehend there  
is little Danger of Life. However, I think there  
is enough done to put an honourable End to the  
Affair, especially as you was so hasty to disarm

me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the House by the Water; and if you will send me a Chair thither I shall be obliged to you.

As the Colonel refused any Assistance, (indeed he was very able to walk without it, tho' with somewhat less Dignity than usual,) *Booth* set forward to *Grosvenor-Gate*, in order to procure the Chair, and soon after returned with one to his Friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on Foot into *Bond street*, where then lived the most eminent Surgeon in the Kingdom, or perhaps in the World.

The Surgeon having probed the Wound turned towards *Booth* who was apparently the guilty Person, and said with a Smile, 'Upon my Word, Sir, you have performed the Business with great Dexterity; and if any Gentleman hath a Mind to be run through the Body, I think I may venture to recommend you of all Mankind for the Operator.'

'Sir,' cries the Colonel to the Surgeon, 'I would not have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know more what belongs to the Dignity of a Man; and, I believe, I have shewn it at the Head of a Line of Battle. Do not impute my Concern to that Fear, when I ask you whether there is or is not any Danger?'

'Really, Colonel,' answered the Surgeon, who well knew the Complexion of the Gentleman then under his Hands, 'It would be a little Presumption to say, that a Man who hath been just run through the Body, is in no manner of Danger. But this I think, I may promise you with all the Dignity of a Surgeon, that I yet perceive no very bad Symptoms, and unless something worse should appear, or a Fever be the Consequence, I hope you may live to be again at the Head of a Line of Battle.'

'I am glad to hear that is your Opinion,' quoth the Colonel, 'for I am not desirous of dying, tho' I am

‘ I am not afraid of it. But if any thing worse than  
 ‘ you apprehend should happen, I desire you will be  
 ‘ a Witness of my Declaration, that this young  
 ‘ Gentleman is entirely innocent. I forced him to  
 ‘ do what he did. My dear *Booth*, I am pleased  
 ‘ Matters are as they are. You are the first Man  
 ‘ that ever gained an Advantage over me ; but it  
 ‘ was very lucky for you that you disarmed me, and  
 ‘ I doubt not, but you have the *Equanimity* to  
 ‘ think so. If the Business therefore hath ended with-  
 ‘ out doing any thing to the Purpose, it was Fortune’s  
 ‘ Pleasure, and neither of our Faults.’

*Booth* heartily embraced the Colonel, and assured him of the great Satisfaction he had received from the Surgeon’s Opinion ; and soon after the two Combatants took their Leave of each other. The Colonel after he was drest, went in a Chair to his Lodgings, and *Booth* walked on Foot to his ; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. *Murphy*’s Gang ; a Danger which never once occurred to his Imagination till he was out of it.

The Affair he had been about had indeed so entirely occupied his Mind, that it had obliterated every other Idea ; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the Time of the Day, that tho’ he had exceeded the Time of Dining above two Hours, he had not the least Suspicion of being at home later than usual.

#### C H A P. VII.

*In which the Reader will find Matter worthy his Consideration.*

*A*MELIA having waited above an Hour for her Husband concluded, as he was the most punctual Man alive, that he had met with some Engagement abroad, and sat down to her Meal with her Children ; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the Absence of her Husband, was very short ; so that before his Return all the Apparatus of dining was entirely removed.



*Booth* sat some time with his Wife, expecting every Minute when the little Maid would make her Appearance; at last Curiosity, I believe, rather than Appetite, made him ask, how long it was to Dinner? To Dinner! my dear, answered *Amelia*; sure you have dined, I hope? *Booth* replied in the Negative; upon which his Wife started from her Chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a Repast, as the most industrious Hostess in the Kingdom doth, when some unexpected Guest of extraordinary Quality arrives at her House.

The Reader hath not, I think, from any Passages hitherto recorded in this History had much Reason to accuse *Amelia* of a blameable Curiosity; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an Instance of any such Fault, when, upon *Booth's* having so long overstaid his Time, and so greatly mistaken the Hour of the Day, and upon some other Circumstances of his Behaviour: (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his Thoughts) she said to him, after he had done eating, 'My Dear, I am sure something more than ordinary hath happened to-day, and I beg you will tell me what it is.'

*Booth* answered, that nothing of any Consequence had happened; that he had been detained by a Friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short he made many shuffling and evasive Answers, not boldly lying out, which perhaps would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile Falshood with Truth. An Attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised Deceiver.

How impossible was it therefore for poor *Booth* to succeed in an Art for which Nature had so entirely disqualified him. His Countenance indeed confessed faster than his Tongue denied; and the whole of his Behaviour gave *Amelia* an Alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and as her Thoughts turned presently on the Badness of their Circumstances, she feared some Mischief from his

his Creditors had befallen him : for she was too ignorant of such Matters to know, that if he had fallen into the Hands of the *Philistines*, (which is the Name given by the Pious to Bailiffs) he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his Liberty. *Booth* at last perceived her to be so uneasy, that as he saw no Hopes of contriving any Fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the Truth, or at least Part of the Truth, and confessed that he had had a little Skirmish with Colonel *Bath*, in which he said the Colonel had received a slight Wound, not at all dangerous ; and this, says he, is all the whole Matter. ‘ If it be so,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I thank Heaven no worse hath happened ; but why, my dear, will you ever converse with that Madman, who can embrace a Friend one Moment, and fight with him the next ?’ Nay, my dear,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ you yourself must confess, though he be a little too much on the *Qui vive*, he is a Man of great Honour and Good-nature.’ ‘ Tell me not,’ replied she, ‘ of such Good-nature and Honour as would sacrifice a Friend and a whole Family to a ridiculous Whim. O Heaven, cried she, falling upon her Knees, from what Misery have I escaped, from what have these poor Babes escaped thro’ your gracious Providence this Day !’ — Then turning to her Husband—she cry’d— ‘ But are you sure the Monster’s Wound is no more dangerous than you say ? A Monster surely I may call him, who can quarrel with a Man that could not, that I am convinced would not offend him.’

Upon this Question *Booth* repeated the Assurances which the Surgeon had given them, perhaps with a little Englargement, which pretty well satisfied *Amelia* ; and instead of blaming her Husband for what he had done, she tenderly embraced him, and again returned Thanks to Heaven for his Safety.

In the Evening *Booth* insisted on paying a short Visit to the Colonel, highly against the Inclination of

*Amelia*, who by many Arguments and Entreaties endeavoured to dissuade her Husband from continuing an Acquaintance; in which she said she should always foresee much Danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed on to acquiesce; and *Booth* went to the Colonel, whose Lodgings happened to be in the Verge as well as his own.

He found the Colonel in his Night-gown and his great Chair, engaged with another Officer at a Game at Chés. *Booth* immediately, and having heartily embraced *Booth*, presented him to his Friend, saying he had the Honour to introduce to him as brave and as fortitudinous a Man as any in the King's Dominions. --- He then took *Booth* with him into the next Room, and desired him not to mention a Word of what had happened in the Morning, saying, 'I am very well satisfied that no more hath happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could wish it might remain a Secret.' *Booth* told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The Game at Chés being but just begun, and neither of the Parties having gained any considerable Advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now the Colonel's Antagonist took his leave, and left the Colonel and *Booth* together.

As soon as they were alone, the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real Cause of his Anger; 'for may I perish,' cries *Booth*, 'if I can even guess what I have ever done to offend either you, or your Brother Col. *James*.'

'Look'ee, Child, cries the Colonel, 'I tell you I am for my own Part satisfied: for I am convinced that a Man who will fight can never be a Rascal; and therefore why should you enquire any more of me at present? When I see my Brother *James*, I hope to reconcile all Matters, and perhaps no more Swords need be drawn on this Occasion.' But *Booth* still persisting in his Desire, the



the Colonel after some Hesitation, with a tremendous Oath, cry'd out, ' I do not think myself at liberty to refuse you after the Indignity I offered you ; so since you demand it of me, I will inform you. My Brother told me you had used him dishonourably, and had *divellicated* his Character behind his Back. He gave me his Word too that he was well assured of what he said. What could I have done, though I own to you I did not believe him, and your Behaviour since hath convinced me, I was in the right, I must either have given him the Lye, and fought with him, or else I was obliged to behave as I did, and fight with you, And now, my Lad, I leave it to you to do as you please, but if you are laid under any Necessity to do yourself further Justice, it is your own Fault.'

' Alas ! Colonel,' answered *Booth*, ' besides the Obligations I have to the Colonel, I have really so much Love for him, that I think of nothing less than Resentment. All I wish is to have this Affair brought to an Eclaircissement, and to satisfy him that he is in an Error : for though his Assertions are cruelly injurious, and I have never deserved them ; yet I am convinced he would not say what he did not himself think. Some Rascal envious of his Friendship for me hath belyed me to him ; and the only Resentment I desire is to convince him of his Mistake.'

At these Words—the Colonel *grinned horribly a ghastly Smile*, or rather Sneer, and answered, ' Young Gentleman, you may do as you please ; but by the eternal Dignity of Man, if any Man breathing had taken a Liberty with my Character,—here, here—*Mr. Booth (showing his Fingers)* here—d—n me should be his Nostrils, he should breathe through my Hands, and breathe his last—d—n me.'

*Booth* answered, ' I think Colonel I may appeal to your Testimony that I dare do myself Justice ; since he who dare draw his Sword against you, can

‘hardly be supposed to fear any other Person ; but I repeat to you again that I love Col. *James* so well, and am so greatly obliged to him, that it would be almost indifferent to me, whether I directed my Sword against his Breast, or my own.’

The Colonel’s Muscles were considerably softened by *Booth*’s last Speech ; but he again contracted them into a vast Degree of Fierceness, before he cried out — ‘Boy, thou hast Reason enough to be vain ; for thou art the first Person that ever could proudly say he gained an Advantage over me in Combat. I believe indeed, thou art not afraid of any Man breathing, and as I know thou hast some Obligations to my Brother, I do not discommend thee ; for nothing more becomes the Dignity of a Man than Gratitude. Besides, as I am satisfied my Brother can produce the Author of the Slander—I say, I am satisfied of that, damn me, if any Man alive dares assert the contrary ; for that would be to make my Brother himself a Liar, I will make him produce his Author ; and then, my dear Boy, your doing yourself proper Justice there, will bring you finely out of the whole Affair. As soon as my Surgeon gives me Leave to go abroad, which, I hope, will be in a few Days, I will bring my Brother *James* to a Tavern, where you shall meet us ; and I will engage my Honour, my whole Dignity to you, to make you Friends.’

This Assurance of the Col. gave *Booth* great Pleasure ; for few Persons ever loved a Friend better than he did *James* ; and as for doing military Justice on the Author of that scandalous Report which had incensed his Friend against him, not *Bath* himself was ever more ready on such an Occasion than *Booth* to execute it. He soon after took his Leave, and returned home in high Spirits to his *Amelia*, whom he found in Mrs. *Ellison*’s Apartment, engaged in a Party at Ombre with that Lady, and her right honourable Cousin.

His

His Lordship had, it seems, had a second Interview with the great Man, and having obtained further Hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute Promise) of Success in Mr. *Booth's* Affairs, his usual good Nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. *Booth* with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two Ladies together, he resolved to stay till his Friend's Return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular Engagement that whole Evening.

We remarked before, that his Lordship, at the first Interview with *Amelia*, had distinguished her by a more particular Address from the other Ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good Breeding, as she was then to be considered as the Mistress of the House, than from any other Preference. His present Behaviour made this still more manifest; for as he was now in Mrs. *Elifson's* Apartment, tho' she was his Relation and old Acquaintance, he applied his Conversation rather more to her than to *Amelia*. His Eyes indeed were now and then guilty of the contrary Distinction, but this was only by Stealth; for they constantly withdrew the Moment they were discovered. In short, he treated *Amelia* with the greatest Distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful Respect; his Conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that *Amelia*, when she added to his Agreeableness the Obligations she had to him for his Friendship to *Booth*, was certainly as much pleased with his Lordship, as any virtuous Woman can possibly be with any Man, besides her own Husband.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Containing various Matters.*

WE have already mentioned the good Humour in which *Booth* returned home; and the Reader will easily believe it was not a little increased by



the good Humour in which he found his Company. My Lord received him with the utmost Marks of Friendship and Affection, and told him that his Affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he doubted not very soon to wish him Joy of a Company.

When *Booth* had made a proper Return to all his Lordship's unparalleled Goodness, he whispered *Amelia* that the Colonel was entirely out of Danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her Satisfaction complete, threw her into such Spirits, and gave such a Lustre to her Eyes, that her Face, as *Horace* says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest Admiration.

His Lordship departed about 10 o'Clock, and left the Company in Raptures with him, especially the two Ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his Commendations. Mrs. *Ellison* swore she believed he was the best of all Humankind; and *Amelia*, without making any Exception, declared he was the finest Gentleman, and most agreeable Man she had ever seen in her Life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. 'That's true indeed,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'nay, I am astonished at it, considering the great Liking he always shews for our Sex, and he may certainly have the Choice of all. The real Reason, I believe, is his Fondness for his Sister's Children. I declare, Madam, if you was to see his Behaviour to them, you would think they were his own. Indeed he is vastly fond of all manner of Children.' 'Good Creature,' cries *Amelia*, 'if ever he doth me the Honour of another Visit, I am resolved I will shew him my little Things. I think, Mrs. *Ellison*, as you say my Lord loves Children, I may say without Vanity, he will not see many such.' 'No indeed, will he not,' answered Mrs. *Ellison*, 'and now I think on't, Ma-

dam,

‘dam, I wonder at my own Stupidity in never making the Offer before ; but since you put it into my Head, if you will give me Leave, I’ll take Master and Miss to wait on my Lord’s Nephew and Niece. They are very pretty behaved Children ; and little Master and Miss will be, I dare swear, very happy in their Acquaintance ; besides, if my Lord himself should see them, I know what will happen ; for he is the most generous of all human Beings.’

*Amelia* very readily accepted the Favour which *Mrs. Ellison* offered her ; but *Booth* expressed some Reluctance. ‘Upon my word, my Dear,’ said he, with a Smile, ‘this Behaviour of ours, puts me in mind of the common Conduct of Beggars ; who, whenever they receive a Favour, are sure to send other Objects to the same Fountain of Charity. Don’t we, my Dear, repay our Obligations to my Lord in the same manner, by sending our Children a begging to him ?’

‘O beastly !’ cries *Mrs. Ellison*, ‘how could such a Thought enter your Brains ! I protest, Madam, I begin to grow ashamed of this Husband of yours. How can you have so vulgar a way of thinking. Begging indeed ! the poor little dear Things a begging—If my Lord was capable of such a Thought, tho’ he was my own Brother instead of my Cousin, I should scorn him too much ever to enter his Doors.’—‘O dear Madam,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘you take Mr. *Booth* too seriously, when he was only in jest ; and the Children shall wait upon you whenever you please.’

Tho’ *Booth* had been a little more in earnest than *Amelia* had represented him, and was not perhaps quite so much in the wrong as he was considered by *Mrs. Ellison* ; yet seeing there were two to one against him, he wisely thought proper to recede, and let his Simile go off with that Air of a Jest, which his Wife had given it.

Mrs. *Ellison* however could not let it pass without paying some Compliments to *Amelia's* Understanding, nor without some obscure Reflections upon *Booth*, with whom she was more offended than the Matter required. She was indeed a Woman of most profuse Generosity, and could not bear a Thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launched forth the most profuse Encomiums of his Lordship's Liberality, and concluded the Evening with some Instances which he had given of that Virtue, which if not the noblest, is perhaps one of the most useful to Society, with which great and rich Men can be endowed.

The next Morning early Serjeant *Atkinson* came to wait on Lieutenant *Booth*, and desired to speak with his Honour in private. Upon which the Lieutenant and Serjeant took a Walk together in the Park. *Booth* expected every Minute when the Serjeant would open his Mouth, under which Expectation he continued till he came to the End of the Mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the End of the World: For tho' several Words stood at the End of the Serjeant's Lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was indeed in the Condition of a Miser, whom a charitable Impulse hath impelled to draw a few Pence to the Edge of his Pocket, where they are altogether as secure, as if they were in the Bottom: For, as the one hath not the Heart to part with a Farthing; so neither had the other the Heart to speak a Word.

*Booth* at length wondering that the Serjeant did not speak, asked him what his Business was, when the latter with a stammering Voice began the following Apology. 'I hope, Sir, your Honour will  
' not be angry, nor take any thing amiss of me.  
' I do assure you, it was not of my Seeking, nay,  
' I dare not proceed in the Matter without first  
' asking your Leave. Indeed, if I had taken any  
' Liberties from the Goodness you have been pleased

to



‘ to shew me, I should look upon myself as one of  
‘ the most worthless and despicable of Wretches ;  
‘ but nothing is farther from my Thoughts. I  
‘ know the Distance which is between us ; and be-  
‘ cause your Honour hath been so kind and good as  
‘ to treat me with more Familiarity than any other  
‘ Officer ever did, if I had been base enough to  
‘ take any Freedoms, or to encroach upon your  
‘ Honour’s Goodness, I should deserve to be whipt  
‘ through the Regiment. I hope therefore, Sir,  
‘ you will not suspect me of any such Attempt.’

‘ What can all this mean, *Atkinson*,’ cries *Booth*,  
‘ what mighty Matter would you introduce with  
‘ all this previous Apology ?’

‘ I am almost ashamed and afraid to mention it,’  
answered the Serjeant, ‘ and yet I am sure, your  
‘ Honour will believe what I have said, and not  
‘ think any thing owing to my own Presumption ;  
‘ and at the same time I have no Reason to think  
‘ you would do any thing to spoil my Fortune in  
‘ an honest Way, when it is dropt into my Lap  
‘ without my own seeking. For may I perish if it  
‘ is not all the Lady’s own Goodness, and I hope  
‘ in Heaven with your Honour’s Leave, I shall live  
‘ to make her amends for it.’ — In a Word, that  
we may not detain the Reader’s Curiosity quite so  
long as he did *Booth*’s, he acquainted that Gentle-  
man that he had an Offer of Marriage from a Lady  
of his Acquaintance, to whose Company he had in-  
troduced him, and desired his Permission to accept  
of it.

*Booth* must have been very dull indeed, if after  
what the Serjeant had said, and after what he had  
heard Mrs. *Ellison* say, he had wanted any Infor-  
mation concerning the Lady. He answered him  
briskly and chearfully, that he had his free Consent  
to marry any Woman whatever ; ‘ and the greater  
‘ and richer she is,’ added he, ‘ the more I shall  
‘ be pleased with the Match. I don’t enquire who  
‘ the

‘ the Lady is,’ said he, smiling, ‘ but I hope she  
 ‘ will make as good a Wife, as I am convinced her  
 ‘ Husband will deserve.’

‘ Your Honour hath been always too good to  
 ‘ me,’ cries *Atkinson*, ‘ but this I promise you, I  
 ‘ will do all in my Power to merit the Kindness she  
 ‘ is pleased to shew me. I will be bold to say she  
 ‘ will marry an honest Man, tho’ he is but a poor  
 ‘ one ; and she shall never want any thing which I  
 ‘ can give her or do for her, while my Name is  
 ‘ *Joseph Atkinson*.’

‘ And so her Name is a Secret, *Joe* ; is it ? cries  
 ‘ *Booth*.’

‘ Why, Sir,’ answered the Serjeant, ‘ I hope  
 ‘ your Honour will not insist upon knowing that,  
 ‘ as I think it would be dishonourable in me to men-  
 ‘ tion it.’

‘ Not at all,’ replied *Booth*, ‘ I am the farthest  
 ‘ in the World from any such Desire. I know  
 ‘ thee better than to imagine thou wouldst disclose  
 ‘ the Name of a fair Lady.’ *Booth* then shook *At-*  
*kinson* heartily by the Hand, and assured him ear-  
 nestly of the Joy he had in his good Fortune ; for  
 which the good Serjeant failed not of making all  
 proper Acknowledgments. After which they part-  
 ed, and *Booth* returned home.

As Mrs. *Ellison* opened the Door, *Booth* hastily  
 rushed by ; for he had the utmost Difficulty to pre-  
 vent laughing in her Face. He ran directly up  
 Stairs, and throwing himself into a Chair discharged  
 such a Fit of Laughter as greatly surprized, and at  
 first almost frightned his Wife.

*Amelia*, it will be supposed, presently enquired  
 into the Cause of this Phænomenon, with which  
*Booth*, as soon as he was able (for that was not  
 within a few Minutes) acquainted her. The News  
 did not affect her in the same Manner it had affected  
 her Husband. On the contrary, she cried, ‘ I pro-  
 ‘ test I cannot guess what makes you see it in so ri-  
 ‘ diculous

‘ ridiculous a Light. I really think Mrs. *Ellison* hath chosen very well. I am convinced *Joe* will make her one of the best of Husbands; and in my Opinion, that is the greatest Blessing a Woman can be possessed of.’

However, when Mrs. *Ellison* came into her Room a little while afterwards to fetch the Children, *Amelia* became of a more risible Disposition, especially when the former turning to *Booth* who was then present, said, ‘ So, Captain, my *jantee* Serjeant was very early here this Morning. I scolded my Maid heartily for letting him wait so long in the Entry like a *Lacquais*, when she might have shewn him into my inner Apartment.’ At which Words *Booth* burst out into a very loud Laugh; and *Amelia* herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

‘ Heyday!’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ what have I said to cause all this Mirth?’ and at the same Time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the Case with Persons who suspect themselves to be the Objects Laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

*Booth* still continued laughing; but *Amelia* composing her Muscles said, ‘ I ask your Pardon, dear Mrs. *Ellison*; but Mr. *Booth* hath been in a strange gigling Humour all this Morning; and I really think it is infectious.’

‘ I ask your Pardon too, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ but one is sometimes unaccountably foolish.’

‘ Nay, but seriously,’ said she, ‘ what is the Matter?—Something I said about the Serjeant, I believe; but you may laugh as much as you please, I am not ashamed of owning, I think him one of the prettiest Fellows I ever saw in my Life; and, I own, I scolded my Maid at suffering him to wait in my Entry; and where is the mighty ridiculous Matter, pray?’

‘ None at all,’ answered *Booth*, ‘ and, I hope, the



‘ the next Time he will be ushered into your inner Apartment.’

‘ Why should he not, Sir,’ replied she ? ‘ For wherever he is ushered, I am convinced he will behave himself as a Gentleman should.’

Here *Amalia* put an end to the Discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great Lengths : for *Booth* was of a waggish Inclination ; and Mrs. *Elifson* was not a Lady of the nicest Delicacy.

#### C H A P. IX.

*The heroic Behaviour of Col. Bath.*

**B**OOOTH went this Morning to pay a second Visit to the Colonel, where he found Col. *James*. Both the Colonel and the Lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first Meeting ; but Matters were soon cleared up ; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the Hand, and said,——‘ Mr. *Booth*, I am ashamed to see you ; for I have injured you, and I heartily ask your Pardon. I am now perfectly convinced, that what I hinted to my Brother, and which I find had like to have produced such fatal Consequences, was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with my asking your Pardon, and spare me the disagreeable Remembrance of what led me into my Error, I shall esteem it as the highest Obligation.’

*Booth* answered, ‘ As to what regards yourself, my dear Colonel, I am abundantly satisfied ; but as I am convinced, some Rascal hath been my Enemy with you in the cruellest Manner, I hope, you will not deny me the Opportunity of kicking him through the World.’

‘ By all the Dignity of Man,’ cries Colonel *Bath*, ‘ the Boy speaks with Spirit, and his Request is reasonable.’

Colonel *James* hesitated a Moment, and then whispered *Booth* that he would give him all the Satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole Affair, when they were alone together ; upon which

*Booth*

*Booth* addressing himself to Colonel *Bath*, the Discourse turned on other Matters, during the Remainder of the Visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving Colonel *Bath* as well as it was possible to expect, more to the Satisfaction of *Booth* than of Col. *James*, who would not have been displeased if his Wound had been more dangerous: for he was grown somewhat weary of a Disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every Day more and more hated his Wife, he apprehended might some time or other give him some Trouble: For *Bath* was the most affectionate of Brothers, and had often sworn in the Presence of *James*, that he would eat any Man alive who should use his Sister ill.

Col. *Bath* was well satisfied that his Brother and the Lieutenant were gone out with a Design of Tilting, from which he offered not a Syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that *Booth* could in Honour take, nor the Colonel give any less Satisfaction. When they had been gone therefore about half an Hour, he rang his Bell, to enquire if there was any News of his Brother; a Question which he repeated every ten Minutes, for the Space of two Hours, when having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the Spot.

While he was in this State of Anxiety, his Sister came to see him; for notwithstanding his Desire of keeping it a Secret, the Duel had blazed all over the Town. After receiving some kind Congratulations on his Safety, and some unkind Hints concerning the Warmth of his Temper, the Colonel asked her when she had seen her Husband; she answered not that Morning. He then communicated to her his Suspicion, told her he was convinced his Brother had drawn his Sword that Day, and that as neither of them had heard any thing from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither

Neither Miss *Bellamy*, nor Mrs. *Gibber*, were ever in a greater Consternation on the Stage, than now appeared in the Countenance of Mrs. *James*.  
 ‘ Good Heavens! Brother,’ cries she, ‘ what do you tell me! you have frightened me to Death.  
 ‘ ——— Let your Man get me a Glass of Water immediately, if you have not a Mind to see me die before your Face. When, where, how was this Quarrel, why did you not prevent it, if you knew of it? Is it not enough to be every Day tormenting me with hazarding your own Life, but must you bring the Life of one who you know must be and ought to be so much the dearest of all to me, into Danger? Take your Sword, Brother, take your Sword, and plunge it into my Bosom; it would be kinder of you than to fill it with such Dreads and Terrours.’ ——— Here she swallowed the Glass of Water; and then threw herself back in her Chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps if she had so, the Colonel would have lent her no Assistance; for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand Stabs. He sat erect in his Chair, with his Eye-brows knit, his Forehead wrinkled, his Eyes flashing Fire, his Teeth grating against each other, and breathing Horrour all around him. In this Posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful Looks at his Sister. At last, his Voice found its Way through a Passion which had almost choaked him, and he cried out.  
 ‘ Sister, what have I done to deserve the Opinion you express of me? Which of my Actions hath made you conclude that I am a Rascal and a Coward? Look at that poor Sword, which never Woman yet saw but in its Sheath, what hath that done to merit your Desire that it should be contaminated with the Blood of a Woman?’  
 ‘ Alas! Brother,’ cried she, ‘ I know not what you say, you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me



‘ me out of the little Senses I have left. What can I have said in the Agonies of Grief, into which you threw me, to deserve this Passion ?’

‘ What have you said,’ answered the Colonel, ‘ you have said that which if a Man had spoken, nay, d—n me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I would have made him eat my Sword, by all the Dignity of Man, I would have crumbled his Soul into Powder. ——— But, I consider that the Words were spoken by a Woman, and I am calm again. Consider, my Dear, that you are my Sister, and behave yourself with more Spirit. I have only mentioned to you my Surmise. It may not have happened as I suspect; but let what will have happened, you will have the Comfort that your Husband hath behaved himself with becoming Dignity, and lies in the Bed of Honour.’

‘ Talk not to me of such Comfort,’ replied the Lady, ‘ it is a Loss I cannot survive; but why do I sit here lamenting myself, I will go this Instant and know the worst of my Fate, if my trembling Limbs will carry me to my Coach——Good morrow, dear Brother, whatever becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of Danger.’——The Colonel paid her his proper Compliments, and she then left the Room, but returned instantly back; saying, ‘ Brother, I must beg the Favour of you to let your Footman step to my Mantua-maker, I am sure it is a Miracle in my present distracted Condition, how it came into my Head.’ The Footman was presently summoned, and Mrs. James delivered him his Message, which was to countermand the Orders which she had given that very Morning to make her up a new Suit of Brocade. ‘ Heaven knows,’ says she, ‘ now when I can wear Brocade, or whether ever I shall wear it.’ And now having repeated her Message with great Exact-

ness,

ness, lest there should be any Mistake, she again lamented her wretched Situation, and then departed, leaving the Colonel in full Expectation of hearing speedy News of the fatal Issue of the Battle.

But tho' the Reader should entertain the same Curiosity, we must be excused from satisfying it, till we have first accounted for an Incident which we have related in this very Chapter, and which we think deserves some Solution. The Critic, I am convinced, already is apprized that I mean the friendly Behaviour of *James* to *Booth*, which from what we had before recorded, seemed so little to be expected.

It must be remembered, that the Anger which the former of these Gentlemen had conceived against the latter, arose entirely from the false Account given by Miss *Mathews* of *Booth*, whom that Lady had accused to Colonel *James* of having as basely as wickedly traduced his Character.

Now, of all the Ministers of Vengeance, there are none with whom the Devil deals so treacherously, as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous Purposes of an angry Mistress; for no sooner is Revenge executed on an offending Lover, than it is sure to be repented, and all the Anger which before raged against the beloved Object, returns with double Fury on the Head of his Assassin.

Miss *Mathews* therefore no sooner heard that *Booth* was killed, (for so was the Report at first, and by a Colonel of the Army) than she immediately concluded it to be *James*. She was extremely shock'd with the News, and her Heart instantly began to relent. All the Reasons on which she had founded her Love, recurred in the strongest and liveliest Colours to her Mind, and all the Causes of her Hatred sunk down and disappeared; or if the least Remembrance of any thing which had disobliged her remained, her Heart became his zealous Advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own Fates were

were more to be blamed than he, and that without being a Villain, he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this Temper of Mind, she looked on herself as the Murderer of an innocent Man, and what to her was much worse, of the Man she had loved, and still did love with all the Violence imaginable. She looked on *James* as the Tool with which she had done this Murder; and as it is usual for People who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the Instrument of Mischief, to hate the innocent Means by which the Mischief was effected: (for this is a subtle Method which the Mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last Objects on whom we would willingly wreak our Vengeance;) so Miss *Mathews* now hated and cursed *James* as the efficient Cause of that Act which she herself had contrived, and laboured to carry into Execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious Agitation, little short of Madness, and wrote the following Letter.

‘ I hope this will find you in the Hands of Justice,  
‘ for the Murder of one of the best Friends that  
‘ ever Man was blest with. In one sense indeed,  
‘ he may seem to have deserved his Fate, by chusing  
‘ a Fool for a Friend; for who but a Fool would  
‘ have believed what the Anger and Rage of an in-  
‘ jured Woman suggested; a Story so improbable  
‘ that I could scarce be thought in earnest when I  
‘ mentioned it.

‘ Know then, cruel Wretch, that poor *Booth*  
‘ loved you of all Men breathing, and was, I be-  
‘ lieve, in your Commendation, guilty of as much  
‘ Falsehood, as I was in what I told you concern-  
‘ ing him.

‘ If this Knowledge makes you miserable, it is  
‘ no more than you have made

‘ The unhappy

‘ F. MATHEWS.’

This



This Letter was communicated to the Author of this History by Mr. *Booth* himself, who received it from the Hands of Colonel *James*; as to the other Anecdotes relating to this Lady, he had them from Miss *Mathews's* Maid-Servant, who was in all the Secrets of her Mistress; and after she quitted her Service, came to live with a young Lady, who was an intimate Acquaintance of the Author.

Many other Materials of a private Nature were communicated by one of the Clerks of the Universal Register Office; who, by having a general Acquaintance with Servants, is Master of all the Secrets of every Family in the Kingdom.

### C H A P. X.

*Being the last Chapter of the Fifth Book.*

**W**E shall now return to Colonel *James* and Mr. *Booth*, who walked together from Colonel *Bath's* Lodging with much more peaceable Intention than that Gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but *Swords and Guns, and Implements of Wars.*

The Birdcage-Walk in the Park was the Scene appointed by *James* for unburthening his Mind. Thither they came, and there *James* acquainted *Booth* with all that which the Reader knows already, and gave him the Letter which we have inserted at the End of the last Chapter.

*Booth* exprest great Astonishment at this Relation, not without venting some Detestation of the Wickedness of Miss *Mathews*; upon which *James* took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such Abhorrence of Faults, which Love for him had occasioned.

'Can you mention Love, my dear Colonel,' cried *Booth*, 'and such a Woman in the same Breath?'

'Yes

‘ Yes faith ! can I,’ says *James* ; ‘ for the Devil take me, if I know a more lovely Woman in the World.’ Here he began to describe her whole Person ; but as we cannot insert all the Description, so we shall omit it all ; and concluded with saying, ‘ curse me, if I don’t think her the finest Creature in the Universe. I would give half my Estate, *Booth*, she loved me as well as she doth you. Tho’, on second Consideration, I believe I should repent that Bargain ; for then, very possibly, I should not care a Farthing for her.’

‘ You will pardon me, dear Colonel,’ answered *Booth* ; ‘ but to me there appears somewhat very singular in your way of thinking. Beauty is indeed the Object of Liking, great Qualities of Admiration, good ones of Esteem ; but the Devil take me, if I think any thing but Love to be the Object of Love.’

‘ Is there not something too selfish,’ replied *James*, ‘ in that Opinion ; but without considering it in that Light, is it not of all things the most insipid ? All Oil ! all Sugar ! all Honey ! Zounds ! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set Appetite of a Parson. Acids surely are the most likely to quicken.’

‘ I do not love reasoning in Allegories,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ but with regard to Love, I declare I never found any thing cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with my Wife near three Years together, was never tired with her Company, nor ever wished for any other ; and I am sure, I never tasted any of the Acid you mention to quicken my Appetite.’

‘ This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me,’ answered the Colonel. ‘ If I was to be shut up three Years with the same Woman, which Heaven forbid ! nothing, I think, could keep me alive, but a Temper as violent as that of Miss *Mathews*. As to Love, it would make me sick  
‘ to

‘ to Death, in the twentieth Part of that Time.  
‘ If I was so condemned, let me see, what would  
‘ I wish the Woman to be ! I think no one Virtue  
‘ would be sufficient. With the Spirit of a Tigress,  
‘ I would have her be a Prude, a Scold, a Scholar,  
‘ a Critic, a Wit, a Politician, and a Jacobite ; and  
‘ then perhaps eternal Opposition would keep up  
‘ our Spirits ; and wishing one another daily at the  
‘ Devil, we should make a shift to drag on a dam-  
‘ nable State of Life, without much Spleen or  
‘ Vapours.’

‘ And so you do not intend,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ to break  
‘ with this Woman.’

‘ Not more than I have already, if I can help  
‘ it,’ answered the Colonel.

‘ And you will be reconciled to her ?’ said *Booth*.

‘ Yes, faith ! will I, if I can,’ answered the  
Colonel——‘ I hope you have no Objection.’

‘ None, my dear Friend,’ said *Booth*, ‘ unless on  
‘ your Account.’

‘ I do believe you,’ said the Colonel, ‘ and yet  
‘ let me tell you, you are a very extraordinary Man,  
‘ not to desire me to quit her on your own Ac-  
‘ count. Upon my Soul, I begin to pity the Wo-  
‘ man, who hath placed her Affection perhaps on  
‘ the only Man in *England* of your Age, who  
‘ would not return it. But for my part, I promise  
‘ you I like her beyond all other Women ; and  
‘ whilst that is the Case, my Boy, if her Mind  
‘ was as full of Iniquity as *Pandora’s* Box was of  
‘ Diseases, I’d hug her close in my Arms, and  
‘ only take as much Care as possible to keep the  
‘ Lid down for fear of Mischief.——But come,  
‘ dear *Booth*,’ said he, ‘ let us consider your Affairs ;  
‘ for I am ashamed of having neglected them so  
‘ long ; and the only Anger I have against this  
‘ Wench is, that she was the Occasion of it.’

*Booth*



*Booth* then acquainted the Colonel with the Promises he had received from the noble Lord, upon which *James* shook him by the Hand, and heartily wished him Joy, crying, 'I do assure you if you have his Interest, you will need no other; I did not know you was acquainted with him.'

To which Mr. *Booth* answered, that he was but a new Acquaintance, and that he was recommended to him by a Lady.

'A Lady,' cries the Colonel,——'well, I don't ask her Name. You are a happy Man, *Booth*, amongst the Women; and I assure you, you could have no stronger Recommendation. The Peer loves the Ladies, I believe, as well as ever *Mark Antony* did; and it is not his Fault, if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he once fixes his Eye upon a Woman, he will stick at nothing to get her.'

'Ay, indeed!' cries *Booth*. 'Is that his Character?'

'Ay, faith!' answered the Colonel, 'and the Character of most Men beside him. Few of them, I mean, will stick at any thing beside their Money. *Jusque a la Bourse*, is sometimes the Boundary of Love as well as Friendship. And, indeed, I never knew any other Man part with his Money so very freely on these Occasions. You see, dear *Booth*, the Confidence I have in your Honour.'

'I hope, indeed, you have,' cries *Booth*, 'but I don't see what Instance you now give me of that Confidence.'

'Have not I shewn you,' answered *James*, 'where you may carry your Goods to Market? I can assure you, my Friend, that is a Secret I would not impart to every Man in your Situation, and all Circumstances considered.'

‘I am very sorry, Sir,’ cries *Booth* very gravely, and turning as pale as Death, ‘you should entertain a Thought of this Kind. A Thought which hath almost frozen up my Blood. I am unwilling to believe there are such Villains in the World; but there is none of them whom I should detest half so much as myself, if my own Mind had ever suggested to me a Hint of that Kind. I have tasted of some Distresses of Life, and I know not to what greater I may be driven; but my Honour, I thank Heaven, is in my own Power, and I can boldly say to Fortune, she shall not rob me of it.’

‘Have I not express’d that Confidence, my dear *Booth*?’ answered the Colonel. And what you say now well justifies my Opinion; for I do agree with you, that considering all things, it would be the highest Instance of Dishonour.’

‘Dishonour indeed!’ returned *Booth*. What to prostitute my Wife!—Can I think there is such a Wretch breathing?’

‘I don’t know that,’ said the Colonel; ‘but I am sure, it was very far from my Intention to insinuate the least Hint of any such Matter to you. Nor can I imagine how you yourself could conceive such a Thought. The Goods I meant, were no other than the charming Person of Miss *Matthews*; for whom I am convinced my Lord would bid a swinging Price against me.’

*Booth*’s Countenance greatly cleared up at this Declaration, and he answered with a Smile, that he hoped he need not give the Colonel any Assurances on that Head. However, though he was satisfied with regard to the Colonel’s Suspicions; yet some Chimeras now arose in his Brain, which gave him no very agreeable Sensations. What these

these were the sagacious Reader may probably suspect ; but if he should not, we may perhaps have Occasion to open them in the Sequel. Here we will put an End to this Dialogue, and to the fifth Book of this History.

A M E L I A

BOOK V

O 2 A M E L I A



# AMELIA.

## BOOK VI.

### CHAP. I.

*Panegyrics on Beauty, with other grave Matters.*

**T**HE Colonel and *Booth* walked together to the latter's Lodging; for as it was not that Day in the Week in which all Parts of the Town are indifferent, *Booth* could not wait on the Colonel.

When they arrived in *Spring-Garden*, *Booth* to his great Surprise found no one at home but his Maid. In truth, *Amelia* had accompanied Mrs. *Elifson* and her Children to his Lordship's; for as her little Girl shewed a great Unwillingness to go without her, the fond Mother was easily persuaded to make one of the Company.

*Booth* had scarce ushered the Colonel up to his Apartment, when a Servant from Mrs. *James* knocked hastily at the Door. The Lady not meet-  
ing

ing with her Husband at her Return home began to despair of him, and performed every thing which was decent on the Occasion. An Apothecary was presently called with Hartshorn and Sal Volatile, a Doctor was sent for, and Messengers were dispatched every way, amongst the rest one was sent to enquire at the Lodgings of his supposed Antagonist.

The Servant hearing that his Master was alive and well above Stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful Situation in which he left his miserable Lady at home, and likewise with the Occasion of all her Distress, saying that his Lady had been at her Brother's, and had there heard that his Honour was killed in a Duel by Capt. Booth.

The Colonel smiled at this Account, and bid the Servant make haste back to contradict it.— And then turning to Booth he said, ‘Was there ever such another Fellow as this Brother of mine? I thought indeed his Behaviour was somewhat odd at the time. I suppose he over-heard me whisper that I would give you Satisfaction, and thence concluded we went together with a Design of Tilting.— D—n the Fellow, I begin to grow heartily sick of him, and wish I could get well rid of him without cutting his Throat, which I sometimes apprehend he will insist on my doing, as a Return for my getting him made a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Whilst these two Gentlemen were commenting on the Character of the third, *Amelia* and her Company returned, and all presently came up Stairs, not only the Children, but the two Ladies, laden with Trinkets as if they had been come from a Fair. *Amelia*, who had been highly delighted all the Morning with the excessive Pleasure which her

Children enjoyed, when she saw Colonel James with her Husband, and perceived the most manifest Marks of that Reconciliation, which she knew had been so long and so earnestly wished by Booth, became so transported with Joy, that her Happiness was scarce capable of Addition. Exercise had painted her Face with Vermilion; and the highest Good-humour had so sweetened every Feature, and a vast Flow of Spirits had so lightened up her bright Eyes, that she was all a Blaze of Beauty. She seemed indeed, as *Milton* sublimely describes Eve,

— adorned  
With what all Earth or Heaven  
could bestow  
To make her amiable—

Again, Grace was in all her Steps, Heaven in her Eye,  
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love.

Or, as *Waller* sweetly, though less sublimely, sings.

Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,  
Which Time and Use are wont to  
teach,

The Eye may in a Moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her Face.

Or to mention one Poet more, and him of all the sweetest, she seemed to be the very Person of whom *Suckling* wrote the following Lines, where, speaking of *Cupid*, he says,

— All



—All his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires,  
All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles,  
All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,  
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,  
He does into one Pair of Eyes convey,  
And there begs Leave that he himself may stay.

Such was *Amelia* at this time when she entered the Room, and having paid her Respects to the Colonel, she went up to her Husband, and cried, ‘ O my dear ! never was any Creatures so happy as your little Things have been this whole Morning ; and all owing to my Lord’s Goodness ; sure never was any thing so good-natur’d and so generous !’—She then made the Children produce their Presents, the Value of which amounted to a pretty large Sum ? for there was a Gold Watch amongst the Trinkets that cost above twenty Guineas.

Instead of discovering so much Satisfaction on this Occasion as *Amelia* expected, *Booth* very gravely answered, ‘ And pray, my Dear, how are we to repay all these Obligations to his Lordship?’ ‘ How can you ask so strange a Question?’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ how little do you know of the Soul of Generosity (for sure my Cousin deserves that Name) ‘ when you call a few little Trinkets given to Children, an Obligation?’ ‘ Indeed, my Dear,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I would have stopped his Hand, if it had been possible; nay, I was forced at last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he would have laid a hundred Pound out on the Children: for I never saw any one so fond of Children, which convinces me he is one of the best of Men; but I ask your Pardon, Colonel,’ said she, turning to him, ‘ I should not

entertain you with these Subjects ; yet I know you have Goodness enough to excuse the Folly of a Mother.'

The Colonel made a very low assenting Bow ; and soon after they all sat down to a small Repast ; for the Colonel had promised *Booth* to dine with him when they first came home together ; and what he had since heard from his own House, gave him still less Inclination than ever to repair thither.

But beside both these, there was a third and stronger Inducement to him to pass the Day with his Friend ; and this was the Desire of passing it with his Friend's Wife. When the Colonel had first seen *Amelia* in *France*, she was but just recovered from a consumptive Habit, and looked pale and thin ; besides his Engagements with Miss *Bath* at that Time took total Possession of him, and guarded his Heart from the Impressions of another Woman ; and when he had dined with her in Town, the Vexations through which she had lately passed had somewhat deadened her Beauty ; besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm Pursuit of a new Mistress ; but now he had no such Impediment : for though the Reader hath just before seen his warm Declarations of of a Passion for Miss *Mathews* ; yet it may be remember'd that he had been in Possession of her for above a Fortnight ; and one of the happy Properties of this kind of Passion is, that it can with equal Violence love half a Dozen, or half a Score, different Objects at one and the same time.

But indeed such were the Charms now displayed by *Amelia*, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint Resemblance, that perhaps no other Beauty could have secured him from their Influence ; and here to confess a Truth in his Favour,

Favour; however the grave, or rather the hypocritical Part of Mankind may censure it; I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw Admiration from exquisite Beauty, or to feel no Delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no Warmth from the most scorching Rays of the Sun. To run away is all that is in our Power; and yet in the former Case if it must be allowed we have the Power of running away, it must be allowed also that it requires the strongest Resolution to execute it: for when, as *Dryden* says,

*All Paradise is opened in a Face,*  
how natural is the Desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely Prospect!

And yet however difficult this may be, my young Readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too: flatter not yourselves that Fire will not scorch as well as warm; and the longer we stay within its Reach, the more we shall burn. The Admiration of a beautiful Woman, though the Wife of our dearest Friend, may at first perhaps be innocent; but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; Desire is sure to succeed; and Wishes, Hopes, Designs, with a long Train of Mischiefs, tread close at our Heels. In Affairs of this Kind we may most properly apply the well-known Remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It fares indeed with us on this Occasion, as with the unwary Traveller in some Parts of *Arabia* the Desert, whom the treacherous Sands imperceptibly betray 'till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both Cases the only Safety is by withdrawing our Feet the very first Moment we perceive them sliding.



This Digression may appear impertinent to some Readers ; we could not however avoid the Opportunity of offering the above Hints ; since of all Passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called Love : for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous Days of Youth, such sweet, such strong, and almost irresistible Temptations ; none hath produced in private Life such fatal and lamentable Tragedies ; and what is worst of all, there is none to whose Poison and Infatuation the best of Minds are so liable. Ambition scarce ever produces any Evil, but when it reigns in cruel and savage Bosoms ; and Avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest Soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest Minds ; but there unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious Weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into Wildness and Disorder, produces nothing desirable, but chokes up and kills whatever is good and noble in the Mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the Allegory, not only Tenderness and Good-nature, but Bravery, Generosity, and every Virtue are often made the Instruments of effecting the most atrocious Purposes of this all-subduing Tyrant.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

*Which will not appear, we presume, unnatural to all married Readers.*

**I**F the Table of poor *Booth* afforded but an indifferent Repast to the Colonel's Hunger, here was most excellent Entertainment of a much higher kind. The Colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable Beauty and Excellence. This Wonder was indeed so natural, that lest it should arise likewise in the Reader, we thought proper to give the Solution of it in the preceding Chapter.

During the first two Hours, the Colonel scarce ever had his Eyes off from *Amelia*; for he was taken by Surprise, and his Heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any Danger. His Mind however no sooner suggested a certain Secret to him, than it suggested some Degree of Prudence to him at the same Time; and the Knowledge that he had Thoughts to conceal, and the Care of concealing them, had Birth at one and the same Instant. During the Residue of the Day therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a Look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary Gravity of *Booth* made him fear that his former Behaviour had betrayed to *Booth's* Observation the great and sudden Liking he had conceived for his Wife, even before he had observed it in himself.

*Amelia* continued the whole Day in the highest Spirits, and highest Good Humour imaginable; never once remarking that Appearance of Discontent in her Husband, of which the Colonel had taken Notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have

have somewhere else hinted, is Guilt than Innocence. Whether *Booth* had in reality made any such Observations on the Colonel's Behaviour as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient Certainty, that the Change in *Booth's* Behaviour that Day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former Vivacity appeared in his Conversation; and his Countenance was altered from being the Picture of Sweetness and good Humour, not indeed to Sourness, or Moroseness, but to Gravity and Melancholy.

Tho' the Colonel's Suspicion had the Effect which we have mentioned on his Behaviour; yet, it could not persuade him to depart. In short he sat in his Chair as if confined to it by Enchantment, stealing Looks now and then, and humouring his growing Passion, without having Command enough over his Limbs to carry him out of the Room, till Decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous Visit. When the Husband and Wife were left alone together; the latter resumed the Subject of her Children, and gave *Booth* a particular Narrative of all that had past at his Lordship's, which he, tho' something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the Pleasure he could; and this Affectation, however awkwardly he acted his Part, passed very well on *Amelia*: for she could not well conceive a Displeasure, of which she had not the least Hint of any Cause; and indeed at a time, when from his Reconciliation with *James*, she imagined her Husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest Part of that Night *Booth* past awake; and if during the Residue he might be said to sleep,  
he



he could scarce be said to enjoy Repose ; his Eyes were no sooner closed, than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying Dreams, which threw him into so restless a Condition, that he soon disturbed his *Amelia*, and greatly alarmed her with Apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful Disease, tho' he had not the least Symptoms of a Fever by any extraordinary Heat, or any other Indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As *Booth* assured his Wife that he was very well, but found no Inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her Slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her Conversation. Upon which his Lordship occurred as the first Topic ; and she repeated to him all the Stories which she had heard from Mrs. *Ellison* of the Peer's Goodness to his Sister and his Nephew and Niece. ' It is impossible, my dear,' says she, ' to describe their Fondness for their Uncle, which is to me an incontestable Sign of a Parent's Goodness.' — In this Manner she ran on for several Minutes, concluding at last that it was pity so very few had such generous Minds joined to immense Fortunes.

*Booth* instead of making a direct Answer to what *Amelia* had said, cried coldly, ' But do you think, my dear, it was right to accept all those expensive Toys which the Children brought home ? And I ask you again, what Return we are to make for these Obligations ?'

' Indeed, my dear,' cries *Amelia*, ' you see this Matter in too serious a Light. Though I am the last Person in the World who would lessen his Lordship's Goodness, (indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely obliged to him) yet sure you must allow the Expence to be a mere Trifle to such a vast Fortune. As for  
' Return,

‘Return, his own Benevolence, in the Satisfaction it receives, more than repays itself, and I am convinced he expects no other.’

‘Very well, my Dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘you shall have it your way; I must confess, I never yet saw any Reason to blame your Discernment; and perhaps I have been in the wrong to give myself so much Uneasiness on this Account.’

‘Uneasiness! Child,’ said *Amelia* eagerly. ‘Good Heavens! hath this made you uneasy?’

‘I do own it hath,’ answered *Booth*, ‘and it hath been the only Cause of breaking my Resolve.’

‘Why then I wish,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘all the Things had been at the Devil, before ever the Children had seen them; and whatever I may think myself, I promise you they shall never more accept the Value of a Farthing——If upon this Occasion, I have been the Cause of your Uneasiness, you will do me the Justice to believe that I was totally innocent.’

At those Words *Booth* caught her in his Arms, and with the tenderest Embrace, emphatically repeating the Word Innocent, cried——‘Heaven forbid I should think otherwise, O thou art the best of Creatures that ever blessed a Man.’

‘Well but,’ said she smiling——‘Do confess my Dear, the Truth; I promise you I won’t blame you nor disesteem you for it; but is not Pride really at the Bottom of this Fear of an Obligation?’

‘Perhaps it may,’ answered he, ‘or if you will, you may call it Fear. I own I am afraid of Obligations, as the worst kind of Debts; for I have generally observed those who confer them, expect to be repaid ten thousand fold.’

Here

Here ended all that is material of their Discourse ; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another's Arms ; from which Time *Booth* had no more Restlessness, nor any further Perturbation in his Dreams.

Their Repose however had been so much disturbed in the former Part of the Night, that, as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet Sleep I have just mentioned, they lay a-bed the next Day till Noon, when they both rose with the utmost Chearfulness ; and while *Amelia* bestirred herself in the Affairs of her Family, *Booth* went to visit the wounded Colonel.

He found that Gentleman still proceeding very fast in his Recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had Reason to be with his Reception ; for the Colonel received him very coldly, indeed, and when *Booth* told him he had received perfect Satisfaction from his Brother, *Bath* erected his Head, and answered with a Sneer, ' Very well, ' Sir, if you think these Matters can be so made ' up, d—n me, if it is any Business of mine. My ' Dignity hath not been injured.'

' No one, I believe,' cries *Booth*, ' dare injure it.'

' You believe so !' said the Colonel, ' I think, ' Sir, you might be assured of it ; but this, at ' least, you may be assured of, that if any Man ' did, I would tumble him down the Precipice of ' Hell, d—n me, that you may be assured of.'

As *Booth* found the Colonel in this Disposition, he had no great Inclination to lengthen out his Visit, nor did the Colonel himself seem to desire it ; so he soon returned back to his *Amelia*, whom he found performing the Office of a Cook, with as much Pleasure as a fine Lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a Ball.



## C H A P. III.

*In which the History looks a little backwards.*

**B**EFORE we proceed farther in our History, we shall recount a short Scene to our Reader which passed between *Amelia* and Mrs. *Ellison*, whilst *Booth* was on his Visit to Col. *Bath*. We have already observed, that *Amelia* had conceived an extraordinary Affection for Mrs. *Bennet*, which had still encreased every time she saw her; she thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her Countenance and Disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole History.

She had a very short Interview with that Lady this Morning in Mrs. *Ellison*'s Apartment. As soon therefore as Mrs. *Bennet* was gone, *Amelia* acquainted Mrs. *Ellison* with the good Opinion she had conceived of her Friend, and likewise with her Curiosity to know her Story. 'For there must be something uncommonly good,' said she 'in one who can so truly mourn for a Husband above three Years after his Death.'

'O,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'to be sure the World must allow her to have been one of the best of Wives. And indeed, upon the whole she is a good Sort of Woman; and what I like her the best for is a strong Resemblance that she bears to yourself in the Form of her Person, and still more in her Voice. But for my own Part, I know nothing remarkable in her Fortune unless what I have told you, that she was the Daughter of a Clergyman, had little or no Fortune, and married a poor Parson for Love, who left her in the utmost Distress.'

‘ trefs. If you please, I will shew you a Letter  
 ‘ which she writ to me at that time, tho’ I insist  
 ‘ upon your Promise never to mention it to her ;  
 ‘ indeed, you will be the first Person I ever shew-  
 ‘ ed it to.’ She then opened her Scrutore, and  
 taking out the Letter delivered it to *Amelia*, saying,  
 ‘ There, Madam, is, I believe, as fine a Picture of  
 ‘ Distress as can well be drawn.’

‘ Dear Madam,

‘ As I have no other Friend on Earth but your  
 ‘ self, I hope you will pardon my writing to you  
 ‘ at this Season ; tho’ I do not know that you  
 ‘ can relieve my Distresses, or if you can, have I  
 ‘ any Pretence to expect that you should. My  
 ‘ poor Dear, O Heavens ! — my — lies dead in  
 ‘ the House, and after I had procured sufficient to  
 ‘ bury him, a set of Ruffians have entered my  
 ‘ House, seized all I have, have seized his dear,  
 ‘ dear Corpse, and threaten to deny it Burial. For  
 ‘ Heaven’s Sake, send me, at least, some Advice ;  
 ‘ little *Tommy* stands now by me crying for Bread,  
 ‘ which I have not to give him. — I can say no  
 ‘ more than that I am,

‘ Your most distressed humble Servant,

‘ M. BENNET.’

*Amelia* read the Letter over twice, and then re-  
 turning it, with Tears in her Eyes, asked how the  
 poor Creature could possibly get through such  
 Distress.

‘ You may depend upon it, Madam,’ said Mrs.  
 ‘ *Ellison*, ‘ the Moment I read this Account, I  
 ‘ posted away immediately to the Lady. As to the  
 ‘ seizing the Body, that I found was a mere Bug-  
 ‘ bear ; but all the rest was literally true. I sent  
 ‘ immediately

‘ immediately for the same Gentleman, that I recommended to Mr. *Booth*, left the Care of burying the Corpse to him, and brought my Friend and her little Boy immediately away to my own House, where she remained some Months in the most miserable Condition. I then prevailed with her to retire into the Country, and procured her a Lodging with a Friend at *St. Edmundsbury*, the Air and Gaiety of which Place by Degrees recovered her; and she returned in about a Twelvemonth to Town, as well, I think, as she is at present.’

‘ I am almost afraid to ask,’ cries *Amelia*; and yet I long methinks to know what is become of the poor little Boy.’

‘ He hath been dead,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, a little more than half a Year; and the Mother lamented him at first almost as much as she did her Husband; but I found it indeed rather an easier Matter to comfort her, tho’ I sat up with her near a Fortnight upon the latter Occasion.

‘ You are a good Creature,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ and I love you dearly.’

‘ Alas! Madam,’ cries she, ‘ what could I have done, if it had not been for the Goodness of that best of Men, my noble Cousin! His Lordship no sooner heard of the Widow’s Distress from me, than he immediately settled 150 *l.* a Year upon her during her Life.’

‘ Well! how noble, how generous was that!’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I declare I begin to love your Cousin, Mrs. *Ellison*.’

‘ And I declare if you do,’ answered she ‘ there is no Love lost, I verily believe; if you had heard what I heard him say Yesterday behind your Back—

‘ Why,



‘Why, what did he say, Mrs *Ellison*?’ cries *Amelia*.

‘He said,’ answered the other, ‘that you was the finest Woman his Eyes ever beheld.—Ah! it is in vain to wish, and yet, I cannot help wishing too.—O Mrs. *Booth*! if you had been a single Woman, I firmly believe I could have made you the happiest in the World. And I sincerely think, I never saw a Woman who deserved it more.’

‘I am obliged to you, Madam,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘for your good Opinion; but I really look on myself already as the happiest Woman in the World. Our Circumstances it is true might have been a little more fortunate; but, O my dear Mrs *Ellison*, what Fortune can be put in the Balance with such a Husband as mine?’

‘I am afraid, dear Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘you would not hold the Scale fairly.—I acknowledge indeed, Mr. *Booth* is a very pretty Gentleman; Heaven forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your Opinion; yet if I was to be brought to Confession, I could not help saying, I see where the Superiority lies, and that the Men have more Reason to envy Mr. *Booth*, than the Women have to envy his Lady.’

‘Nay, I will not bear this,’ replied *Amelia*. ‘You will forfeit all my Love, if you have the least disrespectful Opinion of my Husband.—You do not know him, Mrs. *Ellison*, he is the best, the kindest, the worthiest of all his Sex. I have observed indeed once or twice before that you have taken some Dislike to him. I can’t conceive for what Reason. If he hath said or done any thing to disoblige you, I am sure I can justly acquit him of Design. His extreme Vivacity makes him sometimes a little too heedless; but, I am

‘ I am convinced, a more innocent Heart, or one more void of Offence, was never in a human Bosom.’

‘ Nay, if you grow serious,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ I have done. How is it possible you should suspect I had taken any Dislike to a Man, to whom I have always shewn so perfect a Regard! But to say I think him, or almost any other Man in the World worthy of yourself, is not within my Power with Truth. And since you force the Confession from me, I declare, I think such Beauty, such Sense, and such Goodness united, might aspire without Vanity to the Arms of any Monarch in *Europe*.’

‘ Alas! my dear Mrs. *Ellison*,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘ do you think Happiness and a Crown so closely united? How many miserable Women have lain in the Arms of Kings?—Indeed, Mrs. *Ellison*, if I had all the Merit you compliment me with, I should think it all fully rewarded with such a Man as I thank Heaven hath fallen to my Lot; nor would I, upon my Soul, exchange that Lot with any Queen in the Universe.’

‘ Well, there are enow of our Sex,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ to keep you in Countenance; but I shall never forget the Beginning of a Song of Mr. *Congreve*’s that my Husband was so fond of that he was always singing it.’

*And Love’s but a Frailty of the Mind,  
When ’tis not with Ambition join’d.*

‘ Love without Interest makes but an unsavory Dish in my Opinion.’

‘ And pray how long hath this been your Opinion?’ said *Amelia*, smiling.

‘ Ever

‘Ever since I was born,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘at least, ever since I can remember.’

‘And have you never,’ said *Amelia*, ‘deviated from this generous way of thinking?’

‘Never once,’ answered the other, ‘in the whole Course of my Life.’

‘O Mrs. *Ellison*! Mrs. *Ellison*!’ cries *Amelia*, ‘why do we ever blame those who are disingenuous in confessing their Faults, when we are so often ashamed to own ourselves in the Right. Some Women now, in my Situation, would be angry that you had not made Confidantes of them; but I never desire to know more of the Secrets of others, than they are pleased to entrust me with. You must believe however, that I should not have given you these Hints of my knowing all, if I had disapproved your Choice. On the contrary, I assure you, I highly approve it. The Gentility he wants, it will be easily in your Power to procure for him; and as for his good Qualities, I will myself be bound for them; and I make not the least Doubt, as you have owned to me yourself that you have placed your Affections on him, you will be one of the happiest Women in the World.’

‘Upon my Honour,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘very gravely, ‘I do not understand one Word of what you mean.’

‘Upon my Honour, you astonish me,’ said *Amelia*, ‘but I have done.’

‘Nay then,’ said the other, ‘I insist upon knowing what you mean.’

‘Why what can I mean,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘but your Marriage with Serjeant *Atkinson*?’

‘With Serjeant *Atkinson*!’ cries Mrs. *Ellison* eagerly, ‘my Marriage with a Serjeant!’

‘Well,



‘ Well, with Mr. *Atkinson* then, Captain *Atkinson*, if you please ; for so I hope to see him.’

‘ And have you really no better Opinion of me,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ than to imagine me capable of such Condescension ? What have I done, dear Mrs. *Booth*, to deserve so low a Place in your Esteem ? I find indeed, as *Soloman* says, *Women ought to watch the Door of their Lips*. How little did I imagine that a little harmless Freedom in Discourse, could persuade any one that I could entertain a serious Intention of disgracing my Family ! for of a very good Family am I come, I assure you, Madam, tho’ I now let Lodgings. Few of my Lodgers, I believe, ever came of a better.’

‘ If I have offended you, Madam,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I am very sorry, and ask your Pardon ; but besides what I heard from yourself, Mr. *Booth* told me.’

‘ O yes,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ Mr. *Booth*, I know, is a very good Friend of mine—Indeed, I know you better than to think it could be your own Suspicion.—I am very much obliged to Mr. *Booth* truly.’

‘ Nay,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ the Serjeant himself is in fault ; for Mr. *Booth*, I am positive, only repeated what he had from him.’

‘ Impudent Coxcomb !’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ I shall know how to keep such Fellows at a proper Distance for the future—I will tell you, dear Madam, all that happened. When I rose in the Morning, I found the Fellow waiting in the Entry ; and as you had express’d some Regard for him as your Foster-Brother, nay, he is a very genteel Fellow that I must own, I scolded my Maid for not shewing him into my little Back-Room ; and I then asked him to walk into the  
‘ Parlour.’

‘Parlour. Could I have imagined he would have construed such little Civility into an Encouragement?’

‘Nay, I will have Justice done to my poor Brother too,’ said *Amelia*. ‘I myself have seen you give him much greater Encouragement than that.’

‘Well, perhaps I have,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘I have been always too unguarded in my Speech, and can’t answer for all I have said.’ She then began to change her Note, and with an affected Laugh turned all into Ridicule; and soon afterwards the two Ladies separated, both in apparent good Humour; and *Amelia* went about those domestic Offices, in which Mr. *Booth* found her engaged at the End of the preceding Chapter.

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing a very extraordinary Incident.*

**I**N the Afternoon, Mr. *Booth* with *Amelia* and her Children went to refresh themselves in the Park. The Conversation now turned on what past in the Morning with Mrs. *Ellison*, the latter Part of the Dialogue, I mean, recorded in the last Chapter. *Amelia* told her Husband, that Mrs. *Ellison* so strongly denied all Intentions to marry the Serjeant, that she had convinced her the poor Fellow was under an Error, and had mistaken a little too much Levity for serious Encouragement; and concluded, by desiring *Booth* not to jest with her any more on that Subject.

*Booth* burst into a Laugh, at what his Wife said.

‘My dear Creature,’ said he, ‘how easy is thy Honesty and Simplicity to be imposed on! how little dost thou guess at the Art and Falsehood of

‘Women!’

‘ Women ! I knew a young Lady, who against  
 ‘ her Father’s Consent, was married to a Brother  
 ‘ Officer of mine. And as I often used to walk  
 ‘ with her, (for I knew her Father intimately well)  
 ‘ she would of her own Accord take frequent Oc-  
 ‘ casions to ridicule and vilify her Husband (for so  
 ‘ he was at the time) and express great Wonder  
 ‘ and Indignation at the Report which she allowed  
 ‘ to prevail, that she should condescend ever to  
 ‘ look at such a Fellow, with any other Design  
 ‘ than of laughing at, and despising him. The  
 ‘ Marriage afterwards became publickly owned,  
 ‘ and the Lady was reputably brought to Bed.  
 ‘ Since which, I have often seen her ; nor hath  
 ‘ she ever appeared to be in the least ashamed of  
 ‘ what she had formerly said, tho’ indeed I believe  
 ‘ she hates me heartily for having heard it.’

‘ But for what Reason,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ should  
 ‘ she deny a Fact, when she must be so certain of  
 ‘ our discovering it, and that immediately?’

‘ I can’t answer what End she may propose,’  
 said *Booth*. ‘ Sometimes one would be almost per-  
 ‘ suaded that there was a Pleasure in Lying itself.  
 ‘ But this I am certain, that I would believe the  
 ‘ honest Serjeant on his bare Word, sooner than I  
 ‘ would fifty Mrs. *Ellisons* on Oath. I am con-  
 ‘ vinced he would not have said what he did to me,  
 ‘ without the strongest Encouragement ; and, I  
 ‘ think, after what we have been both Witnesses  
 ‘ to, it requires no great Confidence in his Veraci-  
 ‘ ty, to give him an unlimited Credit with regard  
 ‘ to the Lady’s Behaviour.’

To this *Amelia* made no Reply ; and they dis-  
 coursed of other Matters during the Remainder of  
 a very pleasant Walk.

When they returned home, *Amelia* was surpris-  
 ed to find an Appearance of Disorder in her A-  
 partment.



partment. Several of the Trinkets, which his Lordship had given the Children, lay about the Room; and a Suit of her own Cloaths, which she had left in her Drawers, was now displayed upon the Bed.

She immediately summoned her little Girl up Stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the Moment she came up with a Candle, had half cried her Eyes out; for tho' the Girl had opened the Door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any Notice of this Phænomenon in her Countenance.

The Girl now fell down upon her Knees, and cry'd,—‘ For Heaven’s sake, Madam, do not be angry with me. Indeed I was left alone in the House; and hearing somebody knock at the Door, I opened it, I am sure thinking no Harm. I did not know but it might have been you, or my Master, or Madam *Ellison*; and immediately as I did, the Rogue burst in, and ran directly up Stairs, and what he hath robbed you of I can’t tell; but I am sure I could not help it; for he was a great swinging Man with a Pistol in each Hand; and if I had dared to call out, to be sure he would have killed me. I am sure I was never in such a Fright in my born Days, whereof I am hardly come to myself yet. I believe he is somewhere about the House yet; for I never saw him go out.’

*Amelia* discovered some little Alarm at this Narrative, but much less than many other Ladies would have shewn; for a Fright is, I believe, some time laid hold of as an Opportunity of disclosing several Charms peculiar to that Occasion. And which, as Mr. *Addison* says of certain Virtues,

—shun the Day, and lie conceal’d,  
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

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P

Booth

*Booth* having opened the Window, and summoned in two Chairmen to his Assistance, proceeded to search the House ; but all to no purpose ; the Thief was flown, tho' the poor Girl in her State of Terror had not seen him escape.

But now a Circumstance appeared which greatly surprized both *Booth* and *Amelia* ; indeed I believe it will have the same Effect on the Reader ; and this was, that the Thief had taken nothing with him. He had indeed tumbled over all *Booth* and *Amelia's* Clothes, and the Childrens Toys, but had left all behind him.

*Amelia* was scarce more pleased than astonished at this Discovery, and re-examined the Girl, assuring her of an absolute Pardon if she confessed the Truth ; but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least Falshood. ' As for a ' Thief, Child,' says she, ' that is certainly not ' true ; you have had somebody with you to whom ' you have been shewing the Things ; therefore tell ' me plainly who it was.

The Girl protested, in the solemnest Manner, that she knew not the Person ; but as to some Circumstances she began to vary a little from her first Account, particularly as to the Pistols ; concerning which being strictly examined by *Booth*, she at last cried,—' To be sure, Sir, he must have had Pistols ' about him.' And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed, that he had asked at the Door for her Master and Mistress ; and that at his Desire she had shewn him up Stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their Return home ; ' but indeed,' cry'd she, ' I thought no ' Harm ; for he looked like a Gentleman-like sort ' of Man. And indeed so I thought he was for a ' good while, whereof he sat down and behaved ' himself very civilly, till he saw some of Master's ' and

‘ and Miss’s Things upon the Chest of Drawers ;  
‘ whereof he cry’d, Hey-day ! what’s here ? And  
‘ then he fell to tumbling about the Things like  
‘ any mad. Then I thinks, thinks I to myself to  
‘ be sure he’s a Highwayman, whereof I did not  
‘ dare speak to him ; for I knew Madam *Ellison*  
‘ and her Maid was gone out, and what could such  
‘ a poor Girl as I do against a great strong Man ?  
‘ And besides, thinks I, to be sure he hath got Pif-  
‘ tols about him ; tho’ I can’t indeed (that I will  
‘ not do for the World) take my Bible-Oath that I  
‘ saw any ; yet to be sure he would have soon pull-  
‘ ed them out, and shot me dead, if I had ventured  
‘ to have said any Thing to offend him.’

‘ I know not what to make of this,’ cries *Booth*.  
‘ The poor Girl, I verily believe, speaks to the best  
‘ of her Knowledge. A Thief it could not be ;  
‘ for he hath not taken the least Thing ; and it is  
‘ plain he had the Girl’s Watch in his Hand.——  
‘ If it had been a Bailiff, surely he would have staid  
‘ till our Return. I can conceive no other from  
‘ the Girl’s Account, than that it must have been  
‘ some Madman.’—

‘ O good, Sir,’ said the Girl, ‘ now you men-  
‘ tion it, if he was not a Thief, to be sure he must  
‘ have been a Madman ; for indeed he looked and  
‘ behaved himself too, very much like a Madman :  
‘ For now I remember it, he talked to himself, and  
‘ said many strange kind of Words that I did not  
‘ understand. Indeed he looked altogether as I  
‘ have seen People in Bedlam ; besides, if he was  
‘ not a Madman, what Good could it do him to  
‘ throw the Things all about the Room in such a  
‘ manner ? And he said something too about my  
‘ Master, just before he went down Stairs ; I was  
‘ in such a Fright, I can’t remember particularly ;  
‘ but I am sure they were very ill Words, he said



‘ *he would do for him* ; I am sure he said that, and  
‘ other wicked bad Words too, if I could but think  
‘ of them.

‘ Upon my Word,’ said *Booth*, ‘ this is the most  
‘ probable Conjecture ; but still I am puzzled to  
‘ conceive who it should be : For I have no Mad-  
‘ man to my Knowledge of my Acquaintance ;  
‘ and it seems, as the Girl says, he asked for me.’  
He then turned to the Child, and asked her if she  
was certain of that Circumstance.

The poor Maid, after a little Hesitation, answered.  
‘ Indeed, Sir, I cannot be very positive ; for  
‘ the Fright he threw me into afterwards drove  
‘ every Thing almost out of my Mind.’

‘ Well, whatever he was,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I am  
‘ glad the Consequence is no worse ; but let this be  
‘ a Warning to you, little *Betty*, and teach you to  
‘ take more Care for the future. If ever you should  
‘ be left alone in the House again, be sure to let no  
‘ Persons in, without first looking out at the Win-  
‘ dow, and seeing who they are. I promised not  
‘ to chide you any more on this Occasion, and I  
‘ will keep my Word ; but it is very plain you de-  
‘ fired this Person to walk up into our Apartment,  
‘ which was very wrong in our Absence.’

*Betty* was going to answer—but *Amelia* would  
not let her, saying, ‘ don’t attempt to excuse your-  
‘ self ; for I mortally hate a Liar, and can forgive  
‘ any Fault sooner than Falsehood.’

The poor Girl then submitted ; and now *Amelia*  
with her Assistance began to replace all Things in  
their Order ; and little *Emily* hugging her Watch  
with great Fondness, declared she would never part  
with it any more.

Thus ended this odd Adventure, not entirely to  
the Satisfaction of *Booth* ; for, besides his Curiosi-  
ty, which when thoroughly roused is a very trou-  
blesome

blesome Passion, he had, as is I believe usual with all Persons in his Circumstances, several Doubts and Apprehensions of he knew not what. Indeed Fear is never more uneasy, than when it doth not certainly know its Object : For on such Occasions the Mind is ever employed in raising a thousand Bugbears and Phantoms, much more dreadful than any Realities, and like Children when they tell Tales of Hobgoblins, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

## C H A P. V.

*Containing some Matters not very unnatural.*

**M**ATTERS were scarce sooner reduced into Order and Decency, than a violent Knocking was heard at the Door, such indeed as would have persuaded any one, not accustomed to the Sound, that the Madman was returned in the highest Spring-tide of his Fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an Appearance, a very fine Lady presently came into the Room, no other indeed than Mrs. *James* herself ; for she was resolved to shew *Amelia*, by the speedy Return of her Visit, how unjust all her Accusation had been of any Failure in the Duties of Friendship : She had, moreover, another Reason to accelerate this Visit, and that was, to congratulate her Friend on the Event of the Duel between Colonel *Bath* and Mr. *Booth*.

The Lady had so well profited by Mrs. *Booth's* Remonstrance, that she had now no more of that Stiffness and Formality which she had worn on a former Occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost Freedom and Good-humour, and made herself so very agreeable, that *Amelia*

was highly pleased and delighted with her Company.

An Incident happened during this Visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong Consequence in the Mind of Mr. *Booth*, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little *Emily*, who was present in the Room while Mrs. *James* was there, as she stood near that Lady, happened to be playing with her Watch, which she was so greatly overjoy'd had escaped safe from the Madman. Mrs. *James*, who expressed great Fondness for the Child, desired to see the Watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the Kind she had ever seen.

*Amelia* caught eager hold of this Opportunity to spread the Praises of her Benefactor. She presently acquainted Mrs. *James* with the Donor's Name, and ran on with great Encomiums on his Lordship's Goodness, and particularly on his Generosity. To which Mrs. *James* answered, 'O certainly, Madam, his Lordship hath universally the Character of being extremely generous—where he likes.'

In uttering these Words, she laid a very strong Emphasis on the three last Monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious Look, a very significant Leer, and a great Flirt with her Fan.

The greatest Genius the World hath ever produced, observes in one of his most excellent Plays, that

———*Trifles light as Air,  
Are to the jealous Confirmations strong  
As Proofs of holy Writ.*

That



That Mr. *Booth* began to be possessed by this worst of Fiends, admits, I think, no longer Doubt; for at this Speech of Mrs. *James* he immediately turn'd pale, and from a high Degree of Chearfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he spoke not another Word till Mrs. *James* left the Room.

The Moment that Lady drove from the Door, Mrs. *Ellison* came up Stairs. She entered the Room with a Laugh, and very plentifully rallied both *Booth* and *Amelia* concerning the Madman, of which she had received a full Account below Stairs; and at last asked *Amelia*, if she could not guess who it was; but without receiving an Answer went on, saying, 'for my own part, I fancy it must be some  
' Lover of yours; some Person that hath seen you,  
' and so is run mad with Love. Indeed, I should  
' not wonder if all Mankind were to do the same.  
' La! Mr. *Booth*, what makes you grave? Why,  
' you are as melancholy as if you had been robbed  
' in earnest. Upon my Word, tho' to be serious, it is a strange Story; and, as the Girl tells  
' it, I know not what to make of it. Perhaps it  
' might be some Rogue that intended to rob the  
' House, and his Heart failed him; yet even that  
' would be very extraordinary. What, did you  
' lose nothing, Madam?

' Nothing at all,' answered *Amelia*. 'He did  
' not even take the Child's Watch.'

' Well, Captain,' cries Mrs. *Ellison*, 'I hope  
' you will take more Care of the House To-mor-  
' row; for your Lady and I shall leave you alone  
' to the Care of it. Here, Madam,' said she, 'here  
' is a Present from my Lord to us; here are two  
' Tickets for the Masquerade at *Ranelagh*. You  
' will be so charmed with it. It is the sweetest of  
' all Diversions.'

‘ May I be damned, Madam,’ cries *Booth*,  
‘ if my Wife shall go thither !’

*Mrs. Ellison* stared at these Words, and indeed  
so did *Amelia* ; for they were spoke with great Ve-  
hemence. At length the former cried out with an  
Air of Astonishment, ‘ Not let your Lady go to  
‘ *Ranelagh*, Sir ?’

‘ No, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I will not let my  
‘ Wife go to *Ranelagh*.’

‘ You surprise me,’ cries *Mrs. Ellison*. ‘ Sure  
‘ you are not in earnest.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ returned he, ‘ I am seri-  
‘ ously in earnest. And what is more, I am con-  
‘ vinced she would of her own Accord refuse to  
‘ go.’

‘ Now, Madam, said *Mrs. Ellison*, ‘ you are  
‘ to answer for yourself, and I will for your Hus-  
‘ band, that if you have a Desire to go he will not  
‘ refuse you.’

‘ I hope, Madam,’ answered *Amelia* with great  
‘ Gravity, ‘ I shall never desire to go to any Place  
‘ contrary to Mr. *Booth*’s Inclinations.’

‘ Did ever Mortal hear the like ?’ said *Mrs.*  
*Ellison*, ‘ you are enough to spoil the best Hus-  
‘ band in the Universe. Inclinations ! What ! is  
‘ a Woman to be governed then by her Hus-  
‘ band’s Inclinations, tho’ they are never so unrea-  
‘ sonable ?’

‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I will  
‘ not suppose Mr. *Booth*’s Inclinations ever can be  
‘ unreasonable. I am very much obliged to you  
‘ for the Offer you have made me ; but I beg you  
‘ will not mention it any more : For after what  
‘ Mr. *Booth* hath declared, if *Ranelagh* was a Hea-  
‘ ven upon Earth, I would refuse to go to it.’

‘ I thank you, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I do  
‘ assure you, you oblige me beyond my Power of  
‘ Express-

‘ Expression by what you say ; but I will endeavour to shew you both my Sensibility of such Goodness, and my lasting Gratitude to it.’

‘ And pray, Sir,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ what can be your Objection to your Lady’s going to a Place, which I will venture to say is as reputable as any about Town, and which is frequented by the best Company ?’

‘ Pardon me, good Mrs. *Ellison*,’ said *Booth*, ‘ As my Wife is so good to acquiesce, without knowing my Reasons, I am not, I think, obliged to assign them to any other Person. We have no Confessors in *England*.’

‘ Well,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ if I had been told this, I would not have believed it. What ! refuse your Lady an innocent Diversion, and that too when you have not the Pretence to say it would cost you a Farthing ?’

‘ Why will you say any more on this Subject, dear Madam ?’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ All Diversions are to me Matters of such Indifference, that the bare Inclinations of any one, for whom I have the least Value, would at all times turn the Balance of mine. I am sure then after what Mr. *Booth* hath said’——

‘ My dear,’ cries he, taking her up hastily, ‘ I sincerely ask your Pardon, I spoke inadvertently and in a Passion——I never once thought of controuling you——nor ever would.——Nay, I said in the same Breath you would not go ; and upon my Honour I meant nothing more.’

‘ My dear,’ said she, ‘ you have no need of making any Apology. I am not in the least offended, and am convinced you will never deny me what I shall desire.’

‘ Try him, try him, Madam,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ I will be judged by all the Women in Town



‘ if it is possible for a Wife to ask her Husband any  
 ‘ Thing more reasonable. You can’t conceive  
 ‘ what a sweet, charming, elegant, delicious Place  
 ‘ it is.—Paradise itself can hardly be equal to it.’

‘ I beg you will excuse me, Madam,’ said *Amelia*;  
 ‘ nay, I intreat you will ask me no more :  
 ‘ For be assured I must and will refuse.—Do let me  
 ‘ desire you to give the Ticket to poor Mrs. *Bennet*.  
 ‘ I believe it would greatly oblige her.’—

‘ Pardon me, Madam, said Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ If  
 ‘ you will not accept of it, I am not so distressed  
 ‘ for want of Company as to go to such a public  
 ‘ Place with all sort of People neither. I am al-  
 ‘ ways very glad to see Mrs. *Bennet* at my own  
 ‘ House, because I look upon her as a very good  
 ‘ sort of Woman ; but I don’t chuse to be seen  
 ‘ with such People in publick Places.’

*Amelia* express’d some little Indignation at this  
 last Speech, which she declared to be entirely be-  
 yond her Comprehension ; and soon after Mrs.  
*Ellison*, finding all her Efforts to prevail on *Amelia*  
 were ineffectual, took her Leave, giving Mr. *Booth*  
 two or three sarcaistical Words, and a much more  
 sarcaistical Look at her Departure.

## C H A P. VI.

*A Scene, in which some Ladies will possibly think  
 Amelia’s Conduct exceptionable.*

**B**OOTH and his Wife being left alone, a so-  
 lemn Silence prevailed during a few Minutes.  
 At last *Amelia*, who tho’ a good, was yet a human  
 Creature, said to her Husband, ‘ Pray, my dear,  
 ‘ do inform me, what could put you into so great  
 ‘ a Passion when Mrs. *Ellison* first offered me the  
 ‘ Tickets for this Masquerade ?’

‘ I had

‘I had rather you would not ask me,’ said *Booth*. ‘You have obliged me greatly in your ready Acquiescence with my Desire, and you will add greatly to the Obligation by not enquiring the Reason of it. This you may depend upon, *Amelia*, that your Good and Happiness are the great Objects of all my Wishes, and the End I propose in all my Actions. This View alone could tempt me to refuse you any thing, or to conceal any thing from you.’

‘I will appeal to yourself,’ answered she, ‘whether this be not using me too much like a Child, and whether I can possibly help being a little offended at it.’

‘Not in the least,’ replied he. ‘I use you only with the Tenderness of a Friend. I would only endeavour to conceal that from you, which I think would give you Uneasiness if you knew. These are called the pious Frauds of Friendship.’

‘I detest all Fraud,’ says she; ‘and *pious* is too good an Epithet to be joined to so odious a Word. You have often, you know, tried these Frauds with no better Effect than to seize and torment me. You cannot imagine, my Dear, but that I must have a violent Desire to know the Reason of Words, which I own, I never expected to have heard. And the more you have shewn a Reluctance to tell me, the more eagerly I have longed to know. Nor can this be called a vain Curiosity; since I seem so much interested in this Affair. If after all this, you still insist on keeping the Secret, I will convince you, I am not ignorant of the Duty of a Wife, by my Obedience; but I cannot help telling you at the same time, you will make me one of the most miserable of Women.’

‘That

‘That is,’ cries he, ‘in other Words, my dear *Emily*, to say, I will be contented without the Secret; but I am resolved to know it nevertheless.’

‘Nay, if you say so,’ cries she, ‘I am convinced you will tell me — Positively, dear *Billy*, I must and will know.’

‘Why then positively,’ says *Booth*, ‘I will tell you. And I think I shall then shew you, that however well you may know the Duty of a Wife, I am not always able to behave like a Husband. In a word then, my Dear, the Secret is no more than this; I am unwilling you should receive any more Presents from my Lord.’

‘Mercy upon me!’ cries she, with all the Marks of Astonishment. — ‘what a Masquerade Ticket!’

‘Yes, my Dear,’ cries she, ‘that is perhaps the very worst and most dangerous of all. Few Men make Presents of those Tickets to Ladies, without intending to meet them at the Place. And what do we know of your Companion. To be sincere with you, I have not liked her Behaviour for some Time. What might be the Consequence of going with such a Woman to such a Place, to meet such a Person, I tremble to think — And now, my Dear, I have told you my Reason of refusing her Offer with some little Vehemence, and, I think, I need explain myself no farther.’

‘You need not indeed, Sir,’ answered she. ‘Good Heavens! did I ever expect to hear this! I can appeal to Heaven, nay, I will appeal to yourself, Mr. *Booth*, if I have ever done any thing to deserve such a Suspicion. If ever any Action of mine,



‘ mine, nay, if ever any Thought had stained the  
‘ Innocence of my Soul, I could be contented’

‘ How cruelly do you mistake me,’ said *Booth*—  
‘ what Suspicion have I ever shewn?’

‘ Can you ask it,’ answered she, ‘ after what  
‘ you have just now declared?’

‘ If I have declared any Suspicion of you,’  
replied he, ‘ or if ever I entertained a Thought  
‘ leading that way, may the worst of Evils  
‘ that ever afflicted human Nature attend me.  
‘ I know the pure Innocence of that tender  
‘ Bosom, I do know it, my lovely Angel,  
‘ and adore it. The Snares which might be laid  
‘ for that Innocence, were alone the Cause of my  
‘ Apprehension. I feared what a wicked and vo-  
‘ luptuous Man, resolved to sacrifice every thing  
‘ to the Gratification of a sensual Appetite, with  
‘ the most delicious Repast, might attempt. If  
‘ ever I injured the unspotted Whiteness of thy  
‘ Virtue in my Imagination, may Hell—

‘ Do not terrify me,’ cries she interrupting him,  
‘ with such Imprecations. O Mr. *Booth*, Mr.  
‘ *Booth*, you must well know that a Woman’s  
‘ Virtue is always her sufficient Guard. No Hus-  
‘ band without suspecting that can suspect any  
‘ Danger from those Snares you mention — And  
‘ why, if you are liable to take such things into  
‘ your Head, may not your Suspicions fall on me,  
‘ as well as on any other? for sure nothing was ever  
‘ more unjust, I will not say ungrateful, than the  
‘ Suspicions which you have bestowed on his  
‘ Lordship. I do solemnly declare, in all the  
‘ times I have seen the poor Man, he hath ne-  
‘ ver once offered the least Forwardness. His  
‘ Behaviour hath been polite indeed, but rather  
‘ remarkably distant than otherwise. Particular-  
‘ ly when we played at Cards together. I don’t  
‘ remember

remember he spoke ten Words to me all the Evening; and when I was at his House, tho' he shewed the greatest Fondness imaginable to the Children, he took so little Notice of me, that a vain Woman would have been very little pleased with him. And if he gave them many Presents, he never offered me one. The first indeed which he ever offered me was that, which you in that kind manner forced me to refuse.

'All this may be only the Effect of Art,' said *Booth*. 'I am convinced he doth, nay, I am convinced he must like you and my good Friend *James*, who perfectly well knows the World, told me, that his Lordship's Character was that of the most profuse in his Pleasures with Women; nay, what said Mrs. *James* this very Evening, "his Lordship is extremely generous — where he likes." I shall never forget the Sneer with which she spoke those last Words.'

'I am convinced they injure him,' cries *Amelia*. 'As for Mrs. *James*, she was always given to be censorious. I remarked it in her long ago, as her greatest Fault. And for the Colonel, I believe, he may find Faults enow of this kind in his own Bosom, without searching after them among his Neighbours. I am sure he hath the most impudent Look of all the Men I know; and I solemnly declare the very last time he was here, he put me out of Countenance more than once.'

'Colonel *James*,' answered *Booth*, 'may have his Faults very probably. I do not look upon him as a Saint, nor do I believe he desires I should; but what Interest could he have in abusing his Lord's Character to me: or why should I question his Truth, when he assured me that my Lord had never done an Act of Beneficence

in

‘ in his Life, but for the Sake of some Woman whom he lusted after ?’

‘ Then I myself can confute him,’ replied *Amelia* : ‘ for besides his Services to you, which for the future I shall wish to forget, and his Kindness to my little Babes, how inconsistent is the Character which *James* gives of him, with his Lordship’s Behaviour to his own Nephew and Niece, whose extreme Fondness of their Uncle sufficiently proclaims his Goodness to them. — I need not mention all that I have heard from Mrs *Elkison*, every Word of which I believe ; for I have great Reason to think, notwithstanding some little Levity, which to give her, her due she sees and condemns in herself, she is a very good Sort of Woman.’

‘ Well, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I may have been deceived, and I heartily hope I am so ; but in Cases of this Nature it is always good to be on the surest Side : For as *Congreve* says,

*‘ The Wise too jealous are. Fools too secure.’*

Here *Amelia* burst into Tears, upon which *Booth* immediately caught her in his Arms, and endeavoured to comfort her. — Passion however for a while obstructed her Speech, and at last she cried, — ‘ O Mr. *Booth*, can I bear to hear the Word Jealousy from your Mouth ?’

‘ Why, my Love,’ said *Booth*, will you so fatally misunderstand my Meaning ? How often shall I protest that it is not of you, but of him that I was jealous. If you could look into my Breast, and there read all the most secret Thoughts of my Heart, you would not see one faint Idea to your Dishonour :

‘ I don’t misunderstand you, my Dear,’ said she, ‘ so much as I am afraid you misunderstand  
‘ your-



yourself. What is it you fear? — you mention not Force but Snares. Is not this to confess, at least, that you have some doubt of my Understanding? Do you then really imagine me so weak as to be cheated of my Virtue? Am I to be deceived into an Affection for a Man, before I perceive the least inward Hint of my Danger? No, Mr. *Booth*, believe me a Woman must be a Fool indeed, who can have in earnest such an Excuse for her Actions. I have not, I think, any very high Opinion of my Judgment; but so far I shall rely upon it, that no Man breathing could have any such Designs as you have apprehended, without my immediately seeing them; and how I should then act, I hope my whole Conduct to you hath sufficiently declared.'

'Well, my dear, cries *Booth*, 'I beg you will mention it no more, if possible forget it. I hope, nay I believe, I have been in the Wrong, pray forgive me.——'

'I will, I do forgive you, my dear,' said she, 'if Forgiveness be a proper Word for one whom you have rather made miserable than angry; but let me entreat you to banish for ever all such Suspicions from your Mind. I hope Mrs. *Ellison* hath not discovered the real Cause of your Passion; but poor Woman, if she had, I am convinced it would go no further. Oh Heavens! I would not for the World it should reach his Lordship's Ears. You would lose the best Friend that ever Man had. Nay, I would not for his own Sake. Poor Man! for I really believe it would affect him greatly, and I must, I cannot help having an Esteem for so much Goodness. An Esteem which by this dear Hand,' said she, taking *Booth's* Hand and kissing it, 'no Man alive shall ever obtain by making Love to me.'

*Booth*

*Booth* caught her in his Arms and tenderly embraced her. After which the Reconciliation soon became complete; and *Booth* in the Contemplation of his Happiness entirely buried all his jealous Thoughts.

## C H A P. VII.

*A Chapter in which there is much Learning.*

THE next Morning whilst *Booth* was gone to take his Morning-walk, *Amelia* went down into Mrs. *Ellison's* Apartment, where though she was received with great Civility, yet she found that Lady was not at all pleased with Mr. *Booth*; and by some Hints which dropt from her in Conversation, *Amelia* very greatly apprehended that Mrs. *Ellison* had too much Suspicion of her Husband's real Uneasiness. For that Lady declared very openly, she could not help perceiving what sort of Man Mr. *Booth* was; 'and though I have the greatest Regard for you, Madam, in the World,' said she, 'yet I think myself in Honour obliged not to impose on his Lordship, who, I know very well hath conceived his greatest Liking to the Captain, on my telling him that he was the best Husband in the World.'

*Amelia's* Fears gave her much Disturbance, and when her Husband returned, she acquainted him with them; upon which Occasion, as it was natural, she resumed a little the Topic of their former Discourse, nor could she help casting, tho' in very gentle Terms, some slight Blame on *Booth*, for having entertained a Suspicion, which she said, might in its Consequence very possibly prove their Ruin, and occasion the Loss of his Lordship's Friendship.

*Booth*

*Booth* became highly affected with what his Wife said, and the more as he had just received a Note from Col. *James*, informing him that the Colonel had heard of a vacant Company in the Regiment which *Booth* had mentioned to him, and that he had been with his Lordship about it, who had promised to use his utmost Interest to obtain him the Command.

The poor Man now exprest the utmost Concern for his Yesterday's Behaviour, said, ' he believed ' the Devil had taken Possession of him,' and concluded with crying out, sure I was born, my ' dearest Creature, to be your Torment.'

*Amelia* no sooner saw her Husband's Distress, than she instantly forebore whatever might seem likely to aggravate it, and applied herself with all her Power to comfort him. ' If you will give me ' leave to offer my Advice, my dearest Soul,' said she, ' I think all might yet be remedied. I think ' you know me too well, to suspect that the De- ' sire of Diversion should induce me to mention, ' what I am now going to propose. And in that ' Confidence, I will ask you to let me accept my ' Lord's and Mrs. *Ellison*'s Offer, and go to the ' Masquerade. No matter how little while I stay ' there : if you desire it, I will not be an Hour ' from you. I can make a hundred Excuses to ' come home, or tell a real Truth, and say I am ' tired with the Place. The bare going will cure ' every Thing.'

*Amelia* had no sooner done speaking, than *Booth* immediately approved her Advice, and readily gave his Consent. He could not however help saying, ' that the shorter her Stay was there, the more ' agreeable it would be to him : For you know, ' my dear,' said he, ' I would never willingly be a ' Moment out of your Sight.'

In



In the Afternoon *Amelia* sent to invite Mrs. *Ellison* to a Dish of Tea ; and *Booth* undertook to laugh off all that had past Yesterday, in which Attempt, the abundant good Humour of that Lady gave him great Hopes of Success.

Mrs. *Bennet* came that Afternoon to make a Visit, and was almost an Hour with *Booth* and *Amelia*, before the Entry of Mrs. *Ellison*.

Mr. *Booth* had hitherto rather disliked this young Lady, and had wondered at the Pleasure which *Amelia* declared she took in her Company. This Afternoon, however, he changed his Opinion, and liked her almost as much as his Wife had done. She did indeed behave at this Time with more than ordinary Gaiety ; and Good-humour gave a Glow to her Countenance that set off her Features, which were very pretty, to the best Advantage, and lessened the Deadness that had usually appeared in her Complexion.

But if *Booth* was now pleased with Mrs. *Bennet*, *Amelia* was still more pleased with her than ever. For when their Discourse turned on Love, *Amelia* discovered that her new Friend had all the same Sentiments on that Subject with herself. In the Course of their Conversation, *Booth* gave Mrs. *Bennet* a Hint of wishing her a good Husband, upon which both the Ladies declaimed against second Marriages, with equal Vehemence.

Upon this Occasion, *Booth* and his Wife discovered a Talent in their Visitant, to which they had been before entirely Strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her ; and this was, that the Lady was a good Scholar, in which indeed she had the Advantage of poor *Amelia*, whose Reading was confined to *English* Plays, and Poetry ; besides which, I think, she had conversed only with the Divinity of the great and learned Dr. *Barrow*,  
and

and with the Histories of the excellent Bishop *Burnet*, almost the only *English* Historian that is likely to be known to Posterity, by whom he will be most certainly ranked amongst the greatest Writers of Antiquity.

*Amelia* delivered herself on the Subject of second Marriages with much Eloquence and great good Sense ; but when Mrs. *Bennet* came to give her Opinion, she spoke in the following Manner, ‘ I shall not enter into the Question concerning the Legality of Bigamy. Our Laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our Religion. We are now debating only on the Decency of it, and in this Light, I own myself as strenuous an Advocate against it, as any *Roman* Matron would have been in those Ages of the Common-wealth, when it was held to be infamous. For my own part, how great a Paradox soever my Opinion may seem, I solemnly declare, I see but little Difference between having two Husbands at one time, and at several times ; and of this I am very confident, that the same Degree of Love for a first Husband, which preserves a Woman in the one Case, will preserve her in the other. There is one Argument, which I scarce know how to deliver before you, Sir ; but—if a Woman hath lived with her first Husband without having Children, I think it unpardonable in her to carry Barrenness into a second Family. On the contrary, if she hath Children by her first Husband, to give them a second Father is still more unpardonable.’

‘ But suppose, Madam,’ cries *Booth*, interrupting her, with a Smile, ‘ she should have had Children by her first Husband, and have lost them.’

‘ That is a Case,’ answered she, with a Sigh, ‘ which I did not desire to think of, and, I must own it, the most favourable Light in which a se-

‘ cond

‘ cond Marriage can be seen. But the Scriptures,  
 ‘ as *Petrarch* observes, rather suffer them than  
 ‘ commend them; and St. *Jerom* speaks against  
 ‘ them with the utmost Bitterness.’ ‘ I remem-  
 ‘ ber,’ cries *Booth*, (who was willing either to  
 shew his Learning, or to draw out the Lady’s,)  
 ‘ a very wise Law of *Charondas* the famous Law-  
 ‘ giver of *Thurium*, by which Men, who married  
 ‘ a second time, were removed from all public  
 ‘ Councils : for it was scarce reasonable to sup-  
 ‘ pose, that he who was so great a Fool in his own  
 ‘ Family, should be wise in public Affairs. And  
 ‘ tho’ second Marriages were permitted among the  
 ‘ *Romans*, yet they were at the same time dis-  
 ‘ couraged ; and those *Roman* Widows who re-  
 ‘ fused them, were held in high Esteem, and ho-  
 ‘ noured with what *Valerius Maximus* calls the *Co-*  
*rona Pudicitiae*. In the noble Family of *Camilli*,  
 ‘ there was not, in many Ages, a single Instance  
 ‘ of this, which *Martial* calls Adultery.

*Quæ toties nubit, non nubit, Adultera Lege est,*

‘ True, Sir, says Mrs. *Bennet*, and *Virgil* calls  
 ‘ this a Violation of Chastity, and makes *Dido*  
 ‘ speak of it with the utmost Detestation.

*Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima dehiscat ;  
 Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me Fulmine ad um-*  
*bras,*

*Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,  
 Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua Jura resolvam,  
 Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores  
 Ille habeat semper secum, servetque Sepulchro.*

She repeated these Lines with so strong an Em-  
 phasis, that she almost frightened *Amelia* out of her  
 Wits,



Wits, and not a little staggered *Booth*, who was himself no contemptible Scholar—He expressed great Admiration of the Lady's Learning ; upon which she said it was all the Fortune given her by her Father, and all the Dower left her by her Husband ; ‘ and sometimes,’ said she, ‘ I am inclined to think I enjoy more Pleasure from it, than if they had bestowed on me what the World would in general call more valuable.’ She then took Occasion from the Surprize which *Booth* had affected to conceive at her repeating *Latin* with so good a Grace, to comment on that great Absurdity, (for so she termed it,) of excluding Women from Learning ; for which they were equally qualified with the Men, and in which so many had made so notable a Proficiency : for a Proof of which, she mentioned *Madam Dacier*, and many others.

Tho’ both *Booth* and *Amelia* outwardly concurred with her Sentiments, it may be a Question whether they did not assent rather out of Complaisance, than from their real Judgment.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Containing some unaccountable Behaviour in Mrs. Ellifon.*

**M**RS. *Ellifon* made her Entrance at the End of the preceding Discourse. At her first Appearance she put on an unusual Degree of Formality and Reserve ; but when *Amelia* had acquainted her that she designed to accept the Favour intended her, she soon began to alter the Gravity of her Muscles, and presently fell in with that Ridicule which *Booth* thought proper to throw on his Yesterday's Behaviour.

The

The Conversation now became very lively and pleasant, in which *Booth* having mentioned the Discourse that passed in the last Chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. *Bennet's* Speech on that Occasion, Mrs. *Ellison*, who was as strenuous an Advocate on the other Side, began to rally that Lady extremely, declaring it was a certain Sign she intended to marry again soon. 'Married Ladies,' cries she, 'I believe, sometimes think themselves in earnest in such Declarations, tho' they are oftener perhaps meant as Compliments to their Husband's; but when Widows exclaim loudly against second Marriages, I would always lay a Wager, that the Man, if not the Wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on.'

Mrs. *Bennet* made very little Answer to this Sarcasm. Indeed she had scarce opened her Lips from the Time of Mrs. *Ellison's* coming into the Room, and had grown particularly grave at the Mention of the Masquerade. *Amelia* imputed this to her being left out of the Party, a Matter which is often no small Mortification to human Pride, and in a Whisper asked Mrs. *Ellison* if she could not procure a third Ticket; to which she received an absolute Negative.

During the whole Time of Mrs. *Bennet's* Stay, which was above an Hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made *Amelia* very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the Cause of her Vexation. In which Opinion she was the more confirmed from certain Looks of no very pleasant Kind, which Mrs. *Bennet* now and then cast on Mrs. *Ellison*, and the more than ordinary Concern that appeared in the former Lady's Countenance, whenever the Masquerade was mentioned, and which unfortunately was the principle Topic of their

their Discourse : For Mrs. *Ellison* gave a very elaborate Description of the extreme Beauty of the Place, and Elegance of the Diversion.

When Mrs. *Bennet* was departed, *Amelia* could not help again soliciting Mrs. *Ellison* for another Ticket, declaring she was certain Mrs. *Bennet* had a great Inclination to go with them ; but Mrs. *Ellison* again excused herself from asking it of his Lordship. ‘ Besides, Madam,’ says she, ‘ if I would go thither with Mrs. *Bennet*, which, I own to you, I don’t chuse, as she is a Person whom no Body knows, I very much doubt whether she herself would like it : For she is a Woman of a very unaccountable Turn. All her Delight lies in Books ; and as for public Diversions, I have heard her often declare her Abhorrence of them.’

‘ What then,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ could occasion all that Gravity from the Moment the Masquerade was mentioned ?’

‘ As to that,’ answered the other, ‘ there is no guessing. You have seen her altogether as grave before now. She hath had these Fits of Gravity at times ever since the Death of her Husband.’

‘ Poor Creature !’ cries *Amelia*. I heartily pity her. For she must certainly suffer a great deal on these Occasions. I declare I have taken a strange Fancy to her.’

‘ Perhaps you would not like her so well, if you knew her thoroughly,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ She is upon the whole but of a whimsical Temper ; and, if you will take my Opinion, you should not cultivate too much Intimacy with her, I know you will never mention what I say ; but she is like some Pictures which please best at a Distance.’

*Amelia*



*Amelia* did not seem to agree with these Sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. *Ellison* to be more explicit; but to no purpose; she continued to give only dark Hints to Mrs. *Bennet's* Disadvantage; and, if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself, by throwing some gentle Commendations into the other Scale; so that her Conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to *Amelia*, and upon the whole, she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. *Ellison* to be a Friend or Enemy to Mrs. *Bennet*.

During this latter Conversation *Booth* was not in the Room: For he had been summoned down Stairs by the Serjeant, who came to him with News from *Murphy*, whom he had met that Evening, and who had assured the Serjeant, that if he was desirous of recovering the Debt, and which he had before pretended to have on *Booth*, he might shortly have an Opportunity; for that there was to be a very strong Petition to the Board, the next Time they sat. *Murphy* said further, that he need not fear having his Money: For that to his certain Knowledge the Captain had several Things of great Value, and even his Children had Gold Watches.

This greatly alarmed *Booth*; and still more, when the Serjeant reported to him from *Murphy*, that all these Things had been seen in his Possession within a Day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that *Murphy* himself, or one of his Emisaries, had been the supposed Madman; and he now very well accounted to himself, in his own Mind, for all that had happened, conceiving that the Design was to examine into the State of his Effects, and to try whether it was worth his Creditors while to plunder him by Law.

At his Return to his Apartment, he communicated what he had heard to *Amelia* and Mrs. *Ellison*, not disguising his Apprehensions of the Enemy's Intentions; but Mrs. *Ellison* endeavoured to laugh him out of his Fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her Lawyer. — 'Till you hear from him,' said she, 'you may rest entirely contented: For, take my Word for it, no Danger can happen to you, of which you will not be timely apprized by him. And as for the Fellow that had the Impudence to come into your Room, if he was sent on such an Errand as you mention, I heartily wish I had been at home; I would have secured him safe with a Constable, and have carried him directly before Justice *Thresher*. I know the Justice is an Enemy to Bailiffs on his own account.'

This heartening Speech a little roused the Courage of *Booth*, and somewhat comforted *Amelia*, tho' the Spirits of both had been too much hurried, to suffer them either to give or receive much Entertainment that Evening; which Mrs. *Ellison* perceiving soon took her Leave, and left this unhappy Couple to seek Relief from Sleep, that powerful Friend to the Distressed; tho', like other powerful Friends, he is not always ready to give his Assistance to those who want it most.

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing a very strange Incident.*

WHEN the Husband and Wife were alone, they again talked over the News which the Serjeant had brought; on which Occasion, *Amelia* did all she could to conceal her own Fears, and to quiet those of her Husband. At last she turned the

Con-

Conversation to another Subject, and poor Mrs. *Bennet* was brought on the Carpet. ‘ I should be ‘ sorry,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ to find I had conceived ‘ an Affection for a bad Woman ; and yet I begin ‘ to fear Mrs. *Ellison* knows something of her ‘ more than she cares to discover ; why else should ‘ she be unwilling to be seen with her in Public ? ‘ Besides, I have observed that Mrs. *Ellison* hath ‘ been always backward to introduce her to me, ‘ nor would ever bring her to my Apartment, tho’ ‘ I have often desired her. Nay, she hath given ‘ me frequent Hints not to cultivate the Acquaint- ‘ ance. What do you think, my dear ?—I should ‘ be very sorry to contract an Intimacy with a wic- ‘ ked Person.

‘ Nay, my dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I know no more ‘ of her, nor indeed hardly so much as yourself. ‘ But this I think, that if Mrs. *Ellison* knows any ‘ Reason why she should not have introduced Mrs. ‘ *Bennet* into your Company, she was very much ‘ in the wrong in introducing her into it.’

In Discourses of this Kind they past the Remain- der of the Evening. In the Morning *Booth* rose early, and going down Stairs received from little *Betty* a sealed Note, which contained the following Words :

*Beware, beware, beware,  
For I apprehend a dreadful Snare  
Is laid for virtuous Innocence,  
Under a Friend's false Pretence.*

*Booth* immediately enquired of the Girl who brought this Note, and was told it came by a Chairman, who having delivered it, departed without saying a Word.



He was extremely staggered at what he read, and presently referred the Advice to the same Affair on which he had received those Hints from *Atkinson* the preceding Evening; but when he came to consider the Words more maturely, he could not so well reconcile the two last Lines of this poetical Epistle, if it may be so called, with any Danger which the Law gave him reason to apprehend. Mr. *Murphy* and his Gang could not well be said to attack either his Innocence or Virtue; nor did they attack him under any Colour or Pretence of Friendship.

After much Deliberation on this Matter, a very strange Suspicion came into his Head; and this was, that he was betrayed by Mrs. *Ellison*. He had for some time conceived no very high Opinion of that good Gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange Appearance of the supposed Madman. And when this Conceit once had Birth in his mind, several Circumstances nourished and improved it. Among these were her jocular Behaviour and Raillery on that Occasion, and her Attempt to ridicule his Fears from the Message which the Serjeant had brought him.

This Suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with the Character and whole Behaviour of Mrs. *Ellison*; but it was the only one which at that Time suggested itself to his mind; and however blameable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it: For so great a Torment is Anxiety to the human mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it, by Guesses however doubtful or uncertain; on all which Occasions, Dislike and Hatred are the surest Guides to lead our Suspicion to its Object.

When

When *Amelia* rose to Breakfast, *Booth* produced the Note which he had received, saying, 'my Dear, you have so often blamed me for keeping Secrets from you, and I have so often indeed endeavoured to conceal Secrets of this Kind from you with such ill Success, that, I think, I shall never more attempt it.' *Amelia* read the Letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed; then turning to *Booth* with a very disconsolate Countenance, she said, 'sure Fortune takes a Delight in terrifying us! what can be the Meaning of this?' — Then fixing her Eyes attentively on the Paper, she perused it for some time, till *Booth* cried — 'How is it possible, my *Emily*, you can read such Stuff patiently! The Verses are certainly as bad as ever were written.' 'I was trying, my Dear,' answered she, 'to recollect the Hand; for I will take my Oath, I have seen it before, and that very lately' — and suddenly she cried out with great Emotion, 'I remember it perfectly now — It is Mrs. *Benner*'s Hand. Mrs. *Ellison* shewed me a Letter from her but a Day or two ago. It is a very remarkable Hand, and I am positive it is her's.' 'If it be her's,' cries *Booth*, 'what can she possibly mean by the latter Part of her Caution? Sure Mrs. *Ellison* hath no Intention to betray us.' 'I know not what she means,' answered *Amelia*, 'but I am resolved to know immediately; for I am certain of the Hand. By the greatest Luck in the World, she told me Yesterday where her Lodgings were, when she pressed me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but a very few Doors from us, and I will go to her this Moment.'

*Booth*

*Booth* made not the least Objection to his Wife's Design. His Curiosity was indeed as great as her's, and so was his Impatience to satisfy it, though he mentioned not this his Impatience to *Amelia*; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

*Amelia* therefore presently equipped herself in her walking Dress, and leaving her Children to the Care of her Husband, made all possible Haste to Mrs. *Bennet*'s Lodgings.

*Amelia* waited near five Minutes at Mrs. *Bennet*'s Door, before any one came to open it; at length a Maid-Servant appeared, who being asked if Mrs. *Bennet* was at home, answered with some Confusion in her Countenance, that she did not know; but, Madam, said she, if you will send up your Name; I will go and see. *Amelia* then told her Name, and the Wench, after staying a considerable Time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. *Bennet* was at home. She was then ushered into a Parlour, and told that the Lady would wait on her presently.

In this Parlour, *Amelia* cooled her Heels, as the Phrase is, near a Quarter of an Hour. She seemen indeed at this Time, in the miserable Situation of one of those poor Wretches, who make their Morning Visits to the Great, to solicit Favours, or perhaps to solicit the Payment of a Debt, for both are alike treated as Beggars, and the latter sometimes considered as the more troublesome Beggars of the two.

During her Stay here, *Amelia* observed the House to be in great Confusion; a great Bustle was heard above Stairs, and the Maid ran up and down several Times in a great Hurry.

At length Mrs. *Bennet* herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her Looks, and had, as the Women call it, huddled on her Cloaths in much Haste;



Haste ; for in truth, she was in Bed when *Amelia* first came. Of this Fact she informed her, as the only Apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her Company.

*Amelia* very readily accepted her Apology, but asked her with a Smile, if these early Hours were usual with her. Mrs. *Bennet* turned as red as Scarlet at the Question, and answered, ‘no indeed, dear Madam. I am, for the most part, a very early Riser ; but I happened accidentally to sit up very late last Night. I am sure I had little Expectation of your intending me such a Favour this Morning.’

*Amelia* looking very stedfastly at her said, ‘Is it possible, Madam, you should think such a Note as this would raise no Curiosity in me?’ She then gave her the Note, asking her if she did not know the Hand.

Mrs. *Bennet* appeared in the utmost Surprise and Confusion at this Instant. Indeed if *Amelia* had conceived but the slightest Suspicion before, the Behaviour of the Lady would have been a sufficient Confirmation to her of the Truth. She waited not therefore for an Answer, which indeed the other seemed in no haste to give ; but conjured her in the most earnest Manner, to explain to her the Meaning of so extraordinary an Act of Friendship : ‘For so,’ said she, ‘I esteem it ; being convinced you must have sufficient Reason for the Warning you have given me.’

Mrs. *Bennet* after some Hesitation, answered, ‘I need not, I believe, tell you how much I am surprized at what you have shewn me, and the chief Reason of my Surprise is ; how you came to discover my Hand. Sure, Madam, you have not shewn it to Mrs. *Ellison*.’

*Amelia*

*Amelia* declared she had not; but desired she should question her no farther. 'What signifies how I discovered it, since your Hand it certainly is?'

'I own it is,' cries *Mrs. Bennet*, recovering her Spirits, 'and since you have not shewn it to that *Wentan*, I am satisfied. I begin to guess now whence you might have your Information; but no matter, I wish I had never done any thing of which I ought to be more ashamed.— No one can, I think, justly accuse me of a Crime on that account; and I thank Heaven, my Shame will never be directed by the false Opinion of the World.— Perhaps it was wrong to shew my Letter; but when I consider all Circumstances, I can forgive it.'

'Since you have guessed the Truth,' said *Amelia*, 'I am not obliged to deny it. She indeed shewed me your Letter; but I am sure you have not the least Reason to be ashamed of it. On the contrary, your Behaviour on so melancholy an Occasion was highly Praise-worthy; and your bearing up under such Afflictions, as the Loss of a Husband in so dreadful a Situation, was truly great and heroical.'

'So *Mrs. Ellison* then hath shewn you my Letter?' cries *Mrs. Bennet* eagerly.

'Why, did not you guess it yourself?' answered *Amelia*, 'otherwise I am sure I have betrayed my Honour in mentioning it. I hope you have not drawn me inadvertent into any Breach of my Promise. Did you not assert, and that with an absolute Certainty, that you knew she had shewn me your Letter, and that you was not angry with her for so doing?'

'I am so confused,' replied *Mrs. Bennet*, 'that I scarce know what I say; yes, yes, I remember I did

‘ did say so—I wish I had no greater Reason to be  
‘ angry with her than that.’

‘ For Heaven’s sake,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ do not de-  
‘ lay my Request any longer? What you say now  
‘ greatly increases my Curiosity; and my Mind  
‘ will be on the Rack till you discover your whole  
‘ Meaning: for I am more and more convinced,  
‘ that something of the utmost Importance was the  
‘ Purport of your Message.’

‘ Of the utmost Imporance indeed,’ cries Mrs.  
*Bennet*, ‘ at least you will own my Apprehensions  
‘ were sufficiently well founded—O gracious Hea-  
‘ ven, how happy shall I think myself, if I should  
‘ have proved your Preservation! I will indeed ex-  
‘ plain my Meaning; but in order to disclose all  
‘ my Fears in their just Colours, I must unfold my  
‘ whole History to you. Can you have Patience,  
‘ Madam, to listen to the Story of the most unfor-  
‘ tunate of Women?’

*Amelia* assured her of the highest Attention;  
and Mrs. *Bennet* soon after began to relate what is  
written in the Seventh Book of this History.

*The End of the First Volume.*



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A I I E M A

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St. Charles, Missouri, Feb. 14, 1871. I am glad to hear

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